



RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
BOO COOK

MANMADE MONSTERS · PART 1 OF 5

ELEPHANTMEN

22506

THEY WERE DESIGNED TO BE

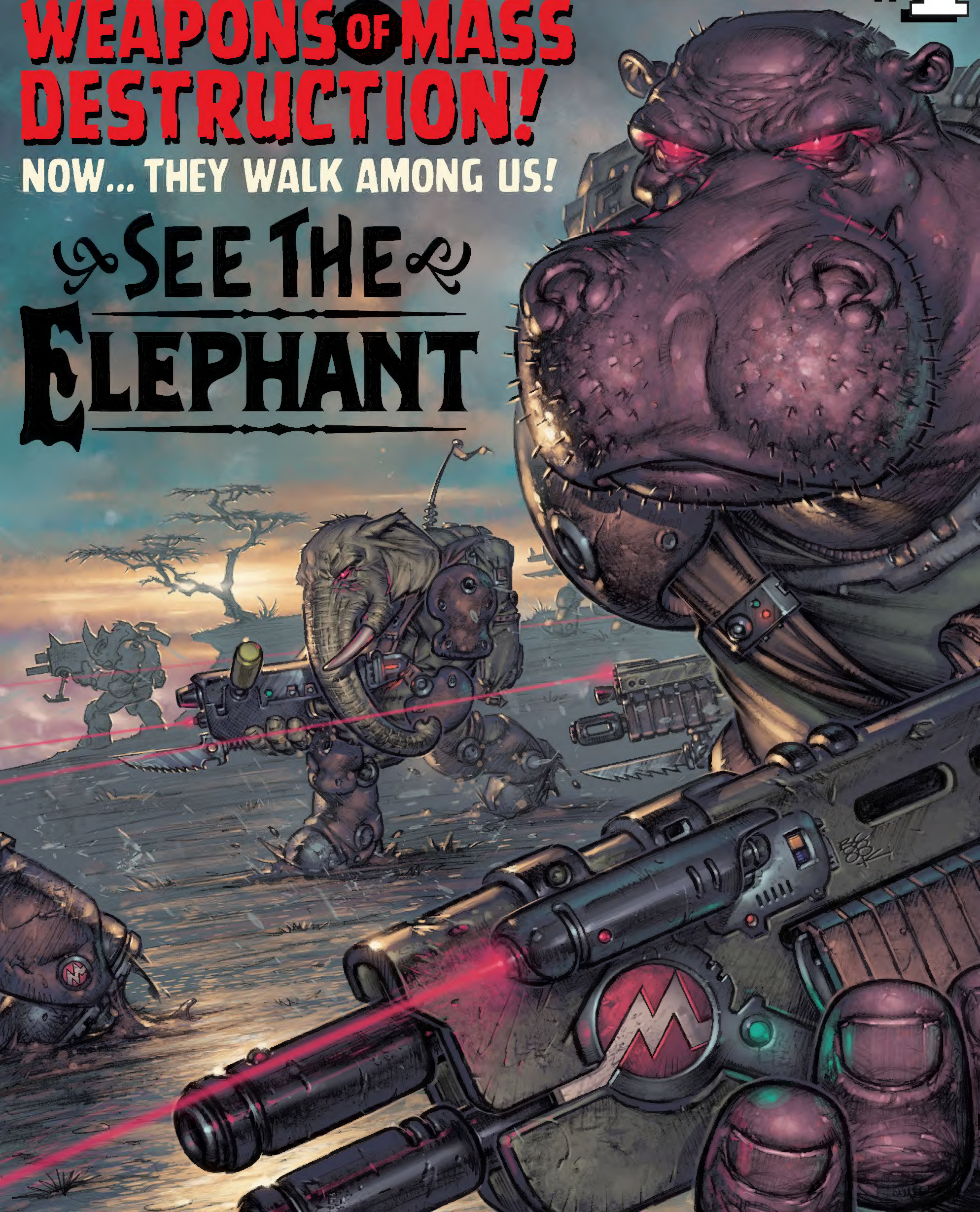
FEATURING

HIP FLASK® #1

**WEAPONS OF MASS
DESTRUCTION!**

NOW... THEY WALK AMONG US!

SEE THE
ELEPHANT



2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

ELEPHANTMEN™

2239: A NEW AND DEADLY VIRUS, BELIEVED TO BE A PLANNED BIOLOGICAL ATTACK, HAS DEVASTATED EUROPE, WHICH IS NOW THE STAGE FOR A BLOODY AND TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN AFRICA AND CHINA. MAPPO'S TRANSGENIC CREATIONS ARE DEPLOYED BY THE NEW AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS. THOUGH SOME FIGHT BACK, EUROPEAN SURVIVORS ARE EXTERMINATED.

2243: A NUCLEAR BLAST BRINGS THE WAR TO A SUDDEN END. MORE THAN 15,000 ELEPHANTMEN HAVE SURVIVE. DEFEATED, REHABILITATED BY THE UNITED NATIONS, THESE GIANTS ARE EVENTUALLY SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD.

2259

NOW: THE ELEPHANTMEN WALK AMONG US STILL; HATED AND FEARED, THEIR PAST ALWAYS PRESENT.



ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - BOO COOK COVER ART

ACTIVE IMAGE COMMUNICATIONS

**HOT
STUFF**
GET IT
ALL-DAY
ALL-NIGHT

NO G-MS!
OUR GIRLS
ARE THE
**REAL
DEAL!**



SEE THE ELEPHANT

HOOTERS

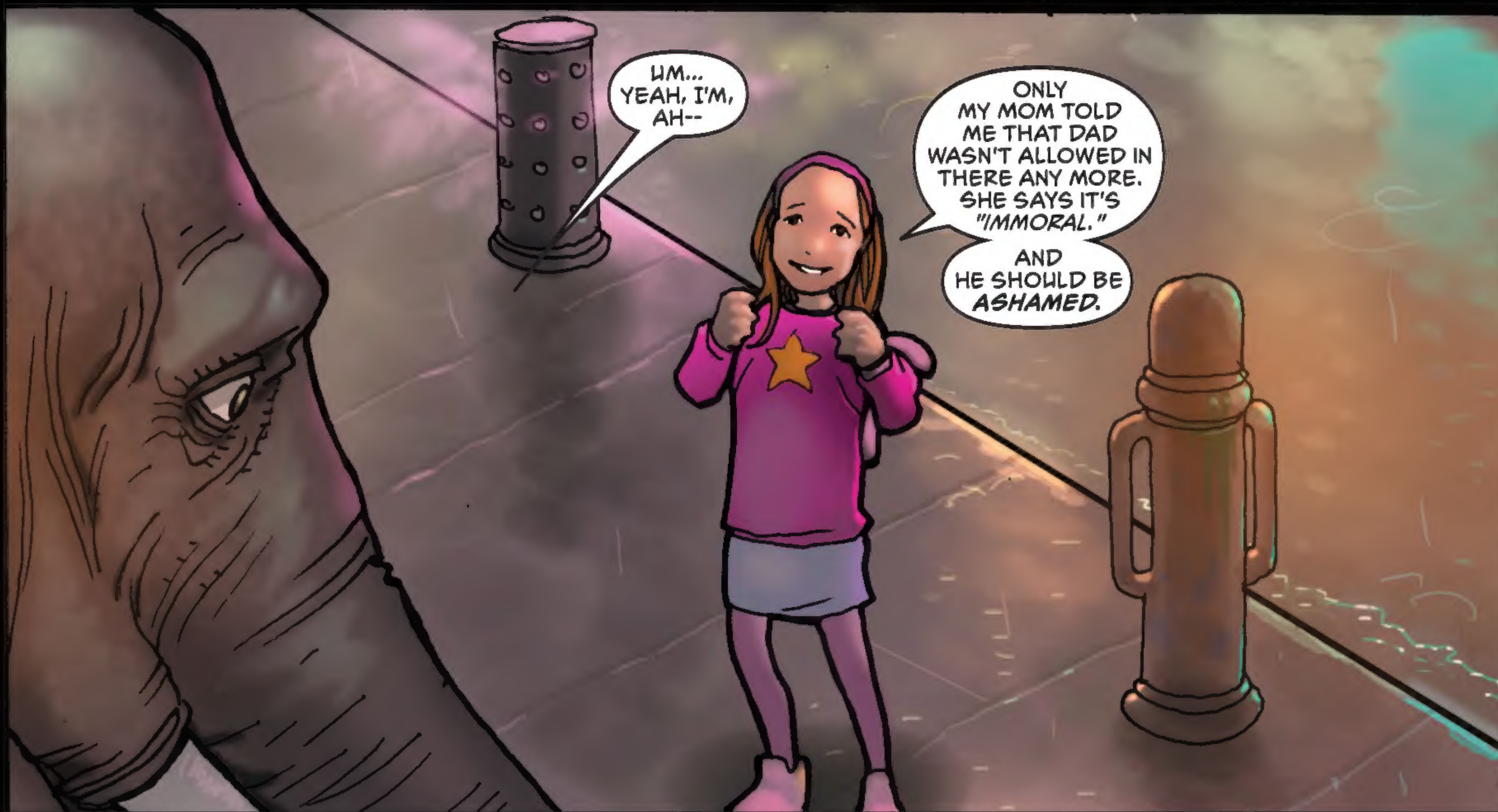
ASK ABOUT OUR
CRAB LEGS



黒檀鰐皮
エボに
ひで



ARE YOU
ALLOWED IN
THERE?

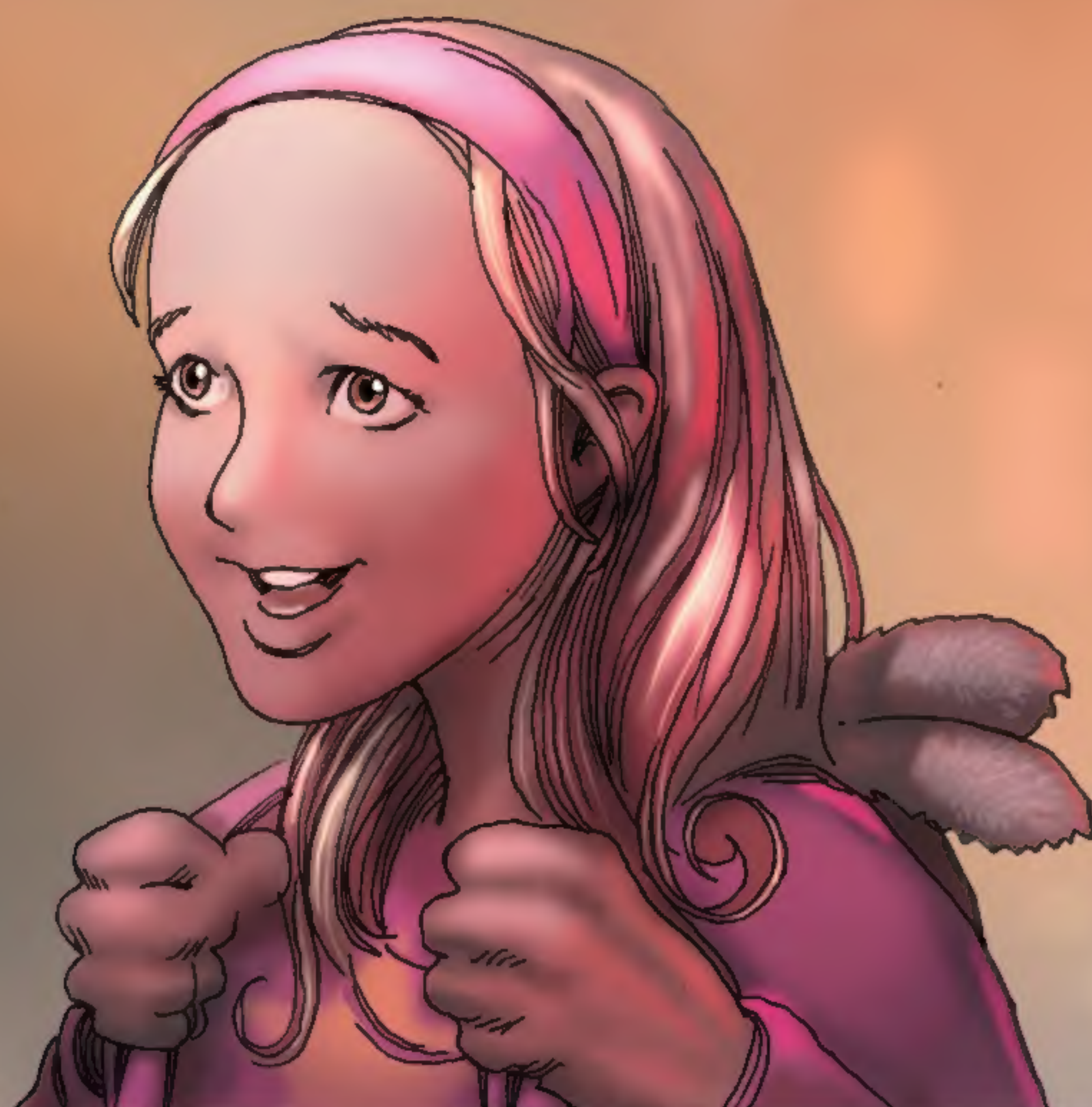


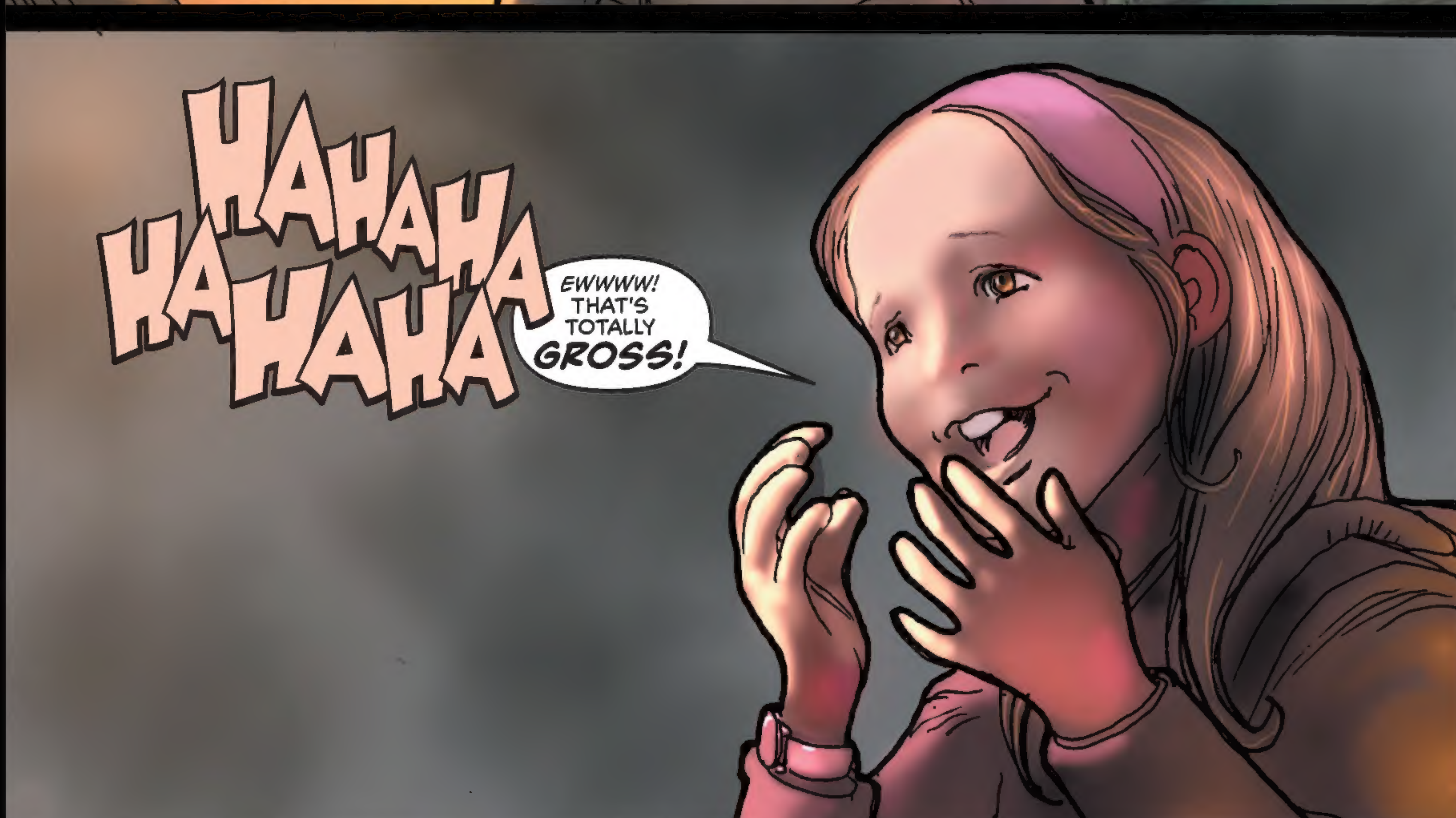
UM...
YEAH, I'M,
AH--

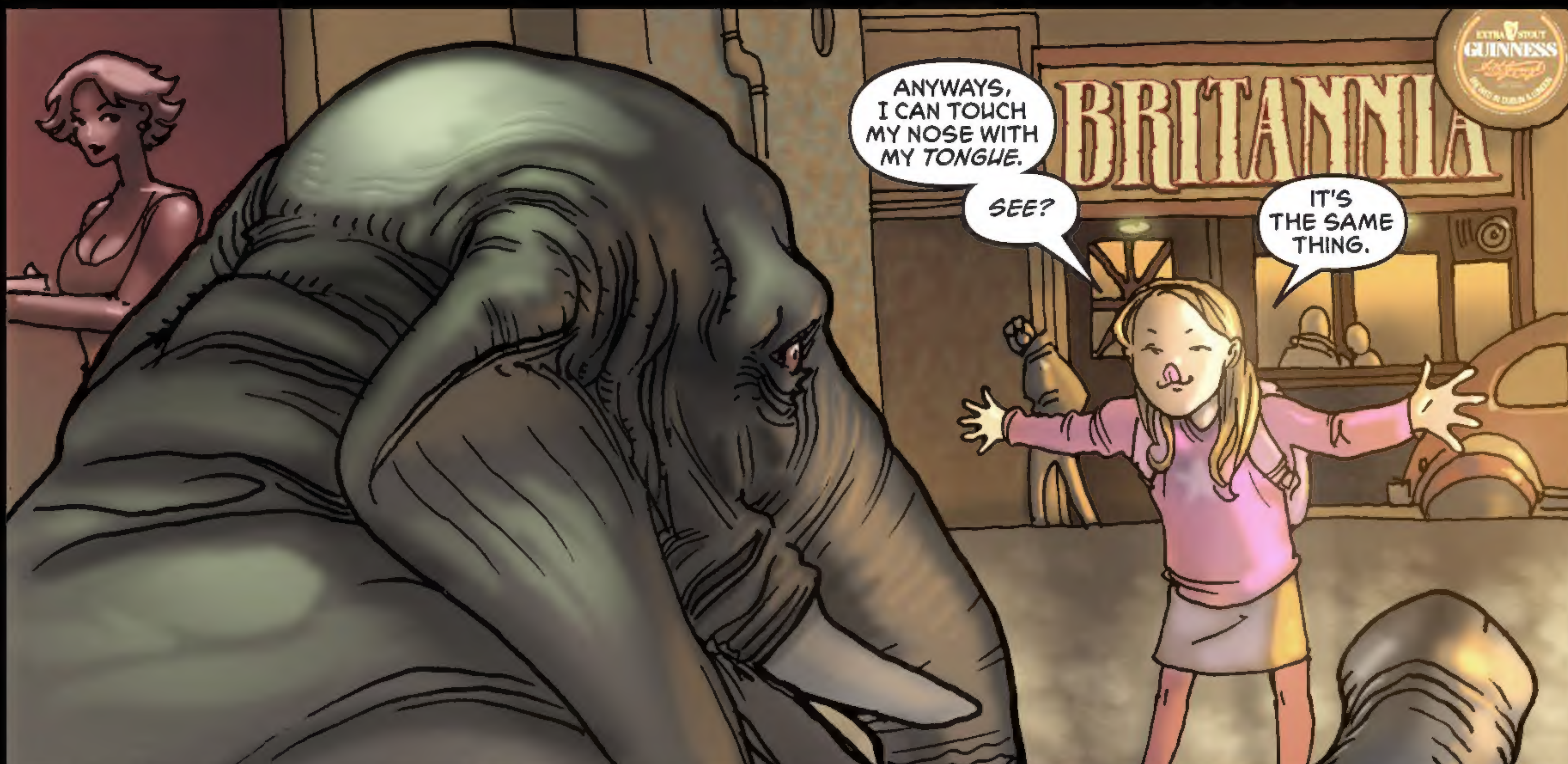
ONLY
MY MOM TOLD
ME THAT DAD
WASN'T ALLOWED IN
THERE ANY MORE.
SHE SAYS IT'S
"IMMORAL."

AND
HE SHOULD BE
ASHAMED.

HEY, DO
YOU PICK YOUR
NOSE?



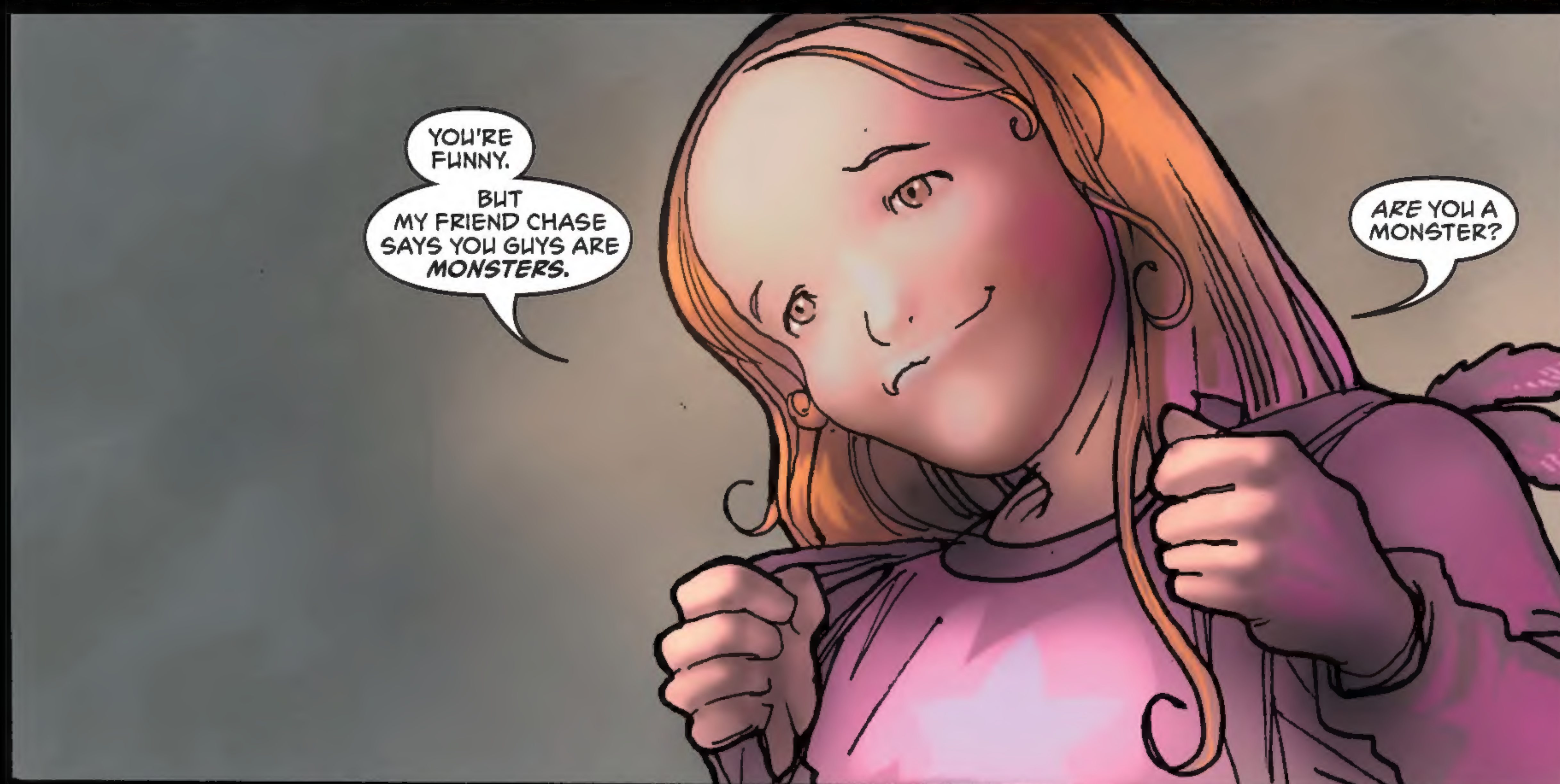




ANYWAYS,
I CAN TOUCH
MY NOSE WITH
MY TONGUE.

SEE?

IT'S
THE SAME
THING.



YOU'RE
FUNNY.
BUT
MY FRIEND CHASE
SAYS YOU GUYS ARE
MONSTERS.

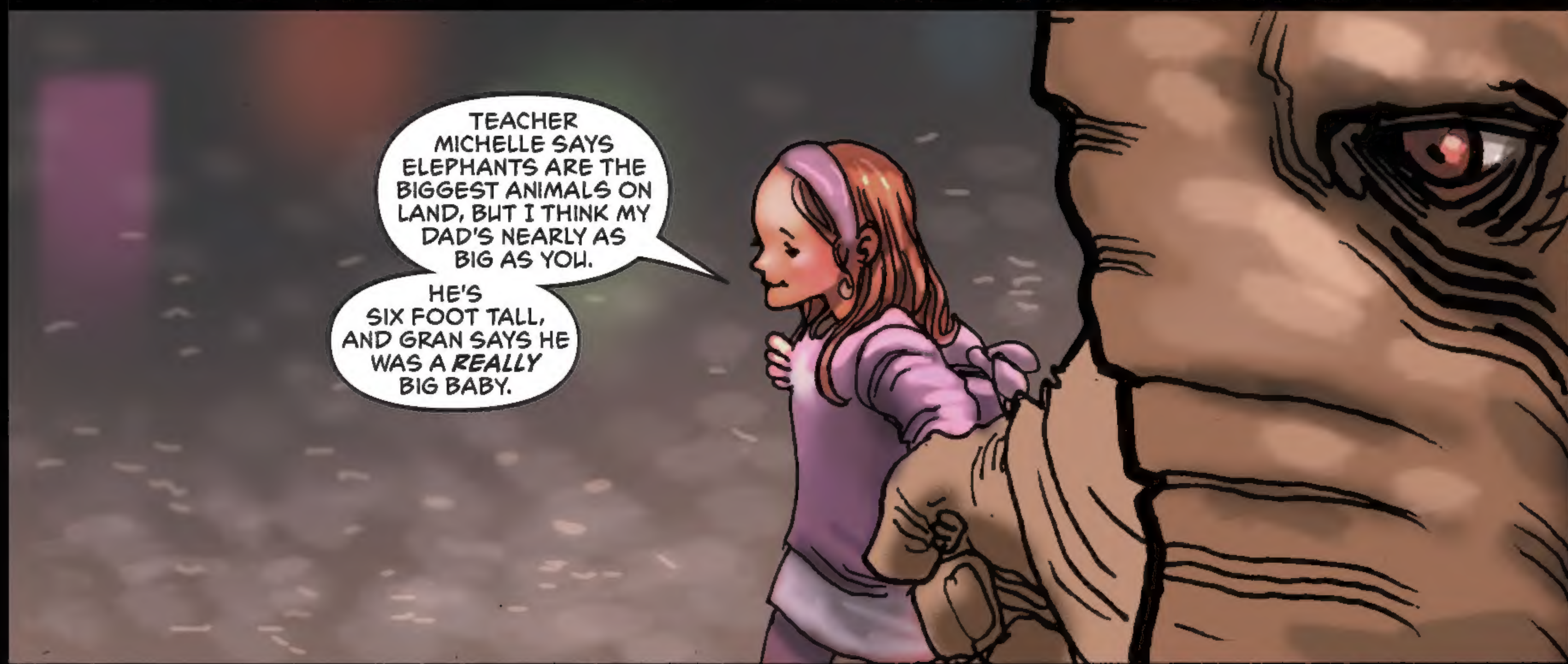
ARE YOU A
MONSTER?



UH...

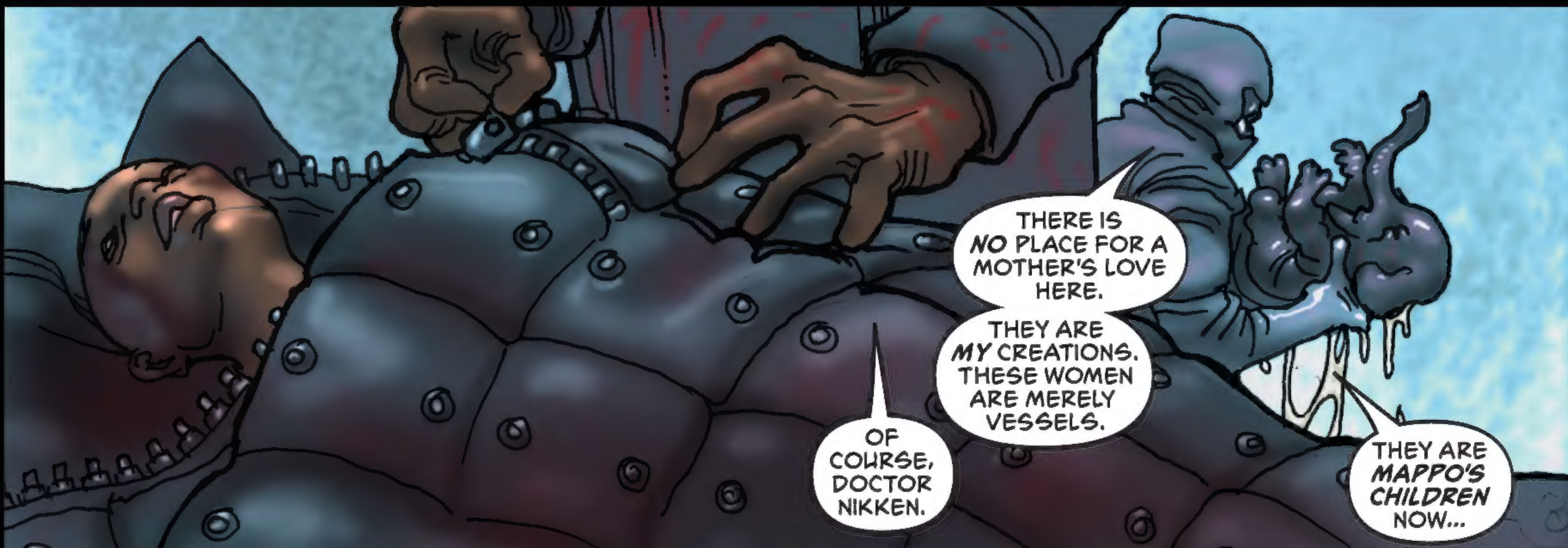
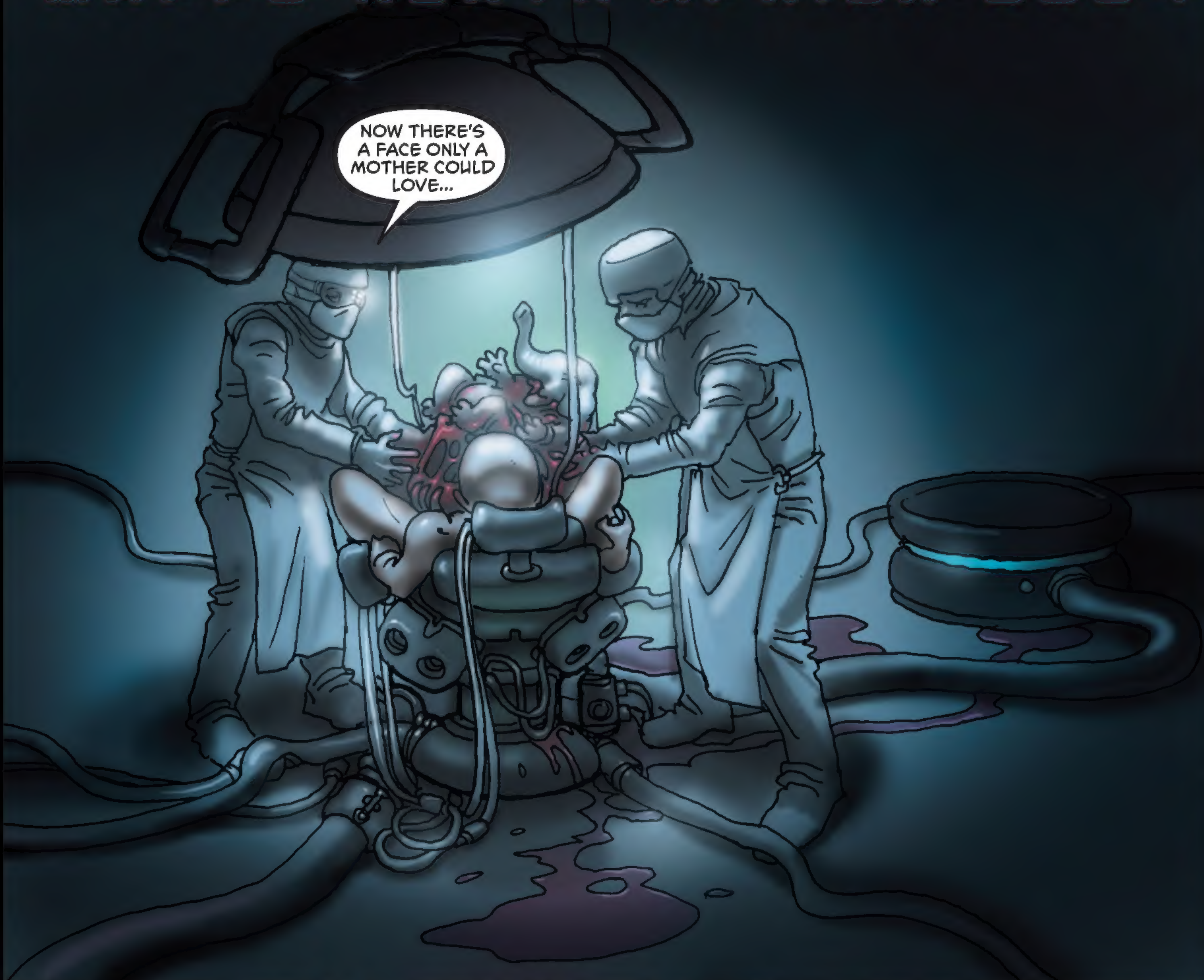




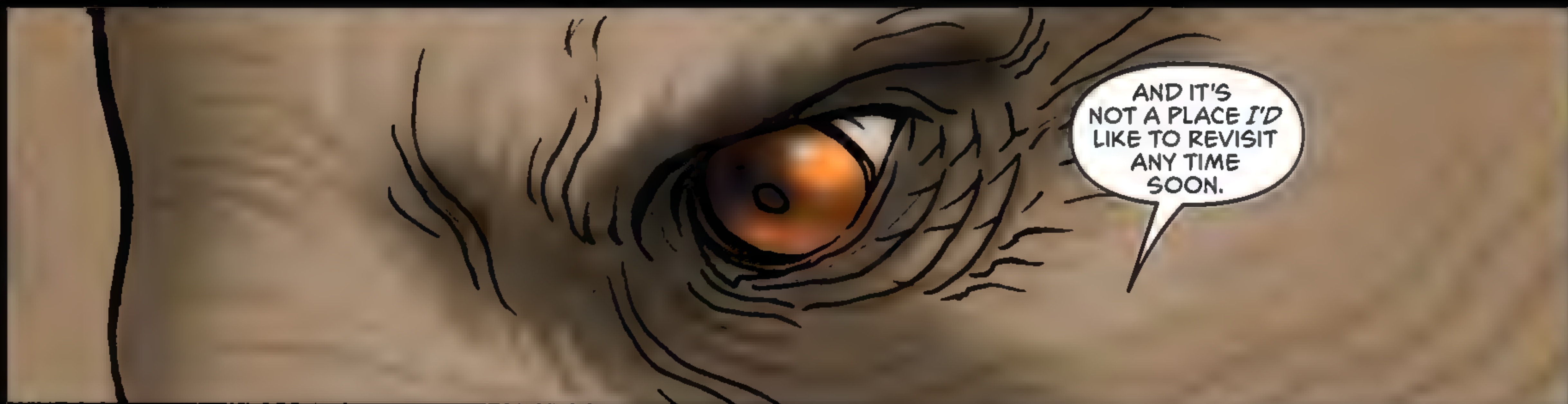




MAPPO · NORTH AFRICA · 2224





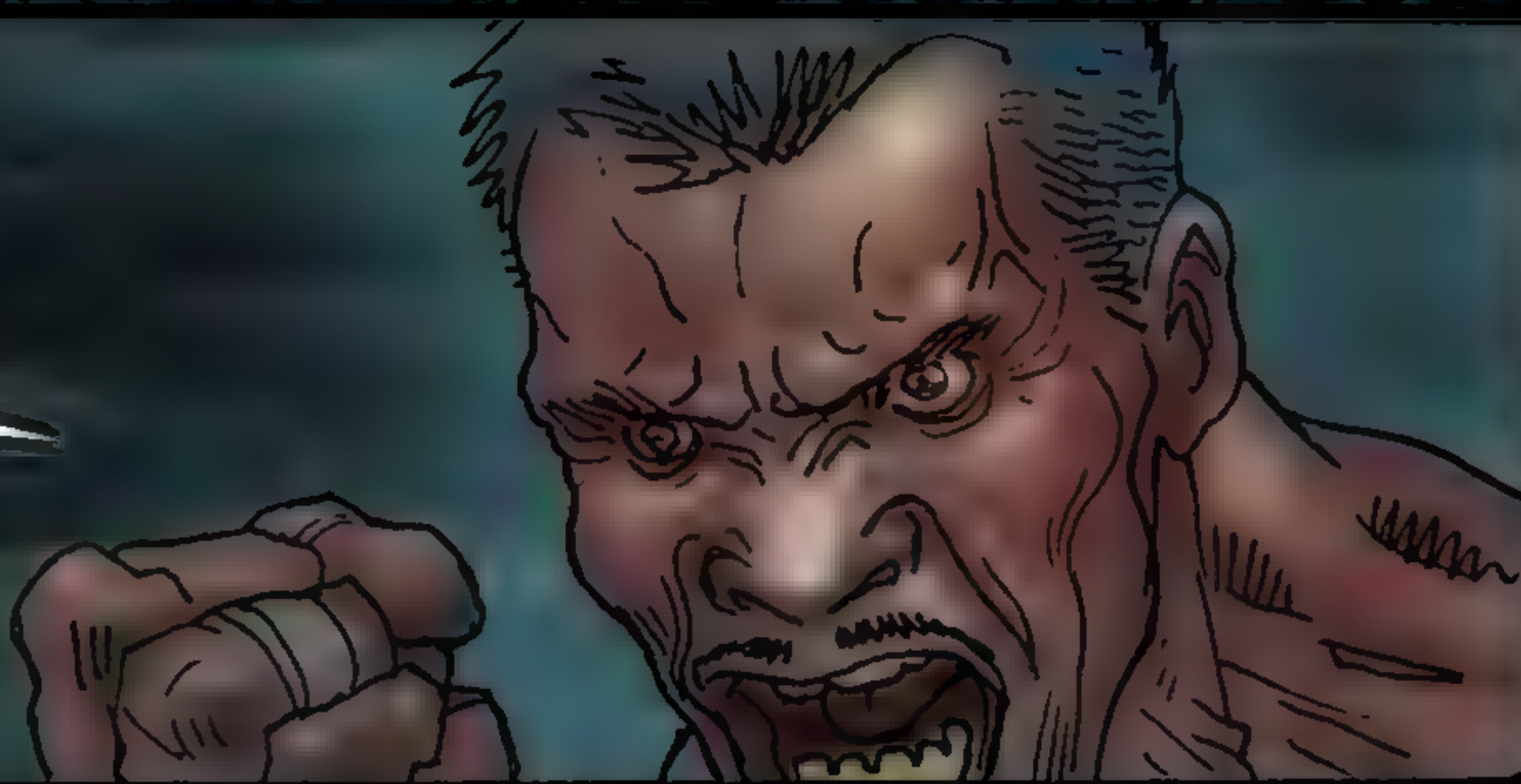




YOU
MONKEYS ARE
FIGHTING LIKE
CHILDREN...

THIS IS A
FIGHT TO THE
DEATH!

HE'S YOUR
ENEMY AND
HE WANTS TO
KILL
YOU!



YOU
WILL SHOW
NO MERCY.

**KILL OR BE
KILLED...**

KRTAK



WAAAAH!!



IT'S THE
LAW OF THE
JUNGLE.

I'M
SURPRISED YOU
MONKEYS AREN'T
MORE FAMILIAR
WITH IT.

"DO YOU HAVE
A GIRLFRIEND?"



EBONY?

DO
YOU HAVE A
GIRL-
FRIEND?



UH, NO.
NO, I DON'T HAVE
A GIRLFRIEND.

GOOD.

IF YOU LIKE,
I COULD BE YOUR
GIRLFRIEND.



YOU
KIND OF LOOK
LIKE YOU NEED
ONE.



WHAT
IN THE WINDS
HAPPENED
HERE--?

U.N. REHAB. WEST AFRICA. 2243



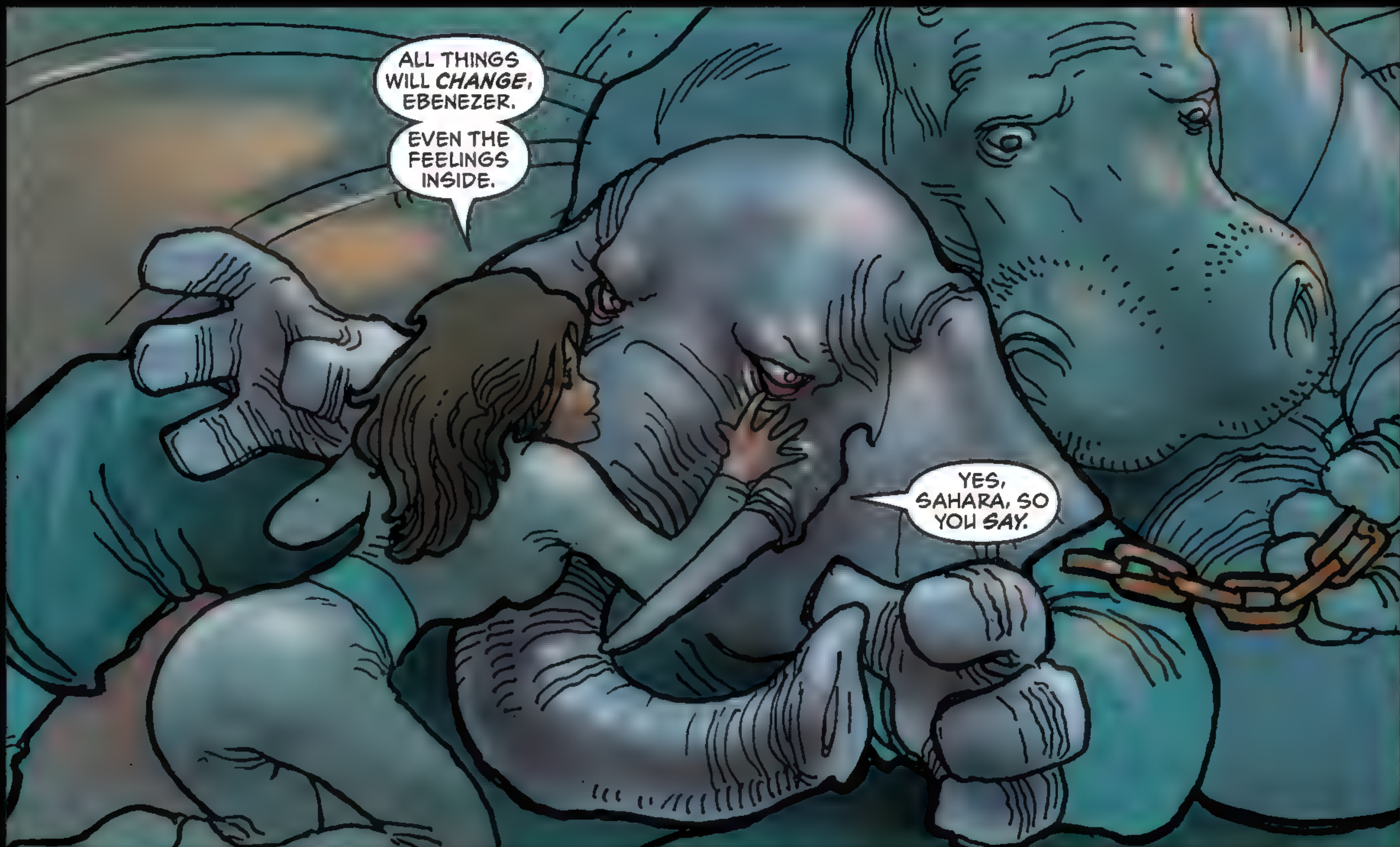
EBENEZER?!

EBONY... HE
TRIED TO... HE WAS
HANGING...



EBENEZER--
EBONY... THIS ISN'T
THE WAY IT HAS
TO BE...

YOUR
WORLD IS NOT
YET MADE...



ALL THINGS
WILL **CHANGE**,
EBENEZER.
EVEN THE
FEELINGS
INSIDE.

YES,
SAHARA, SO
YOU SAY.



BUT ONLY
TWO YEARS AGO
I WOULD HAVE
SNAPPED YOU IN HALF
LIKE A TWIG.

WE ARE
SOLDIERS...
TRAINED TO
KILL.

THAT IS
WHAT WE WERE
DESIGNED FOR.

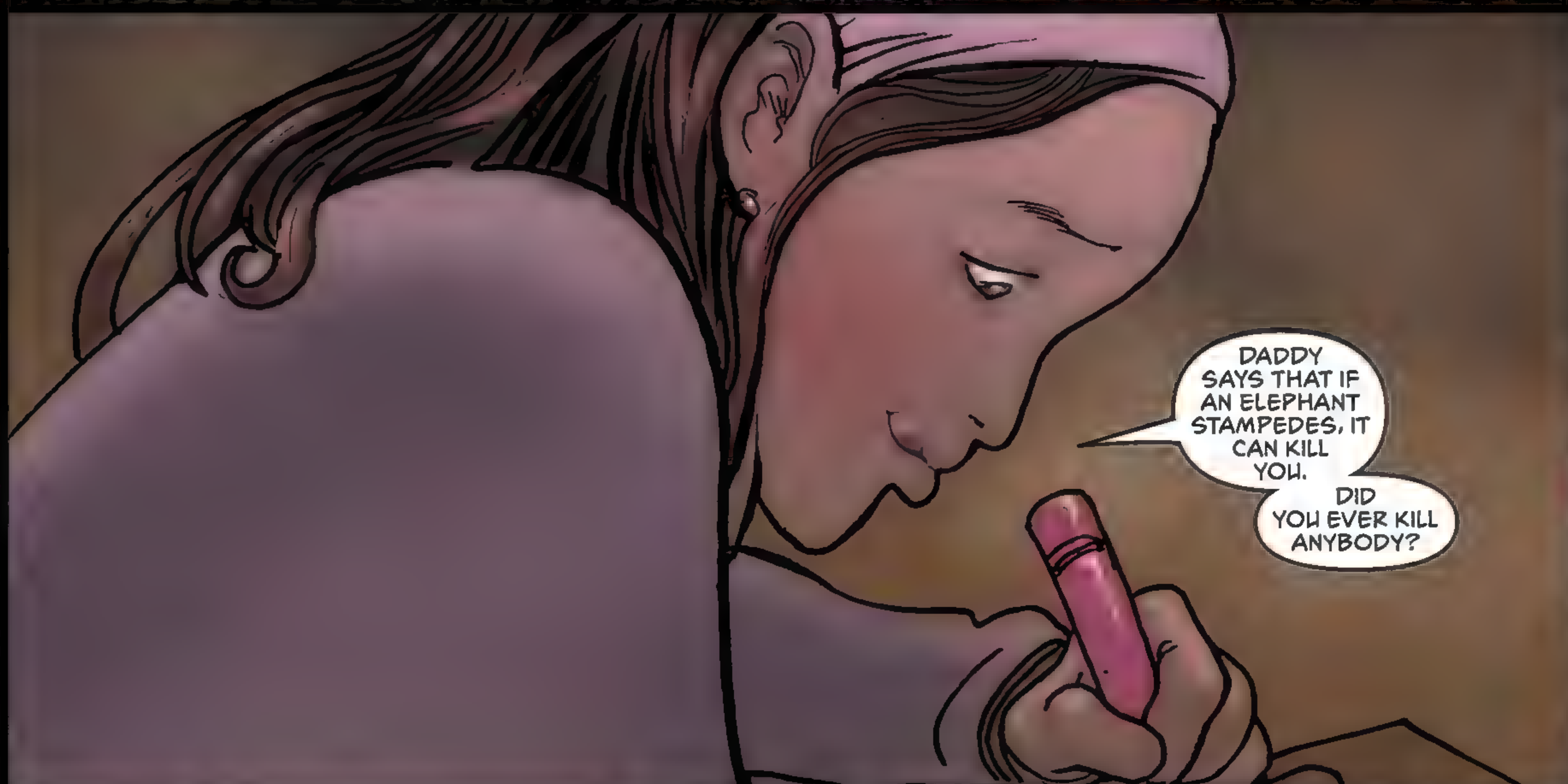
THAT IS
THE WAY WE
WERE MADE.

IT
DOESN'T
JUST GO
AWAY.



NO
MATTER HOW
MUCH WE MIGHT
WANT IT TO.

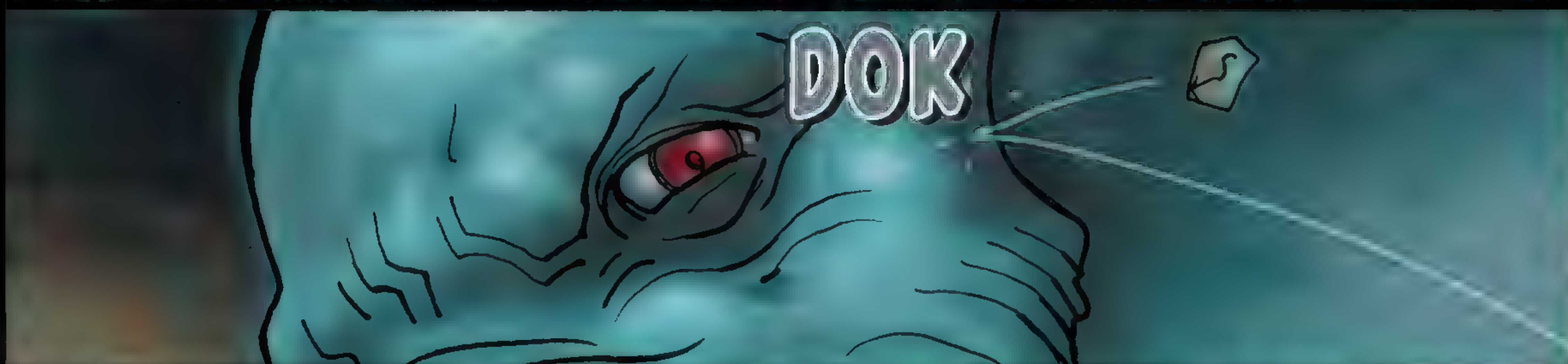
"ARE YOU AN ANIMAL
OR ARE YOU A MAN?"



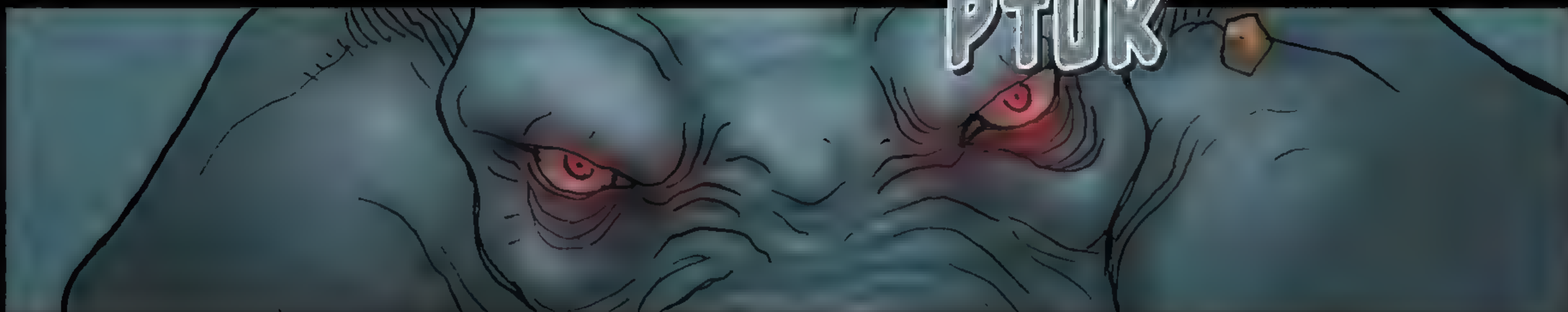
"DID YOU EVER
STAMPEDE?"



DOK



PTUK



<GO
ON...>

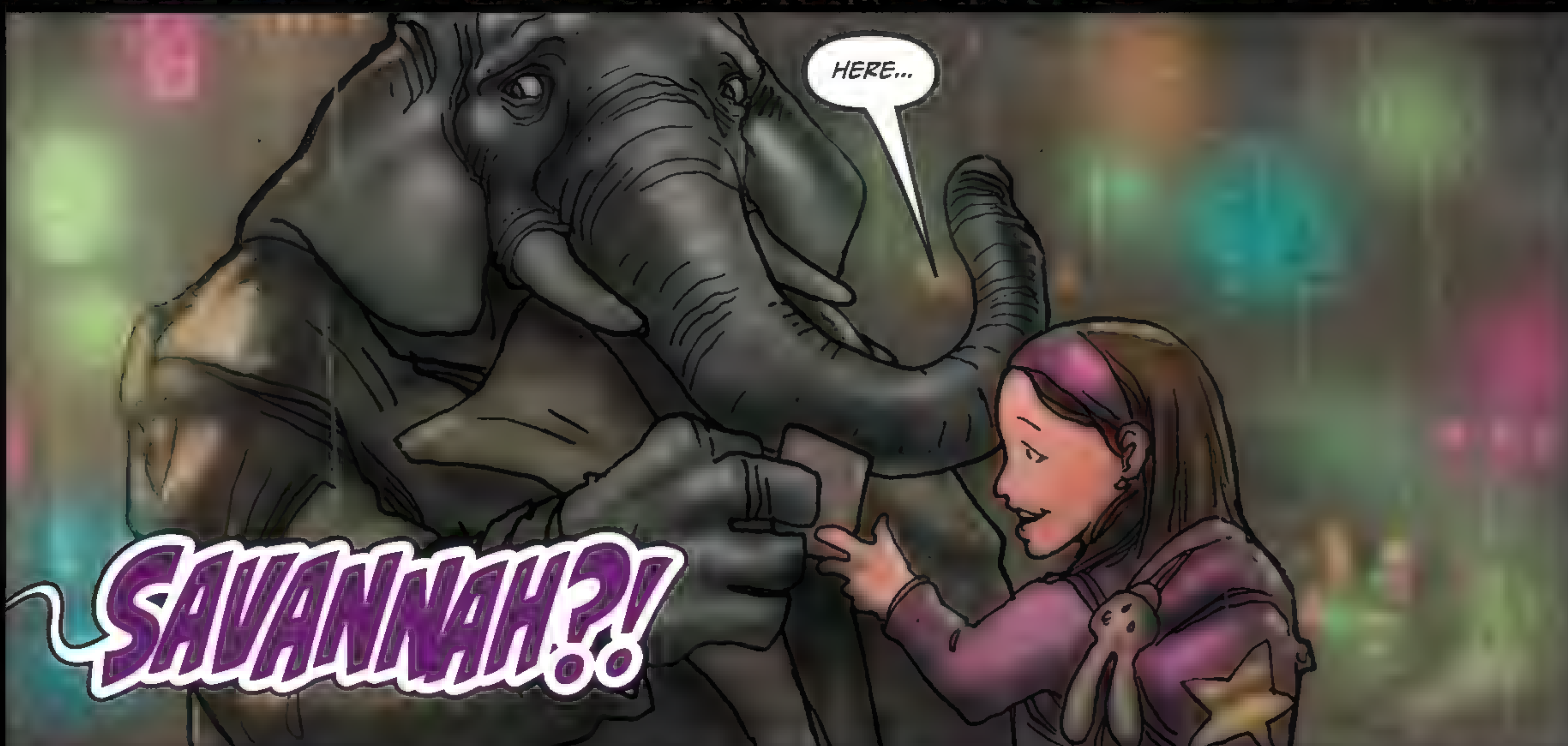
<YOU
KILLED MY
MOTHER, MY
FATHER...>

<...MY
SISTER...>

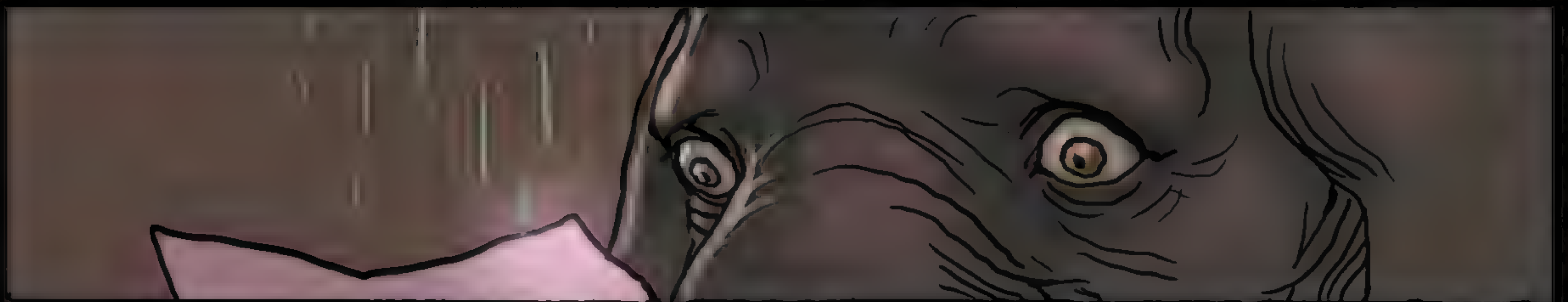
<WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR...?>



BOOM







SAVANNAH

DON'T FORGET
TO WASH
behind your
ears



*Comicraft
presents:*

JUST ANOTHER GUY NAMED JOE

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE,
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN...

DON'T LOOK UP, DON'T LET
ANYONE CATCH YOUR EYE.

WHATEVER YOU DO,
DON'T STAND STILL.
JUST KEEP MOVING.

MIND YOUR OWN FREAKIN'
BUSINESS, JOE.

A Tale from Mystery City

by Starkings and Moritat





DON'T THINK ABOUT
THE WAY THEY
LOOK AT YOU.

THE WAY THEY LOOK
DOWN ON YOU...

MAYBE THEY THINK YOU'RE
JUST ANOTHER JOE...



YEAH, MAYBE THEY THINK
THEY'RE BIGGER THAN YOU,
STRONGER THAN YOU...

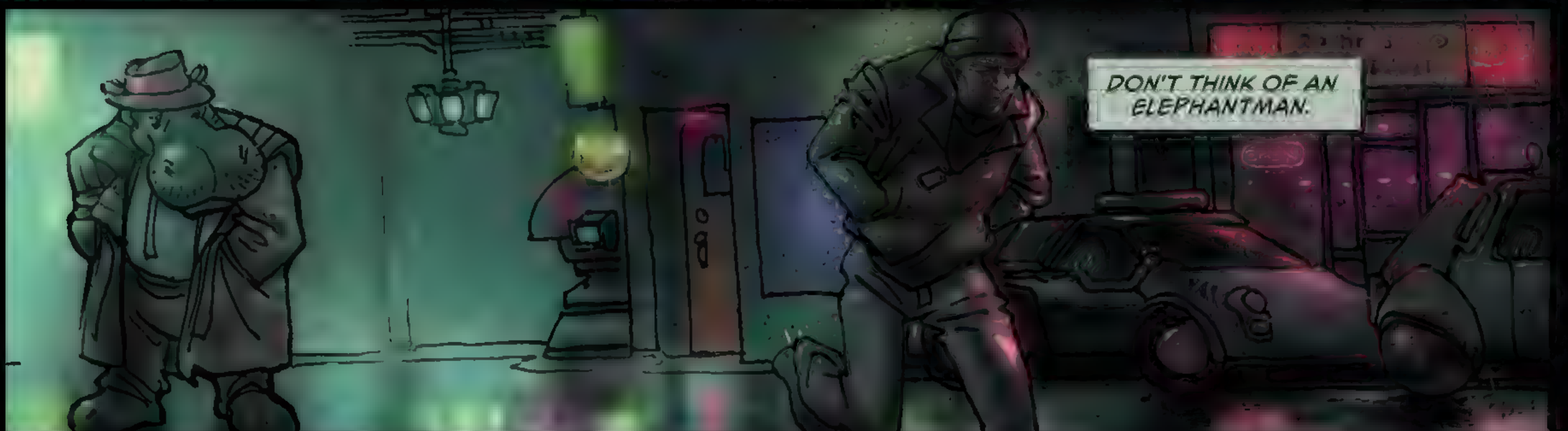
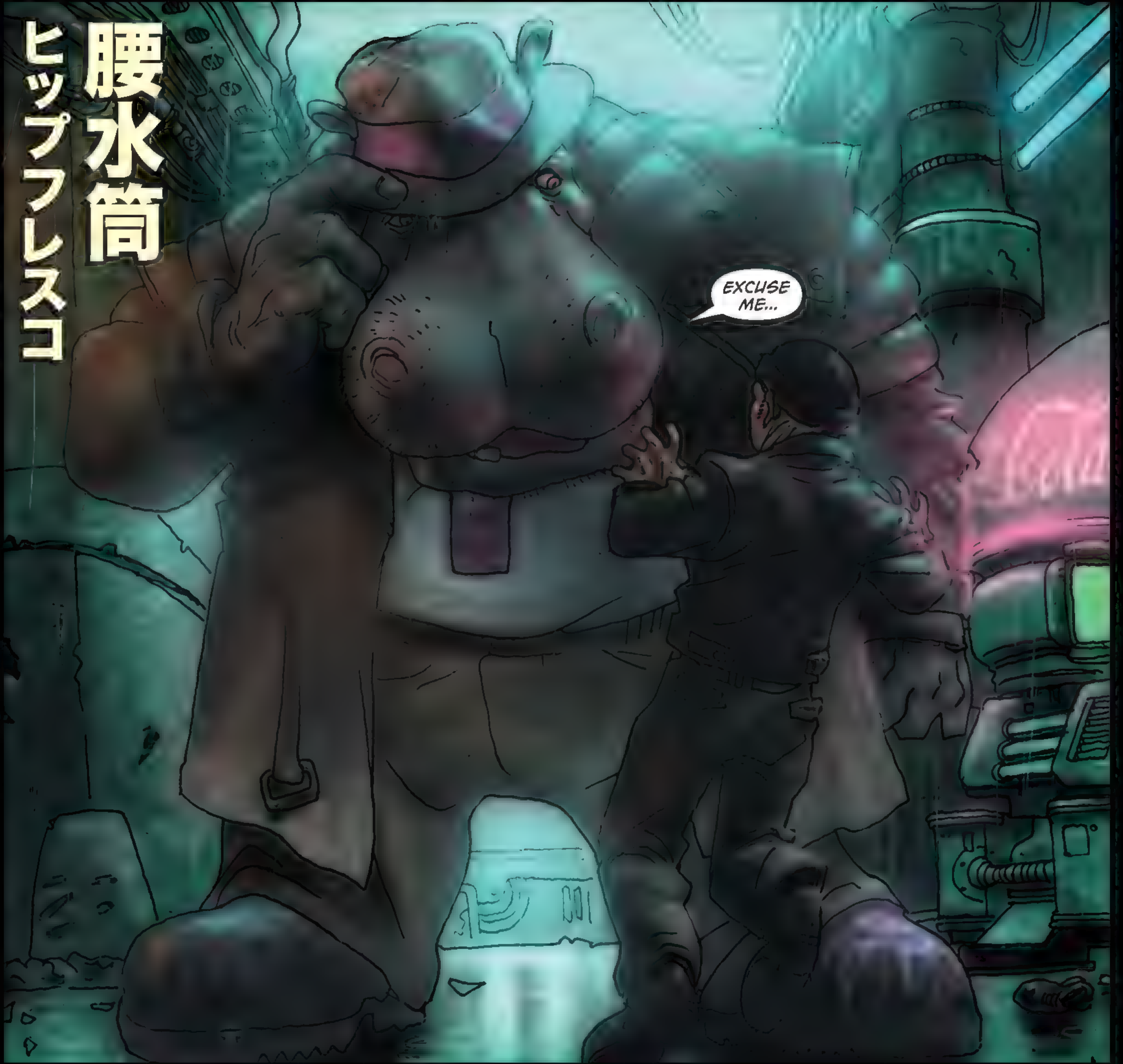
...BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE
THEM SMARTER THAN YOU.

IT DOESN'T MAKE
THEM BETTER...



SO JUST PUT THEM
OUT OF YOUR MIND, JOE...

DON'T THINK ABOUT HOW
THE WORLD CHANGED...





ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN



RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
BOO COOK

MANMADE MONSTERS - PART 2 OF 5

ELEPHANTMEN

202506

HIP FLASK ^{TAKES ON} **SHOCK CROC!** **#2**

THIS
DOESN'T
BELONG TO
YOU!

**YOU
MUST
READ...**

**BEHEMOTH
VERSUS
LEVIATHAN**



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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - BOO COOK COVER ART

BEHEMOTH

"Look at the Behemoth,
which I made along with you
and which feeds on grass
like an Ox.

"What STRENGTH he has
in his loins, what POWER
in the muscles of his belly!

"His tail sways like a
Cedar; the sinews of
his thighs are close-knit."
JOB 40:15-17



AND LEVIATHAN

STARKINGS • GOD • HENRY FLINT • MORITAT



"Can you pull in the Leviathan
with a fishhook or tie down his
tongue with a rope?"

"Can you put a cord
through his nose or pierce
his jaw with a hook?"

"Will he keep begging you
for mercy? Will he speak
to you with gentle words?"

"Will he make an agreement
with you for you to take him
as your slave for life?"
JOB 41:1-4



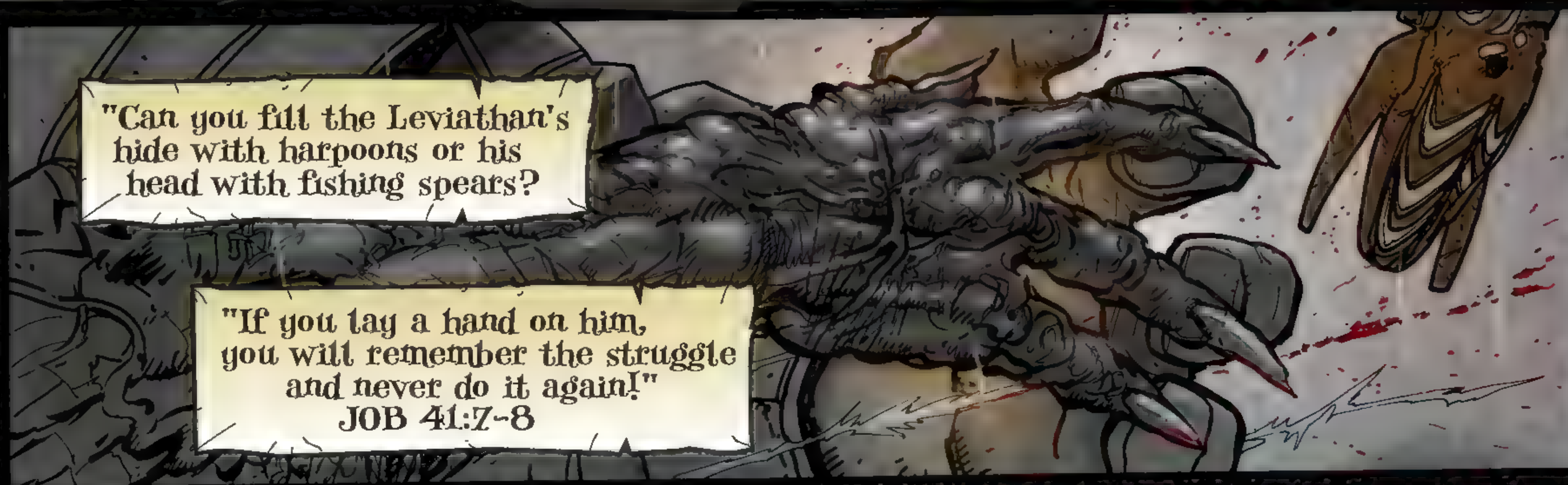
"Can you make a pet of
him like a bird,
or put him on a leash
for your girls?"

"Will traders barter for him?
Will they divide him up
among the merchants?"
JOB 41:5-6



"The bones of the Behemoth
are tubes of bronze,
his limbs like rods of iron.

He ranks first among the works
of God, yet his Maker can
approach him with his sword."
JOB 40:18-19



"Can you fill the Leviathan's
hide with harpoons or his
head with fishing spears?

"If you lay a hand on him,
you will remember the struggle
and never do it again!"
JOB 41:7-8



"Any hope of
subduing him is false;
the mere sight of
him is overpowering."
JOB 41:10



"No one is fierce enough to rouse him. Who then is able to stand against me?"
JOB 41:10



"Who has a claim against me that I must pay? Everything under heaven belongs to me."
JOB 41:11



"I will not fail to speak of the
Leviathan's limbs, his strength
and his graceful form.

"Who can strip off his outer coat?
Who would approach him with a bridle?"
JOB 41:12-13

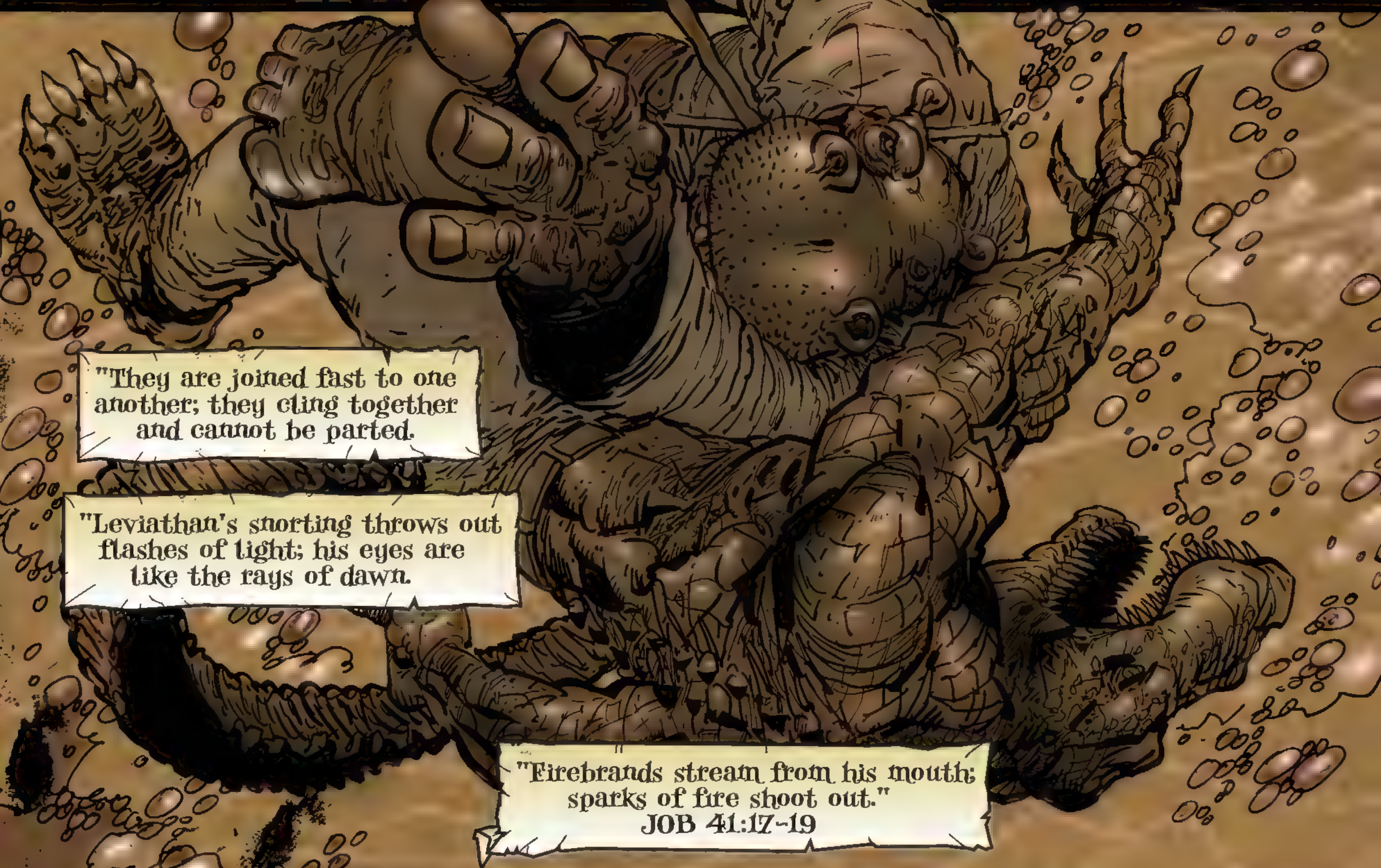
"Who dares open the doors of
Leviathan's mouth, ringed about
with his fearsome teeth?"

"His back has rows of shields
tightly sealed together;
each is so close to the next
that no air can pass between."
JOB 41:14-16



"They are joined fast to one
another; they cling together
and cannot be parted.

"Leviathan's snorting throws out
flashes of light; his eyes are
like the rays of dawn.



"Firebrands stream from his mouth;
sparks of fire shoot out."
JOB 41:17-19

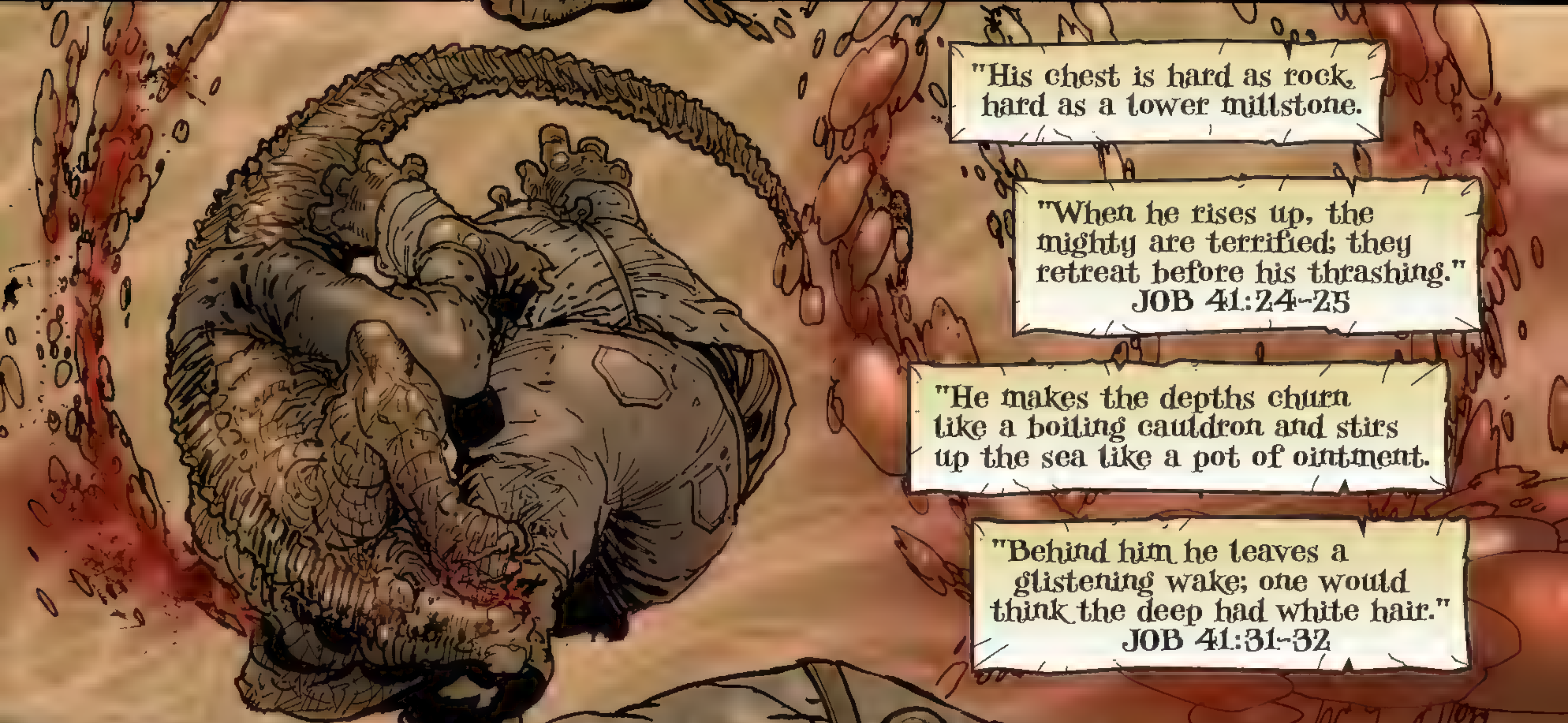
A large, fierce dragon with a long, scaly neck and a body covered in scales. It has a long, pointed tail and is breathing fire from its mouth. The dragon is shown in a dynamic, powerful pose, with its head lowered and its mouth open, revealing sharp teeth and a bright red tongue. The fire is depicted as a bright, glowing orange and yellow flame. The background is a dark, smoky environment with some rocky terrain.

"Smoke pours from his nostrils as from a boiling pot over a fire of reeds."

"His breath sets coals ablaze, and flames dart from his mouth."

"Strength resides in his neck; dismay goes before him."

"The folds of his flesh are tightly joined; they are firm and immovable."
JOB 41:20-23

A dragon thrashing its body, showing its long, scaly neck and its body covered in scales. The dragon is shown in a dynamic, powerful pose, with its head lowered and its mouth open, revealing sharp teeth and a bright red tongue. The fire is depicted as a bright, glowing orange and yellow flame. The background is a dark, smoky environment with some rocky terrain.

"His chest is hard as rock, hard as a lower millstone."

"When he rises up, the mighty are terrified; they retreat before his thrashing."
JOB 41:24-25

"He makes the depths churn like a boiling cauldron and stirs up the sea like a pot of ointment."

"Behind him he leaves a glistening wake; one would think the deep had white hair."
JOB 41:31-32

A close-up of a dragon's head and mouth. The dragon has a large, open mouth with sharp teeth and a bright red tongue. The dragon's head is covered in scales and has a long, pointed snout. The dragon's eyes are large and round, and it has a small, pointed ear. The dragon's mouth is open, showing its sharp teeth and bright red tongue. The dragon's head is shown in a dynamic, powerful pose, with its mouth open and its tongue out. The background is a dark, smoky environment with some rocky terrain.

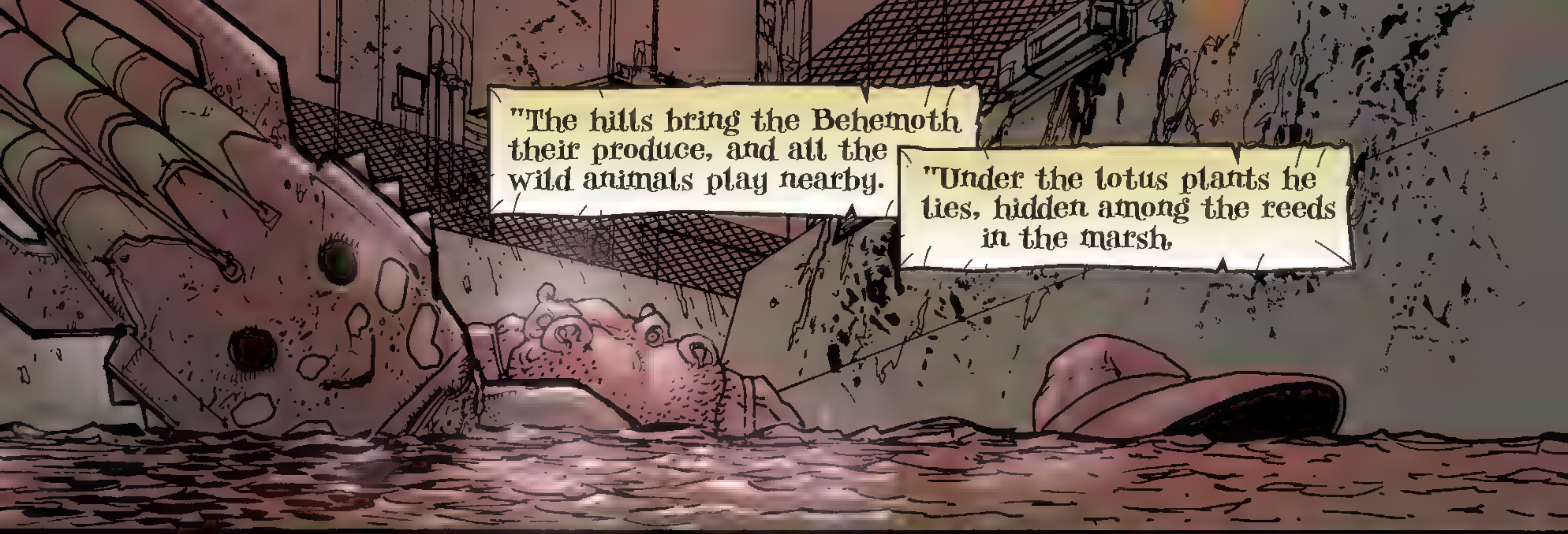


"Nothing on earth is the Leviathan's equal –
a creature without fear." JOB 41:33



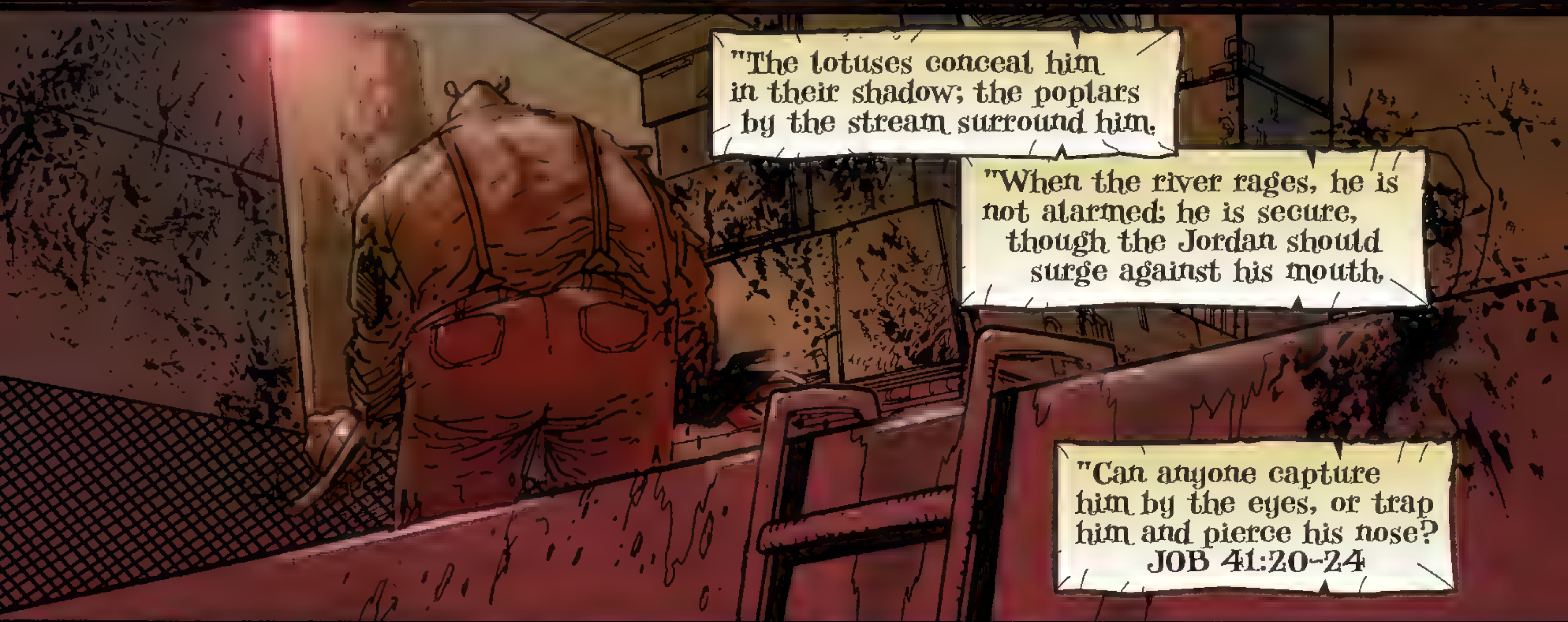
"He looks down on all that are haughty;
he is king over all that are proud." JOB 41:34





"The hills bring the Behemoth
their produce, and all the
wild animals play nearby.

"Under the lotus plants he
lies, hidden among the reeds
in the marsh.



"The lotuses conceal him
in their shadow; the poplars
by the stream surround him.

"When the river rages, he is
not alarmed; he is secure,
though the Jordan should
surge against his mouth.

"Can anyone capture
him by the eyes, or trap
him and pierce his nose?
JOB 41:20-24



"May that night be barren; may no
shout of joy be heard in it.

"May those who curse days
curse that day, those who
are ready to rouse Leviathan.
JOB 3:7-8





ORIGINAL COVER ART • IAN CHURCHILL



ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN

YES!

YOU ARE LISTENING TO THE HERMAN STRUMM SHOW, NOW STREAMING AROUND THE PLANET AROUND THE CLOCK ON DOGSTAR RADIO --

WOOF!

SO, RABBI, WHO DO WE HAVE IN THE STUDIO TODAY?

WE HAVE ELIJAH DELANEY COMING TO VISIT US TODAY...

THAT'S RIGHT, THAT'S RIGHT, OUR VERY OWN ELEPHANTMAN -- UH -- CROCODILEMAN -- HELL, RABBI, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO CALL HIM? "DELANEY?!" WHAT DOES HE THINK HE IS -- IRISH?

I DON'T KNOW, HERMAN -- WHY DON'T YOU TRY CALLING HIM ELIJAH? OR "SIR?"

EARTH ORBIT • 2260

DOGSTAR ONE

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT,
HE'S, WHAT, 550 POUNDS,
ALL MUSCLE, HE'S GOT A
MOUTHFUL OF RAZOR SHARP
TEETH... 'SIR' SOUNDS
ABOUT RIGHT...

AND I DO NOT
WANT TO OFFEND THE
ELEPHANTMEN, AT THE LAST
COUNT THERE WERE, WHAT,
FIFTEEN THOUSAND
OF THESE GUYS?

HELL,
I KNOW MY
PLACE.

I SERIOUSLY
DOUBT THAT,
HERMAN...

THIS IS
DOGSTAR FIVE TO
DOGSTAR CONTROL...
WE HAVE A V-I-P ONBOARD.
PLEASE CONFIRM
CLEARANCE FOR
DOCKING, OVER...

ROGER,
DOGSTAR FIVE...
CLEARANCE
CONFIRMED.
YOU'RE GOOD
TO GO.

YOU'RE
LISTENING TO
SATELLITE
RADIO...

COMICRAFT presents:

SHOCK CROC!

By STARNINGS & MORITAT

HERMAN STRUMM & RABBI created by JOE CASEY



HE'S ON
HIS WAY, YES,
WE'LL BE THERE
IN THIRTY
SECONDS,
MAX...

WHERE ARE
THE GIRLS
AT...?

OKAY, GUYS AND GALS...
I'VE NEVER HAD AN ELEPHANTMAN
ON THE SHOW BEFORE, BUT,
HELL, AS I KEPT TELLING MY
EX-WIFE, THERE'S A FIRST TIME
FOR EVERYTHING...



...AND
OH-MY-GOD,
IS THIS GUY
BIG.

HERMAN * STRUM

NOW,
THAT'S SOMETHING
I KNOW YOU
NEVER HEARD FROM
YOUR WIFE!



OH, HERE
WE GO, RABBI. NEXT
THING HE'S GONNA
ASK ME IF ALL JEWS
LOOK ALIKE --

WHICH,
OF COURSE,
WE DO!

JUST
IGNORE HIM,
ELIJAH...

SO,
HOW TALL ARE
YOU, LIKE EIGHT
FEET?

YEAH, MAN,
I MEAN,
I THOUGHT
I WAS TALL...

EIGHT
FOOT... THREE,
I THINK...
WITHOUT
BOOTS.

SURUMN



WITHOUT
YOUR BOOTS?
MM-HM... I WOULD
LIKE TO SEE THAT.
YES, SIR...



TUCK THOSE
BOOBS BACK IN,
RABBI, HE'S
SUPPOSED TO BE
THE **MANEATER**
HERE...

WHICH
RAISES ANOTHER
QUESTION, ELI...
DID YOU EVER
TASTE **HUMAN**
FLESH?

HERMAN!
WHAT KIND
OF A QUESTION
IS THAT?!



IT'S THE
KIND OF QUESTION
OUR LISTENERS WANT TO
KNOW THE ANSWER
TO, RABBI!

NO.



OKAY,
FINE...

BUT
TELL ME, WHAT
IS WITH ALL THE
BIBLICAL NAMES...?
ELIJAH, EBENEZER,
HIERONYMOUS,
OBADIAH,
JEDIDIAH...

WERE
THOSE **MAPPO**
GUYS RELIGIOUS
FREAKS OR
WHAT?

THEY
WERE **FREAKS**
ALL RIGHT,
HERMAN...



BUT I BET
YOU GET LETTERS
FROM NUTTERS,
RIGHT?
RELIGIOUS
NUTS.

I LOOKED YOU
UP ON THE SLATE --
NOT YOU PERSONALLY,
BUT CROCODILES IN
GENERAL -- AND, IN THE
BIBLE THEY CALL
YOU **LEVIATHAN**,
RIGHT?

I GUESS THE
EGYPTIANS AND
THE JEWS LOOKED
UPON CROCS AS
GODS --



WHAT?

YOU'RE
LOOKING AT ME
LIKE YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME,
MAN...

I GUESS IF
YOU **READ** IT
SOMEWHERE, IT
MUST BE **TRUE**,
RIGHT?

DON'T
GO THERE,
ELIJAH...

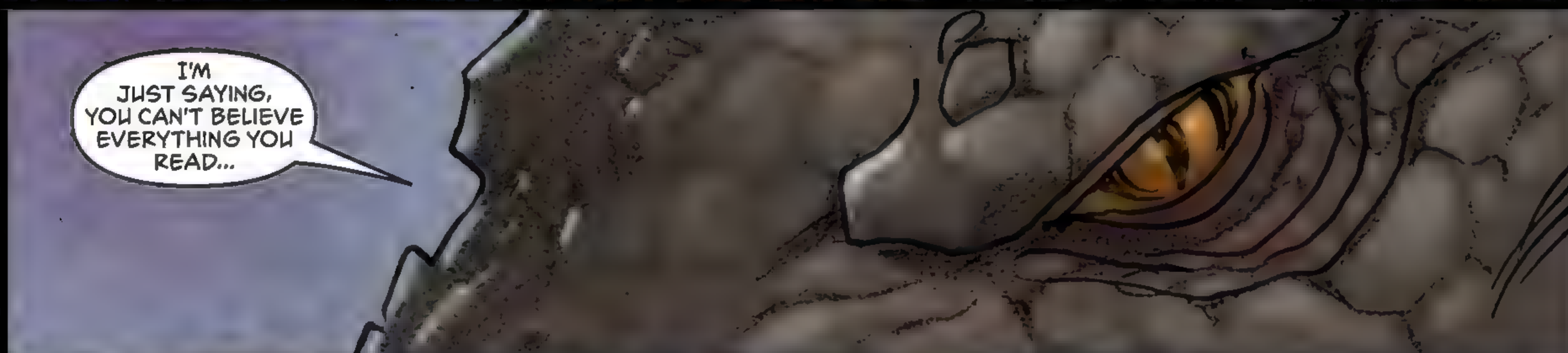


I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
GETTING AT, ELI, BUT
I ALSO READ THAT
CROCODILES AND *HIPPOS*
ARE LIKE, NATURAL
ENEMIES.

WHAT'S
THE NAME OF THAT
TOUGH GUY WHO WORKS
FOR THE INFORMATION
AGENCY--? *HIP FLASK*,
RIGHT?

SO, DO
YOU GET INTO
FIGHTS ALL THE
TIME WITH THE
HIPPOMEN?

AM I RIGHT
IN THINKING THAT'S
HOW YOU LOST
YOUR *TAIL*?



I'M
JUST SAYING,
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE
EVERYTHING YOU
READ...



I KNOW,
I KNOW, I SHOULD
SEE THE *OTHER* GUY,
BUT DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT...

SEE, YOU
LOST YOUR
TAIL...



BUT HERE ON
THE HERMAN STRUMM
SHOW WE HAVE
PLENTY OF TAIL FOR
EVERYONE!

OH, BAD
SEGUE,
HERMAN,
THAT'S
BAD.



SO, TELL ME,
ELI, DO THESE GIRLS
MAKE YOU HOT? OR
ARE YOU STILL WAITING
FOR THE RIGHT
GALIGATOR TO COME
ALONG?



YOU
CANNOT TELL
ME YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO SINK YOUR
TEETH INTO THESE
BEAUTIES.

BOY, I AM
SO GLAD I HAD
TELESCOPIC LENSES
SNAPPED ONTO MY
IMPLANTS.



THEY'RE
PRETTY GIRLS
ALL RIGHT,
HERMAN.

WOOF!



PRETTY?!?
ELIJAH, YOU ARE SO
COLD BLOODED!
THESE GIRLS WANT
YOU --

GO ON,
TOUCH THEIR
BREASTS, TEST
THE WATER
WILLYA?

THEY
WON'T MIND,
RIGHT,
GIRLS?



DO
YOU KNOW
HOW LONG THIS
GUYS TONGUE
IS, GIRLS?

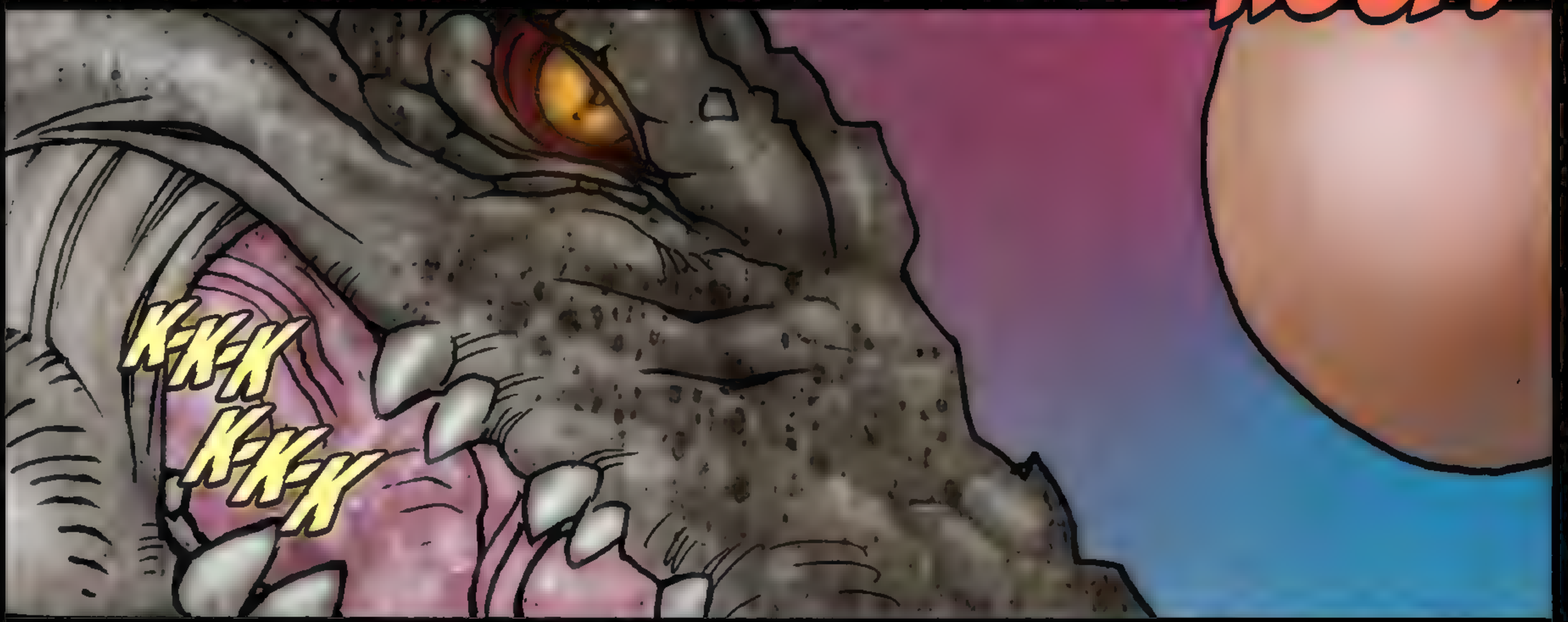
MAN, HE COULD
KEEP BOTH OF YOU
HAPPY ALL NIGHT
WITHOUT UNZIPPING
HIS PANTS...



YOU WANT
ME TO TAKE
MY TOP OFF,
HERMAN...?

ON MY SHOW,
HONEY, YOU DO NOT
NEED TO ASK -- THIS IS
DOGSTAR...

**WOOF
WOOF!**



**K-K-K
K-K-K**



HERMAN...

WAAAAAARG



ALIEEEEEEE



AAAAA--*

JEE-ZUS!
THE CROC'S GONE
TOTALLY REPTILE
BRAIN ON US, OH MY
CHRIST ALMIGHTY.
SHIT

GET
SECURITY
IN HERE!

NOW!

I AM SORRY,
LISTENERS, YOU WILL
NOT BELIEVE WHAT
IS HAPPENING
HERE... HOLY SHIT,
I AM GONNA
BARF!





STRUMM,
YOU DON'T NEED
SECURITY, YOU NEED
A *DOCTOR*, THIS
POOR GIRL SEEMS
TO HAVE *PASSED*
OUT.

I CAN'T
IMAGINE
WHY!



...

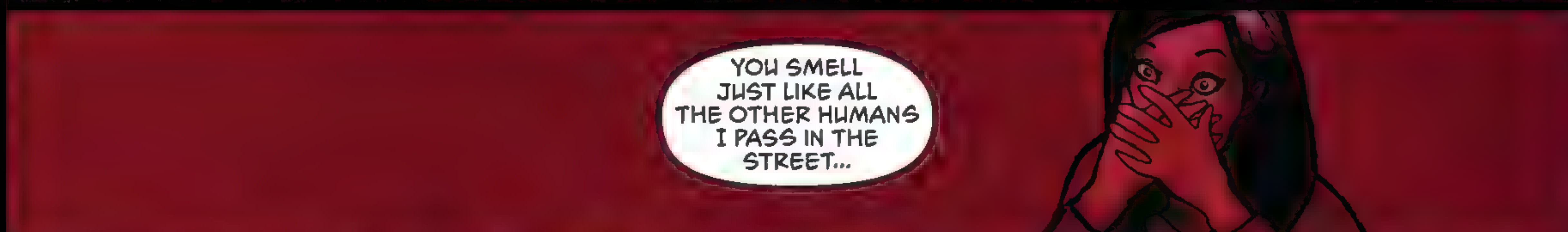
YOU
FREAKING
TOERAG!

YOU
SCARED
THE LIVING
SNOT OUT OF
ME!

I SWEAR,
I HAVE *SERIOUSLY*
CRAPPED MY
PANTS!



THAT'S
NOT THE SCENT
I'M PICKING
UP...
I
SMELL
FEAR.



YOU SMELL
JUST LIKE ALL
THE OTHER HUMANS
I PASS IN THE
STREET...



AS FOR
HUMAN FLESH,
HERMAN...

TASTES
LIKE
CHICKEN.





RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
IAN
CHURCHILL



MANMADE MONSTERS · PART 3 OF 5

ELEPHANTMEN

2006

BACK-TO-BACK ADVENTURES!

HIP FLASK[®] AND EBONY HIDE

#3



DON'T
MISS:

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST! · ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM!

2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

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2259

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ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART

ELEPHANTMEN™

another spicy mystery city adventure



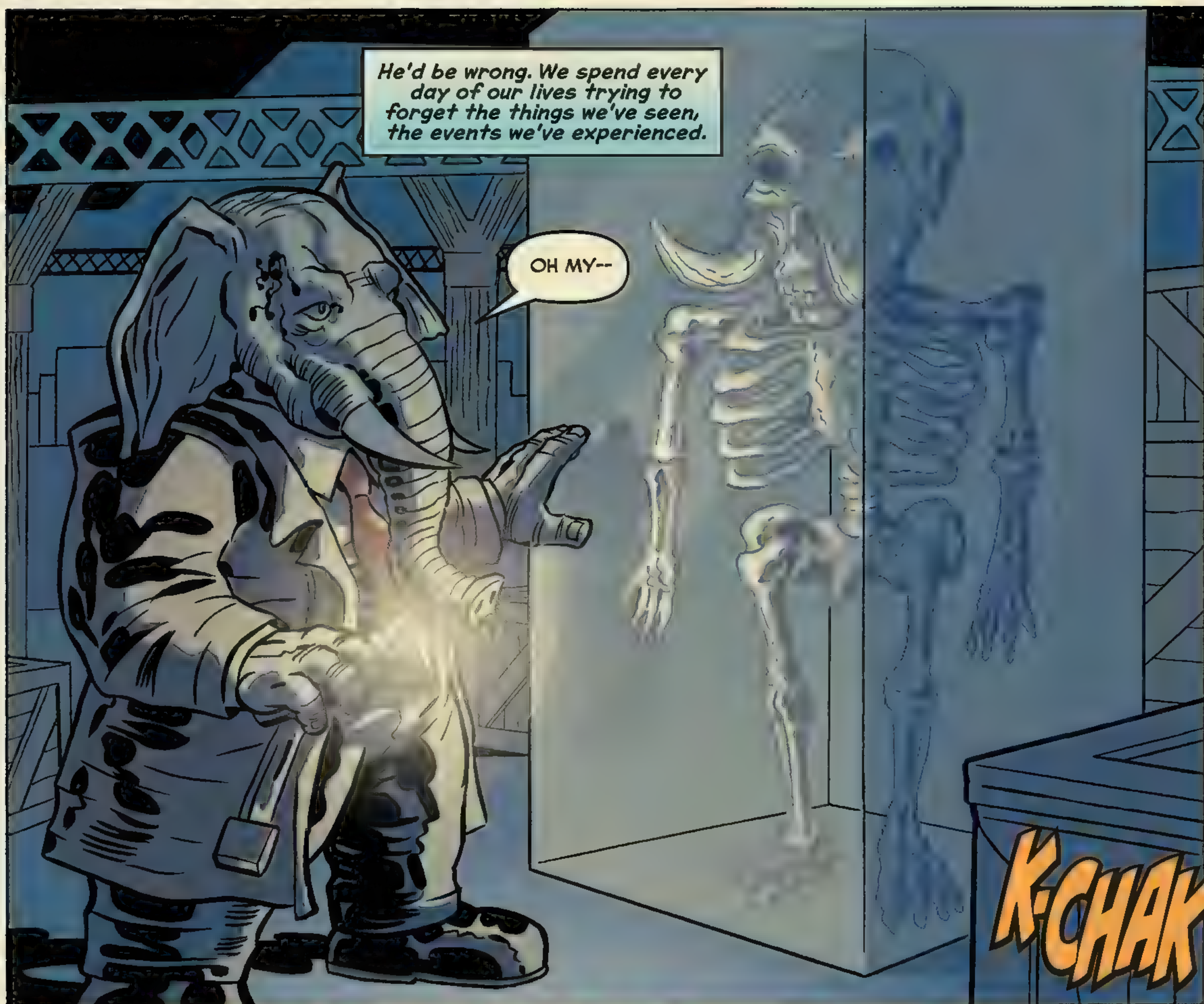
The ELEPHANT in the ROOM

starkings इंदोली मारदी कोल्हाcraft bolland

LOS ANGELES, 2259

*Ask the man on the street
and he'll tell you that your
average Elephantmen is
afraid of nothing.*





The **ELEPHANT** in the **ROOM!**

By RICHARD STARKINGS & TOM SCIOLI with NICK FILARDI cover by BRIAN BOLLAND





It all started innocently enough at Koomeriah, my favorite water hole.



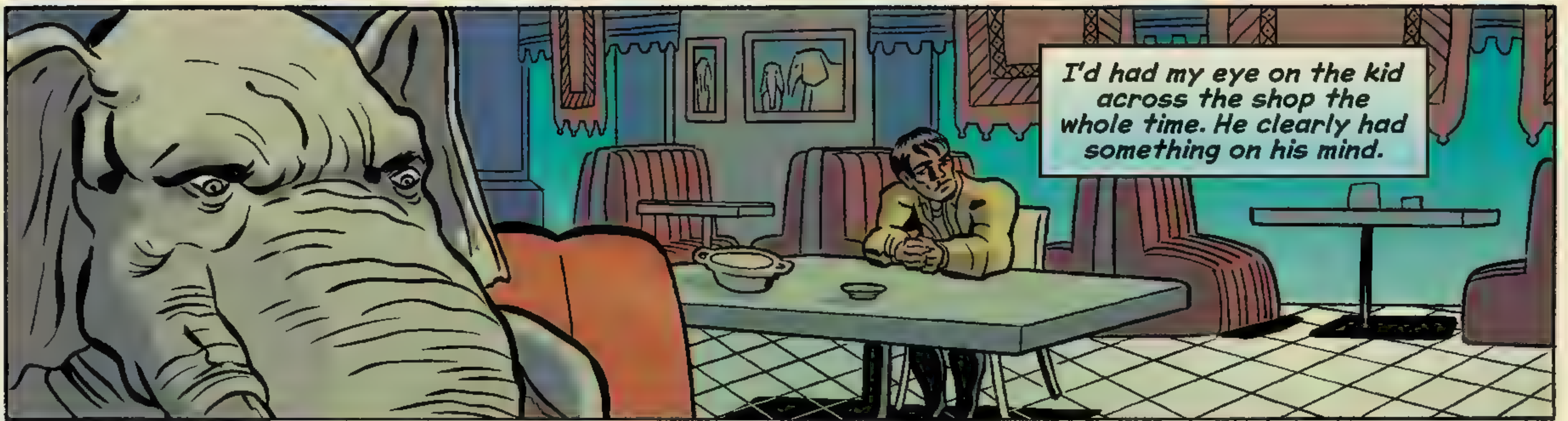
It's good, they like me there.
I can have a personal
religious experience and
eat healthy at the same time.



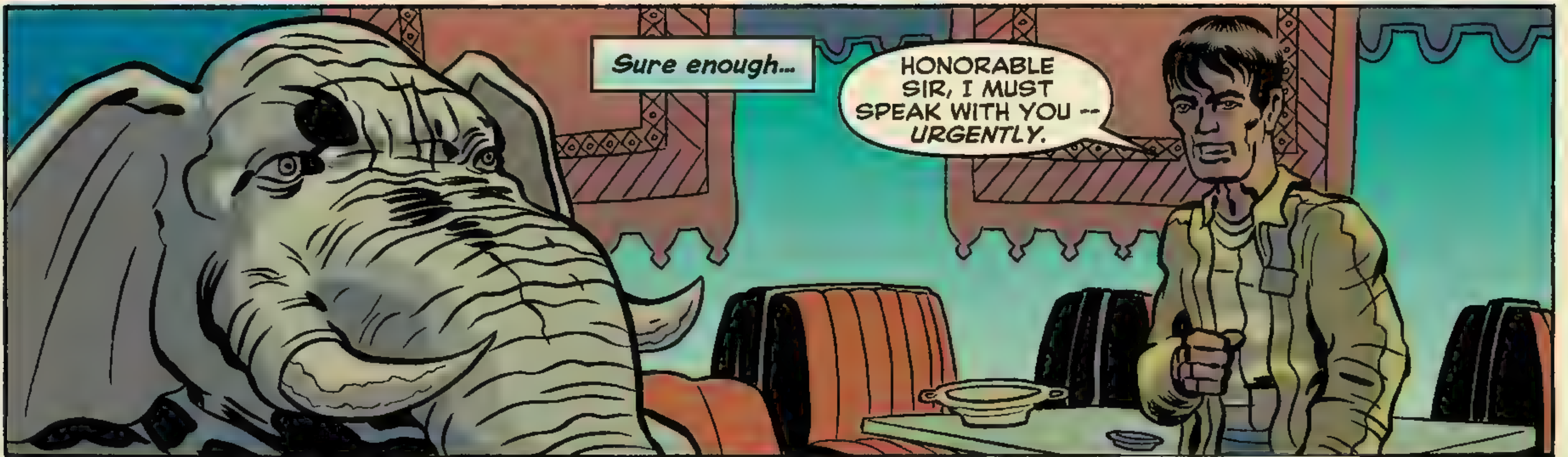
Which is obviously important
for someone in my condition.
I need to consume about
fifty pounds of vegetables a
day just to keep myself upright.

I THANK
YOU, AND MY
STOMACH
THANKS YOU,
MAHOUD.

THE
HONOR IS
ENTIRELY
OURS, MISTER
EBENEZER,
SIR.

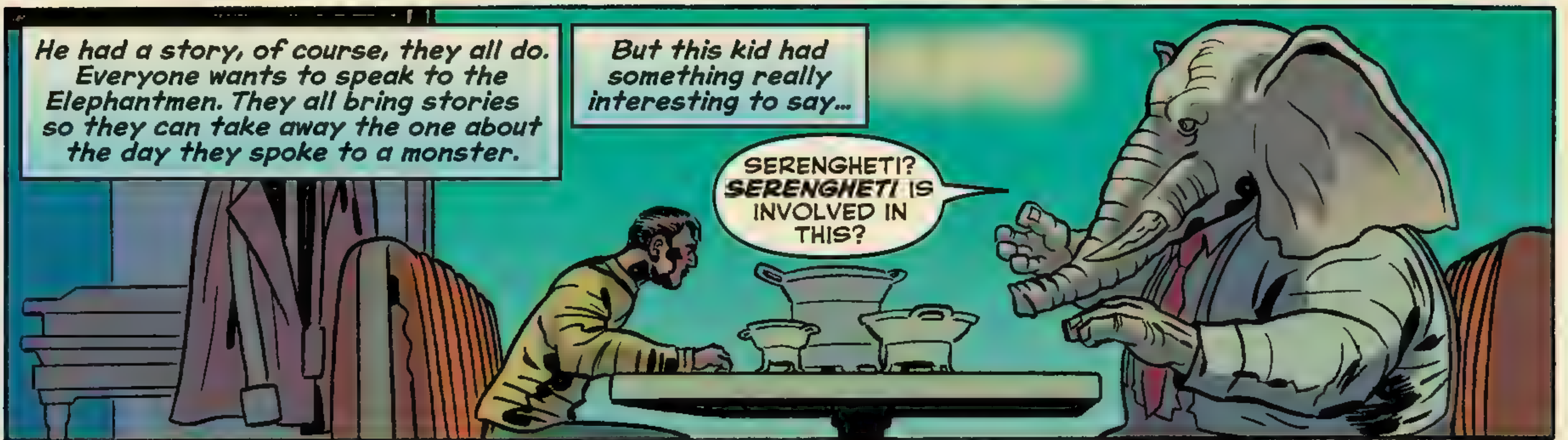


I'd had my eye on the kid across the shop the whole time. He clearly had something on his mind.



Sure enough...

HONORABLE SIR, I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU -- URGENTLY.



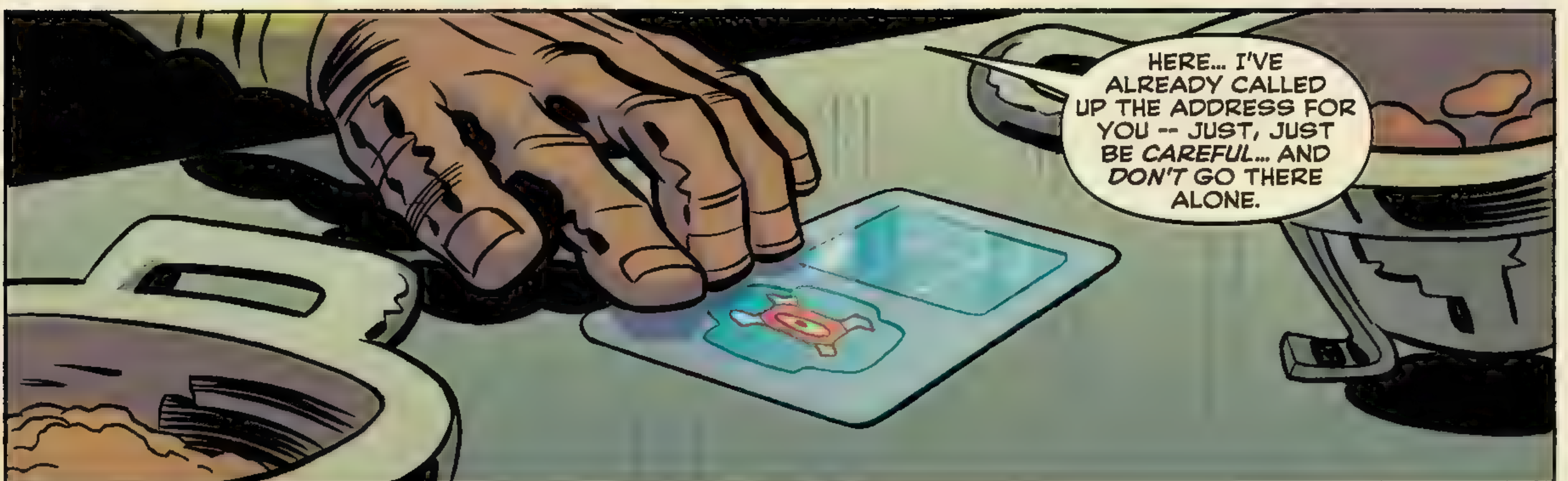
He had a story, of course, they all do. Everyone wants to speak to the Elephantmen. They all bring stories so they can take away the one about the day they spoke to a monster.

But this kid had something really interesting to say...

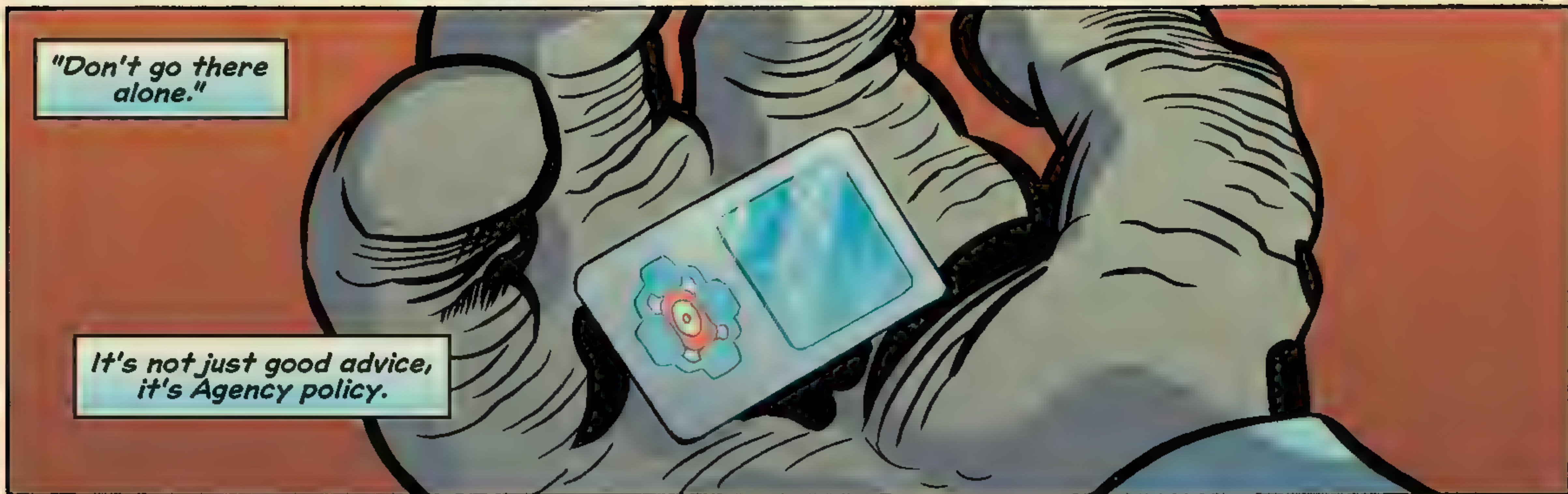
SERENGHETI? SERENGHETI IS INVOLVED IN THIS?



I'VE -- I'VE ALREADY SAID TOO MUCH...



HERE... I'VE ALREADY CALLED UP THE ADDRESS FOR YOU -- JUST, JUST BE CAREFUL... AND DON'T GO THERE ALONE.



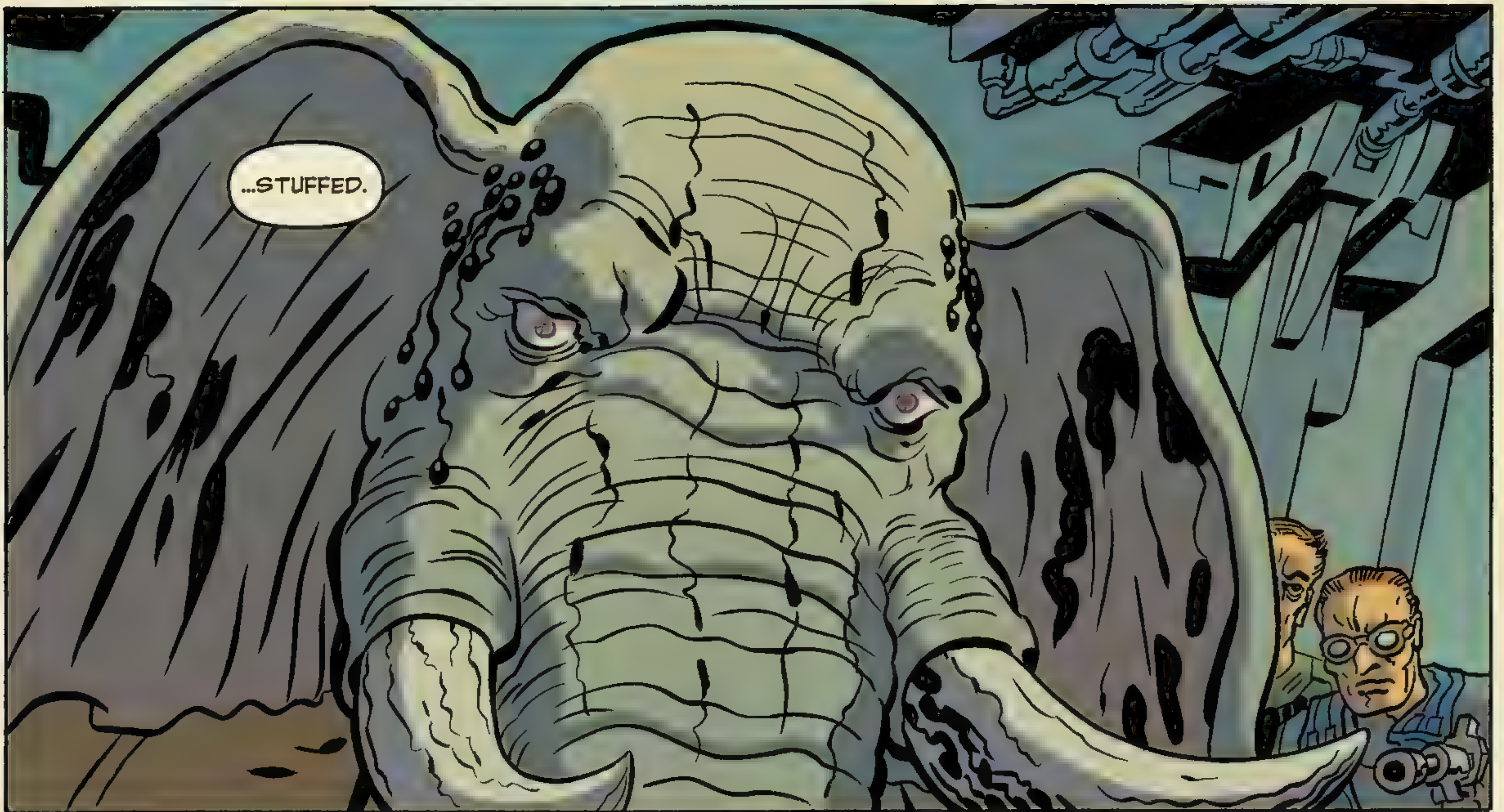




YOU SEE, HE DOESN'T WANT A SKELETON, OR A MOUNTED HEAD, WE HAVE PLENTY OF THOSE.

NO, HIS REQUEST IS VERY SPECIFIC...

HE WANTS THE WHOLE ANIMAL...



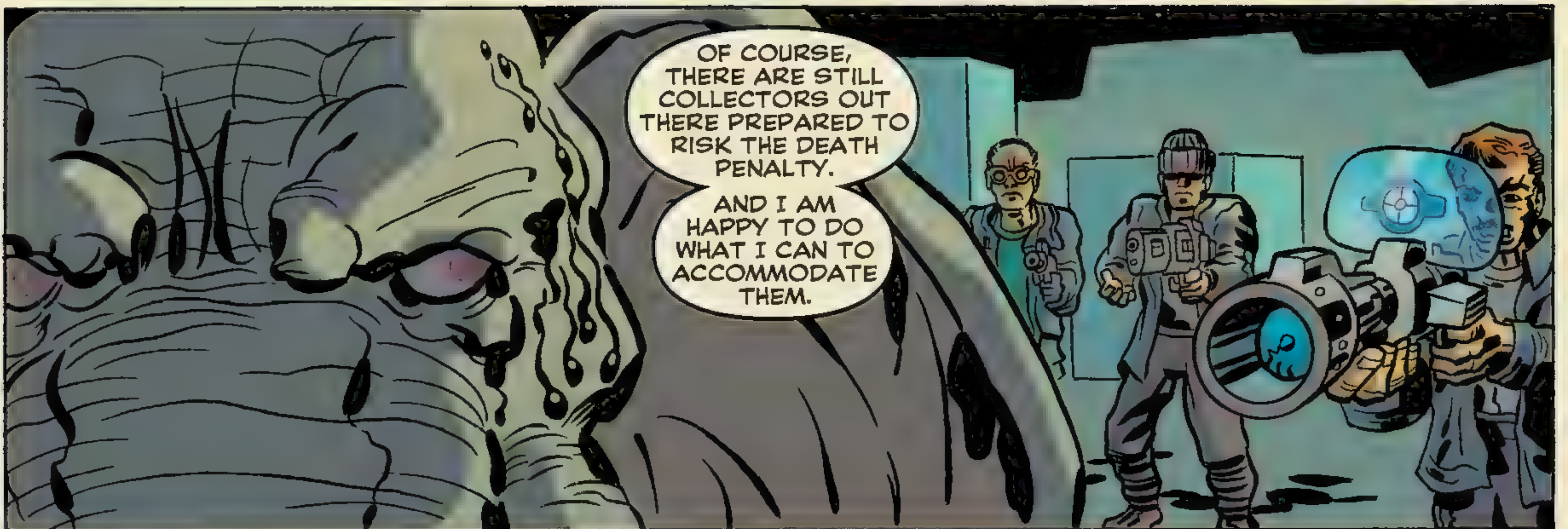
...STUFFED.



YOU... CREATURES ONLY HAVE YOURSELVES TO BLAME. YOUR PLIGHT PRICKED THE WORLD'S CONSCIENCE.

YOU GAVE A FACE TO ENDANGERED SPECIES AND SO ENDED THE BUSINESS OF EXOTIC ANIMAL PARTS.

MY BUSINESS.

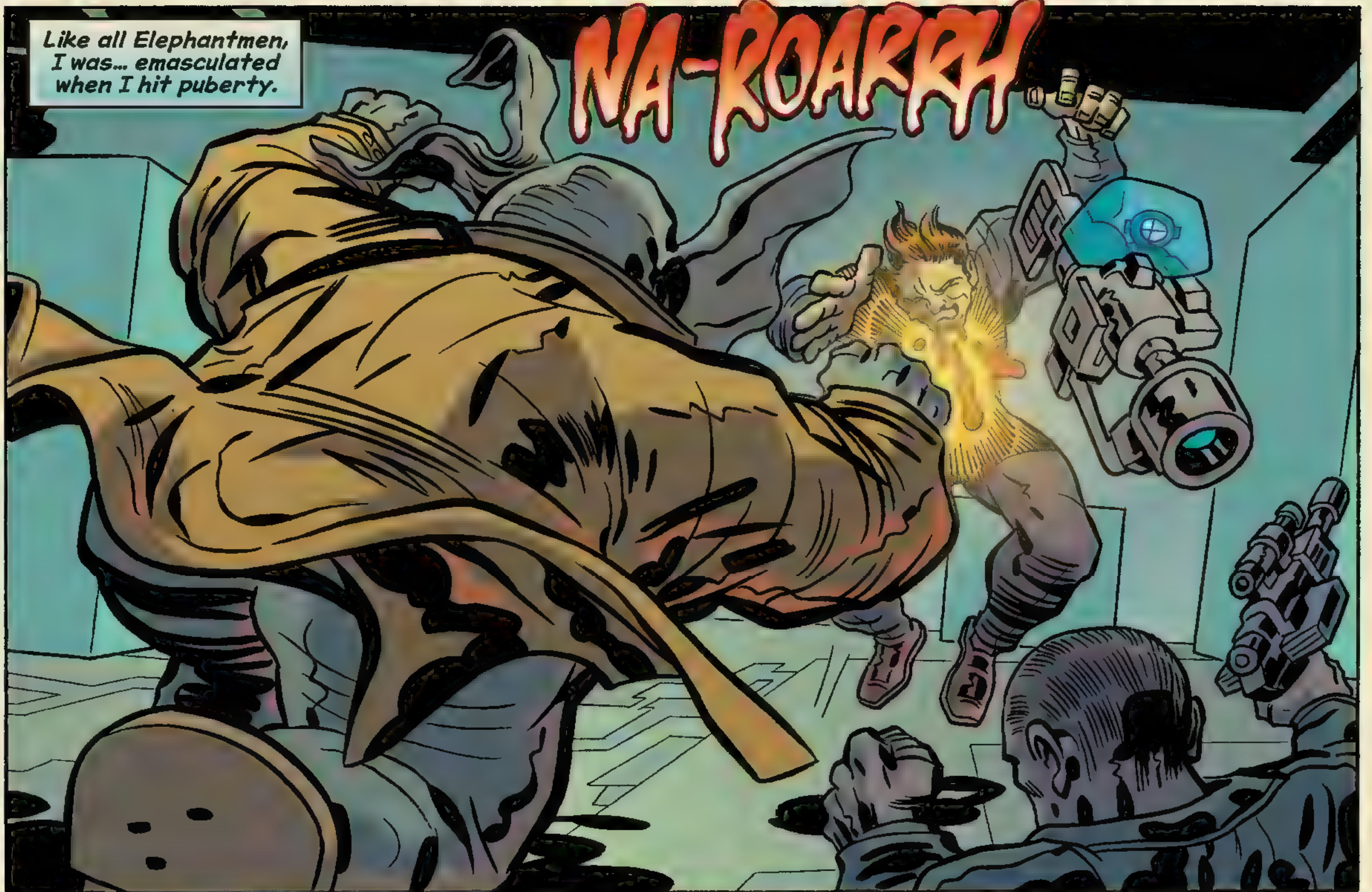


OF COURSE, THERE ARE STILL COLLECTORS OUT THERE PREPARED TO RISK THE DEATH PENALTY.

AND I AM HAPPY TO DO WHAT I CAN TO ACCOMMODATE THEM.

Like all Elephantmen,
I was... emasculated
when I hit puberty.

NA-ROARRR!



KRAK

But I am still a
Bull Elephant.



Bull elephants cycle between a state of
heightened aggressiveness, called *musth*,
and non-*musth*. In *musth*, we secrete
a foul-smelling sweat called *Temporin*.

SHEE-YIT!
WHAT IS THAT
SMELL?

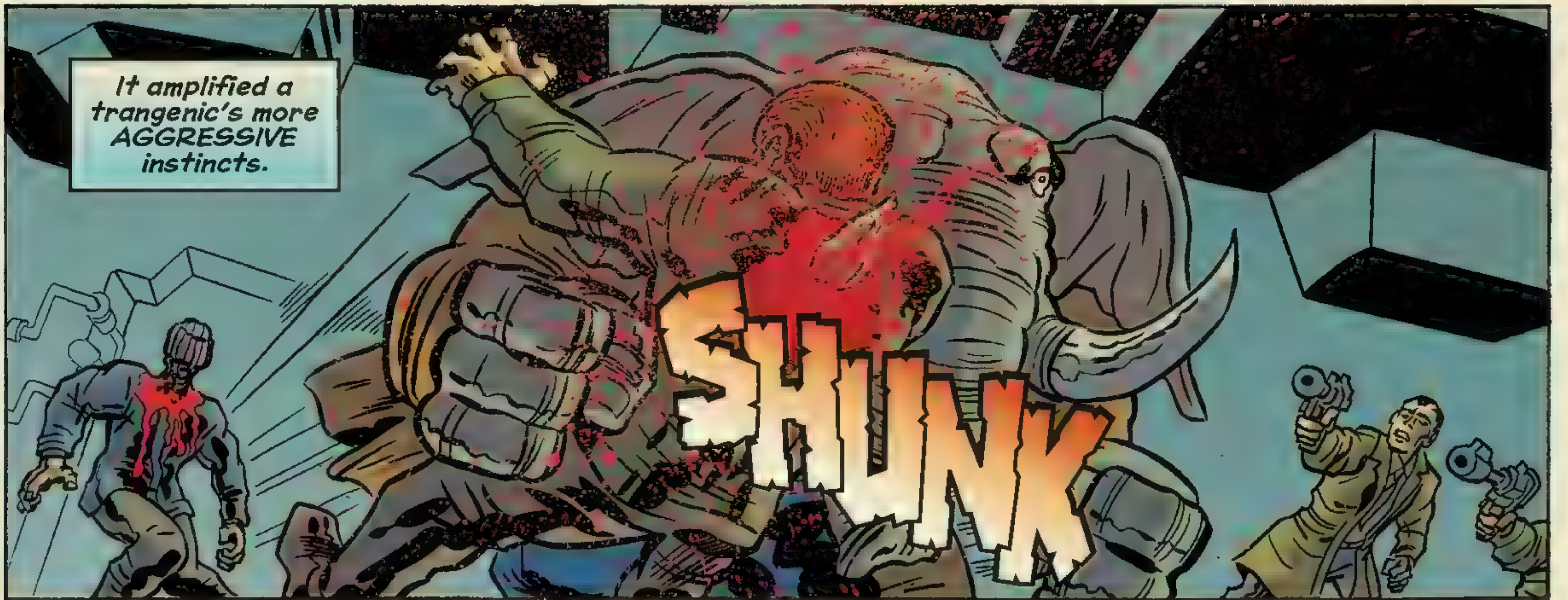
BTAM



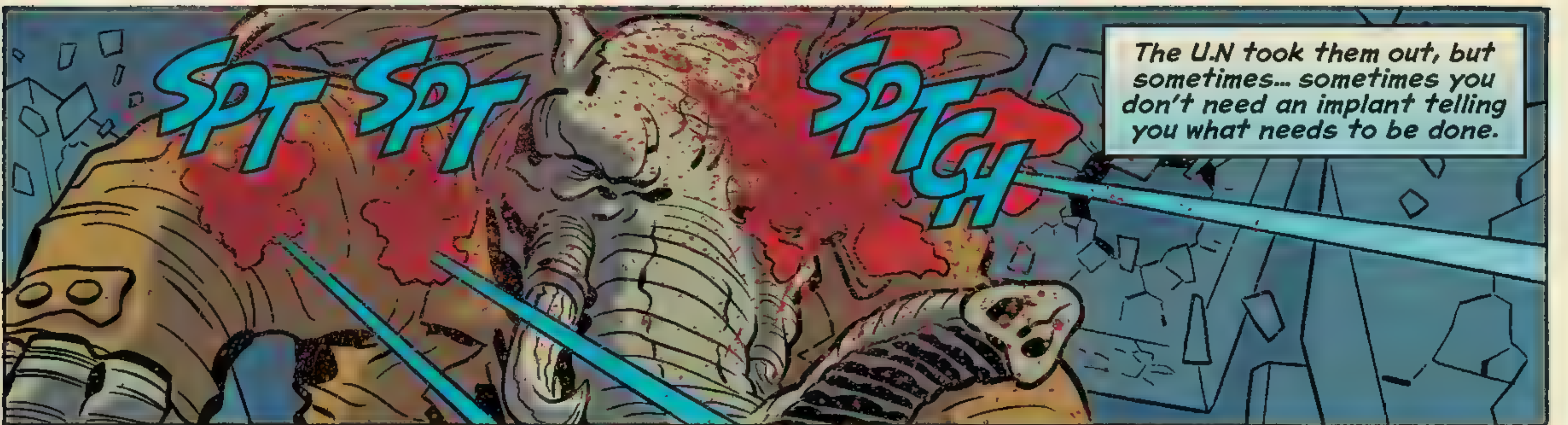
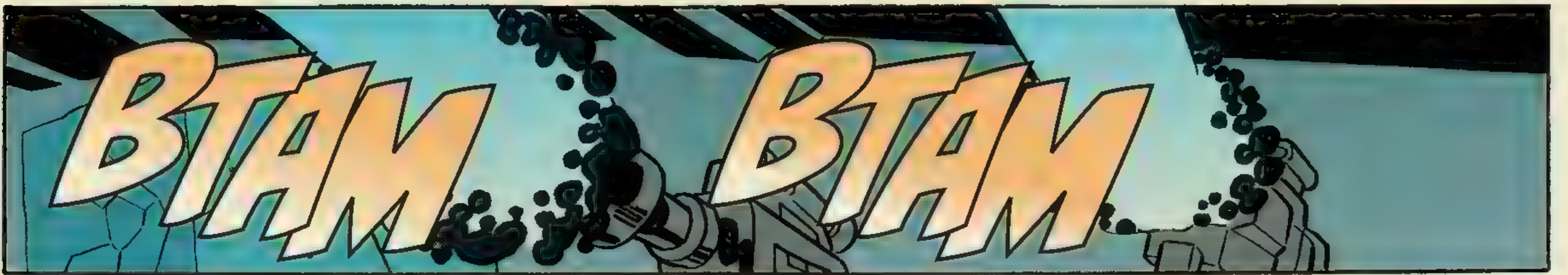




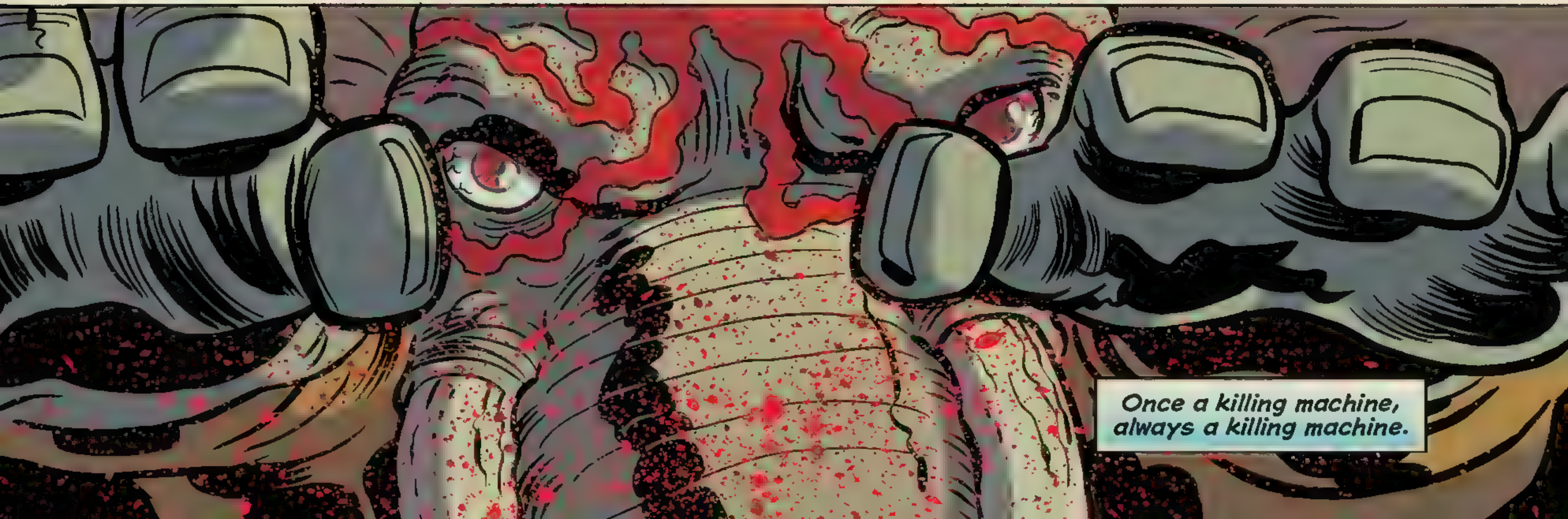
MAPPO inserted a device on my spinal column called an IMPERIUMITE.



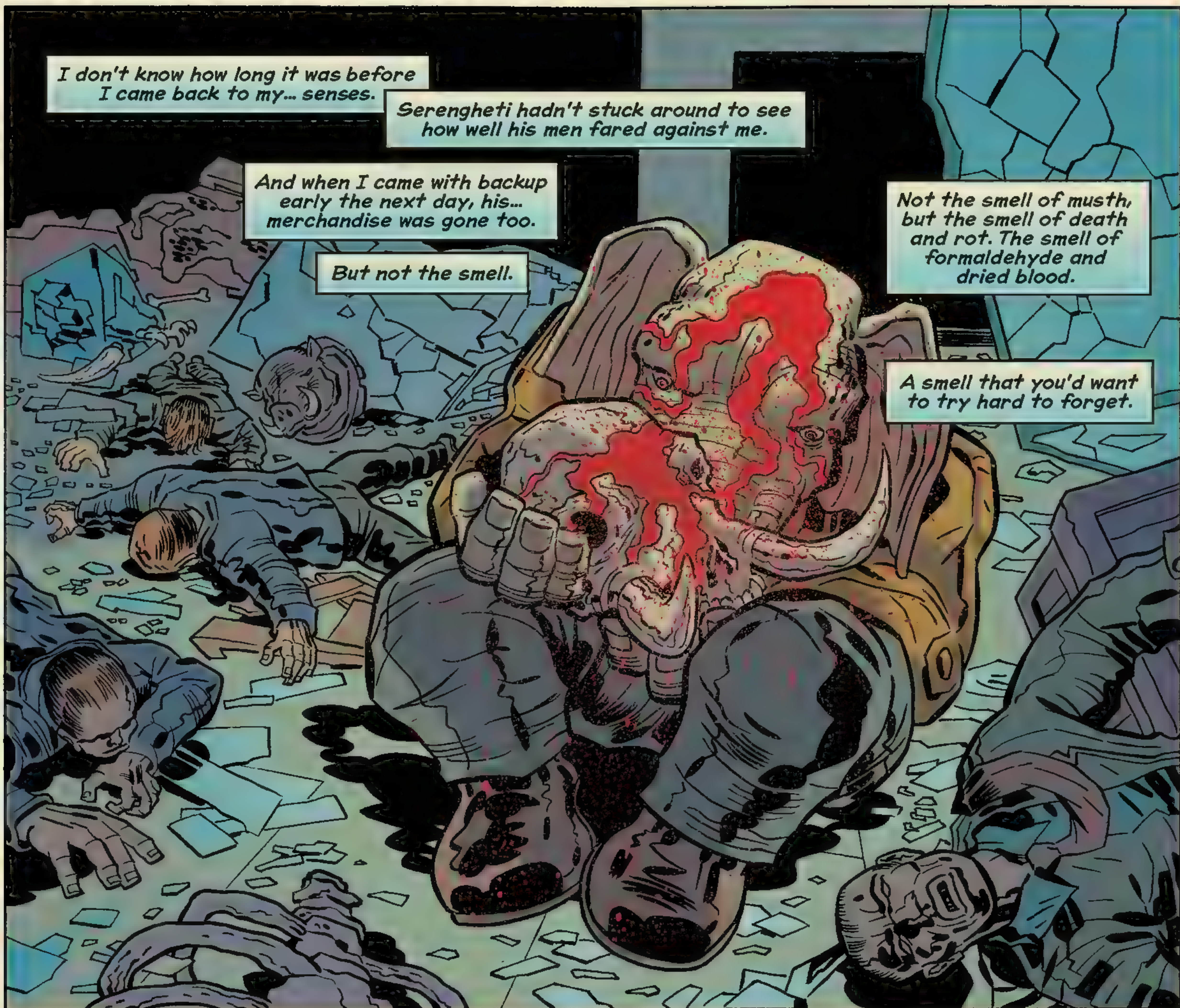
It amplified a trangenic's more AGGRESSIVE instincts.



The U.N took them out, but sometimes... sometimes you don't need an implant telling you what needs to be done.



Once a killing machine, always a killing machine.



*I don't know how long it was before
I came back to my... senses.*

*Serengheti hadn't stuck around to see
how well his men fared against me.*

*And when I came with backup
early the next day, his...
merchandise was gone too.*

But not the smell.

*Not the smell of musth,
but the smell of death
and rot. The smell of
formaldehyde and
dried blood.*

*A smell that you'd want
to try hard to forget.*



And as everyone knows...

Elephants never forget.



a GOOD LOOK

By STARKINGS & MORITAT

INTRODUCING

MIKI!!

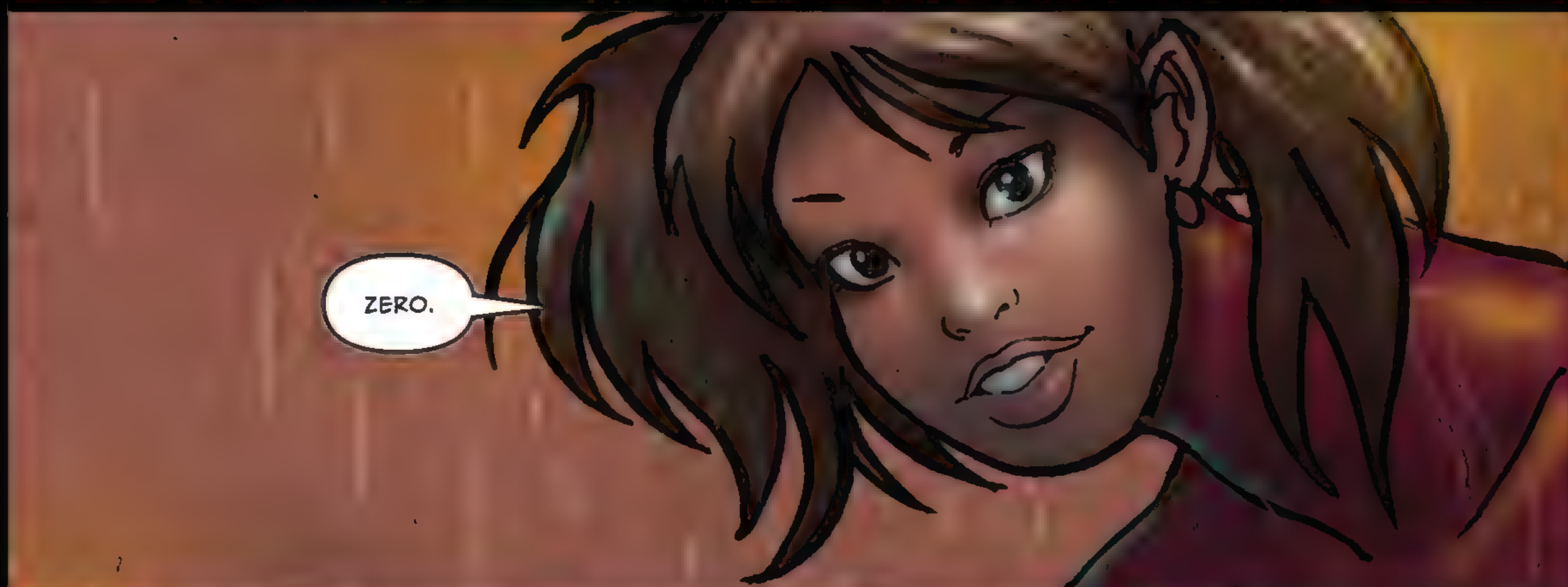
HIP FLASK'S
LIFE IS NEVER
GOING TO BE
THE SAME AGAIN!

HELLO...?

**Or*
Beauty
AND
THE
BEAST!

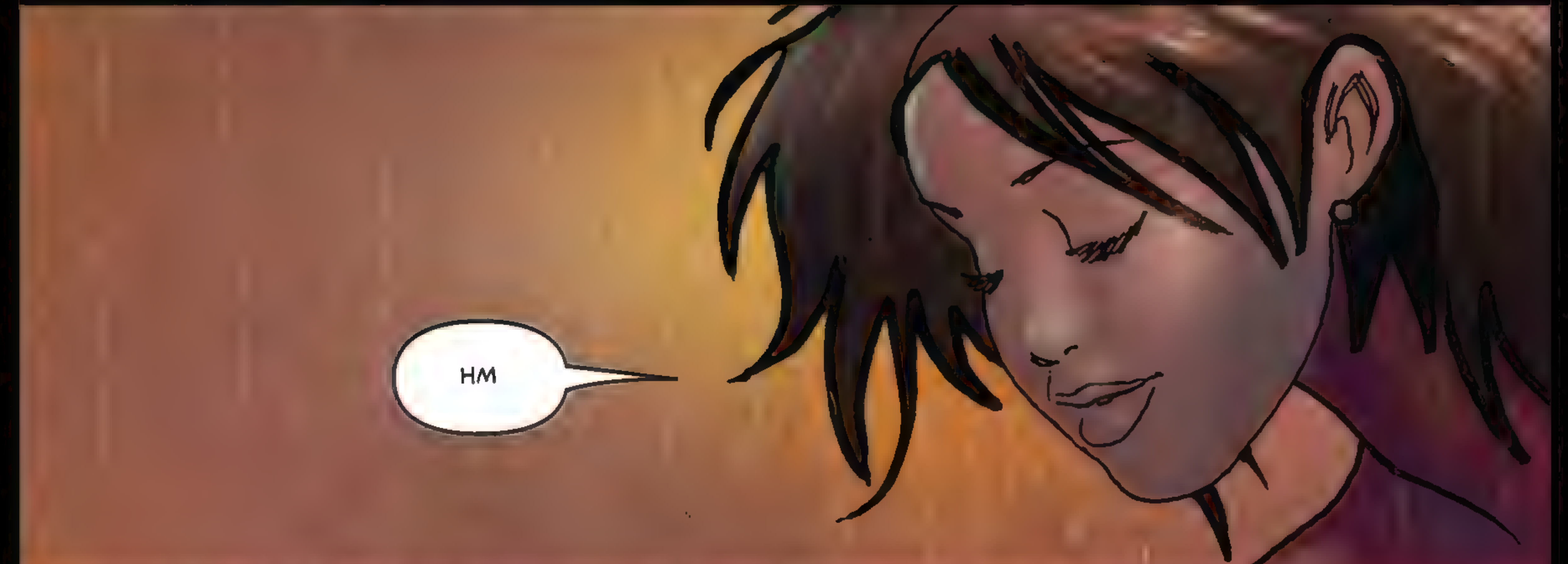
ひろみきよい



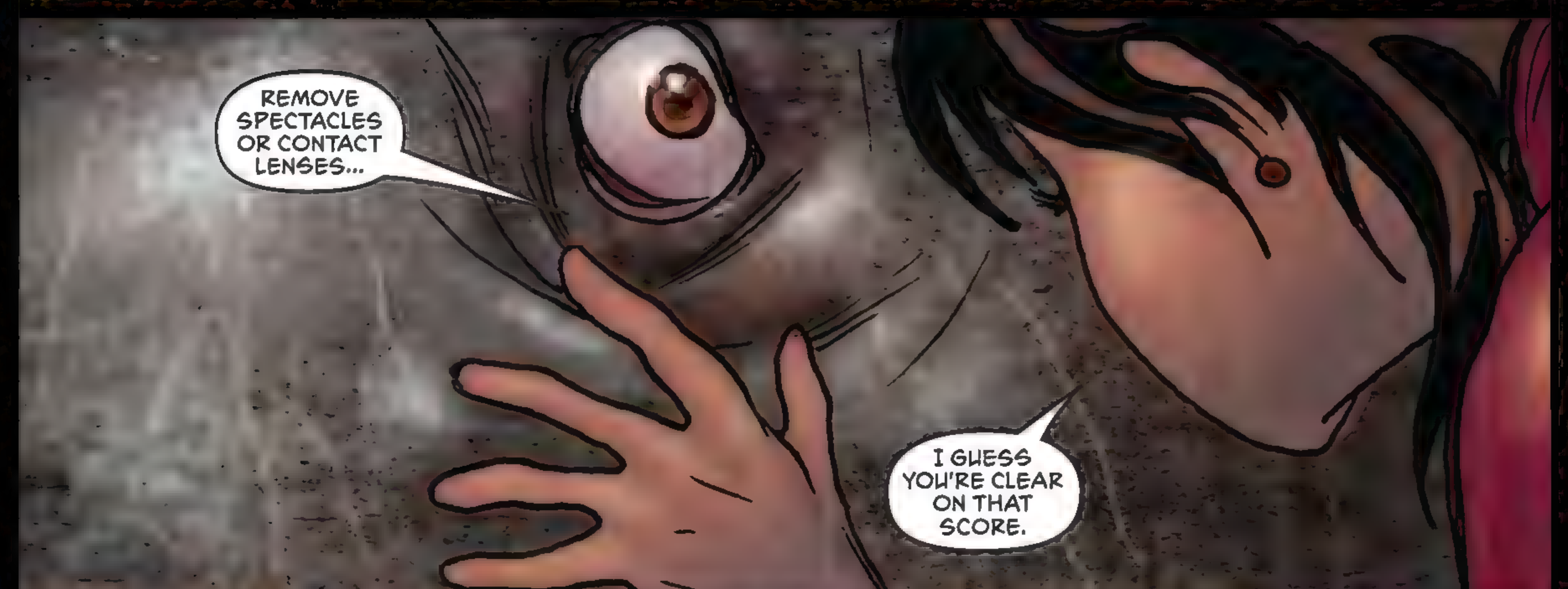


A close-up panel showing a woman's hand with a gold bracelet touching a man's cheek. The man's face is partially visible on the left, and the woman's red sleeve is on the right.

KINDA
CUTE, THOUGH,
HMM?

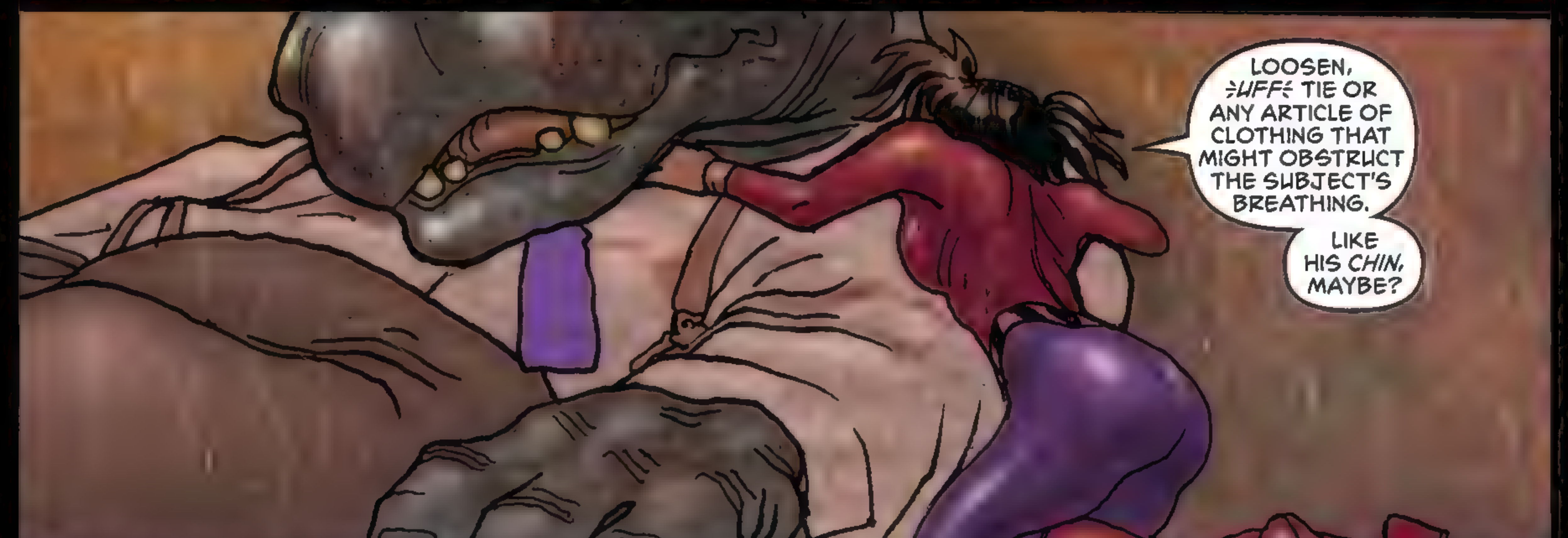
A close-up panel of a woman with short black hair and a purple top, looking down with a slight smile.

HM

A close-up panel of a man's face with a large, wide-eyed expression. A hand is placed on his forehead. The woman's face is partially visible on the right.

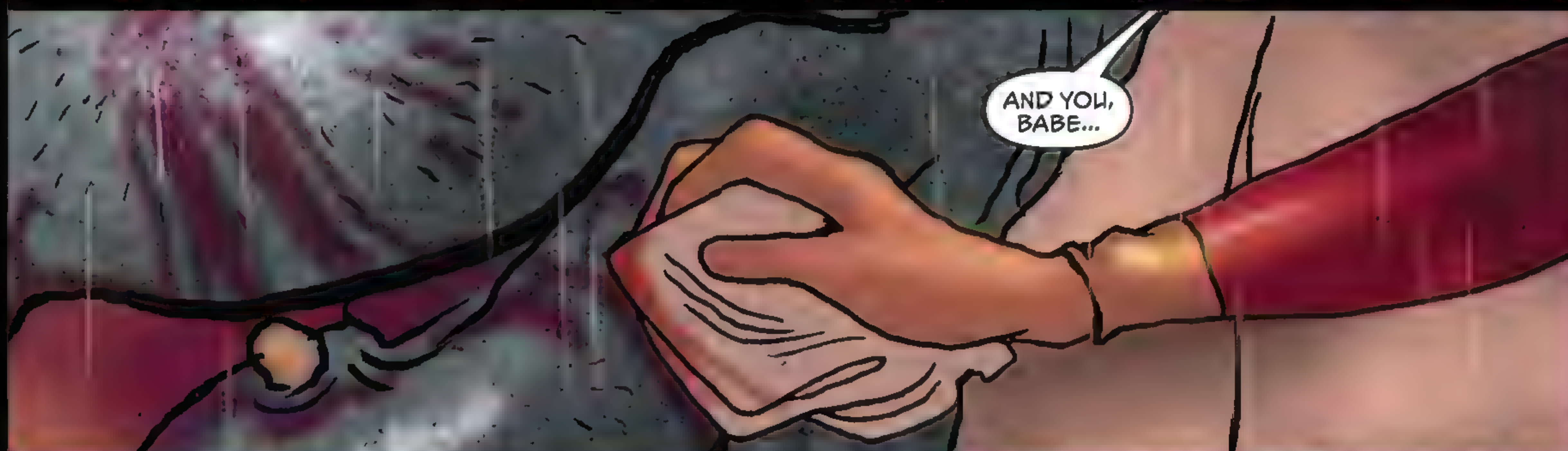
REMOVE
SPECTACLES
OR CONTACT
LENSES...

I GUESS
YOU'RE CLEAR
ON THAT
SCORE.

A panel showing a woman in a red top and purple pants leaning over a man lying down. She is working on his chest area. The man's head is on the left.

LOOSEN,
SUFF: TIE OR
ANY ARTICLE OF
CLOTHING THAT
MIGHT OBSTRUCT
THE SUBJECT'S
BREATHING.

LIKE
HIS CHIN,
MAYBE?

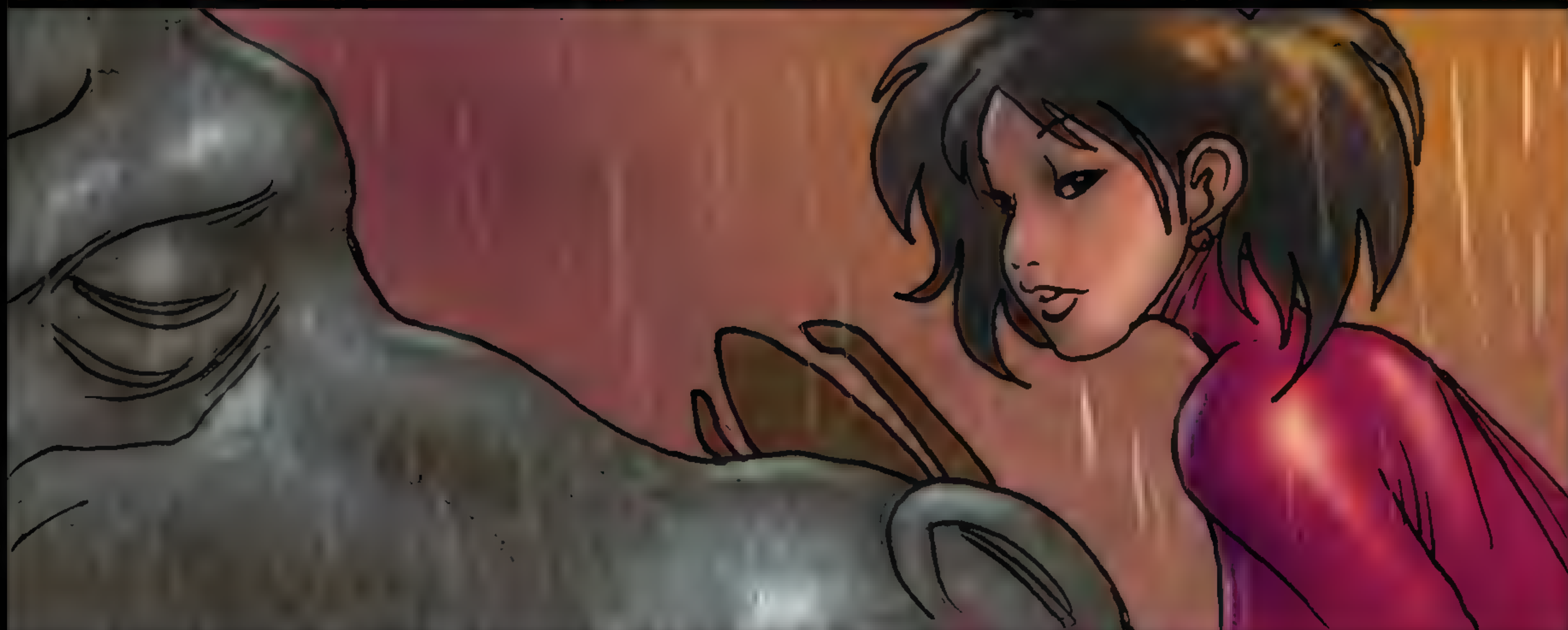
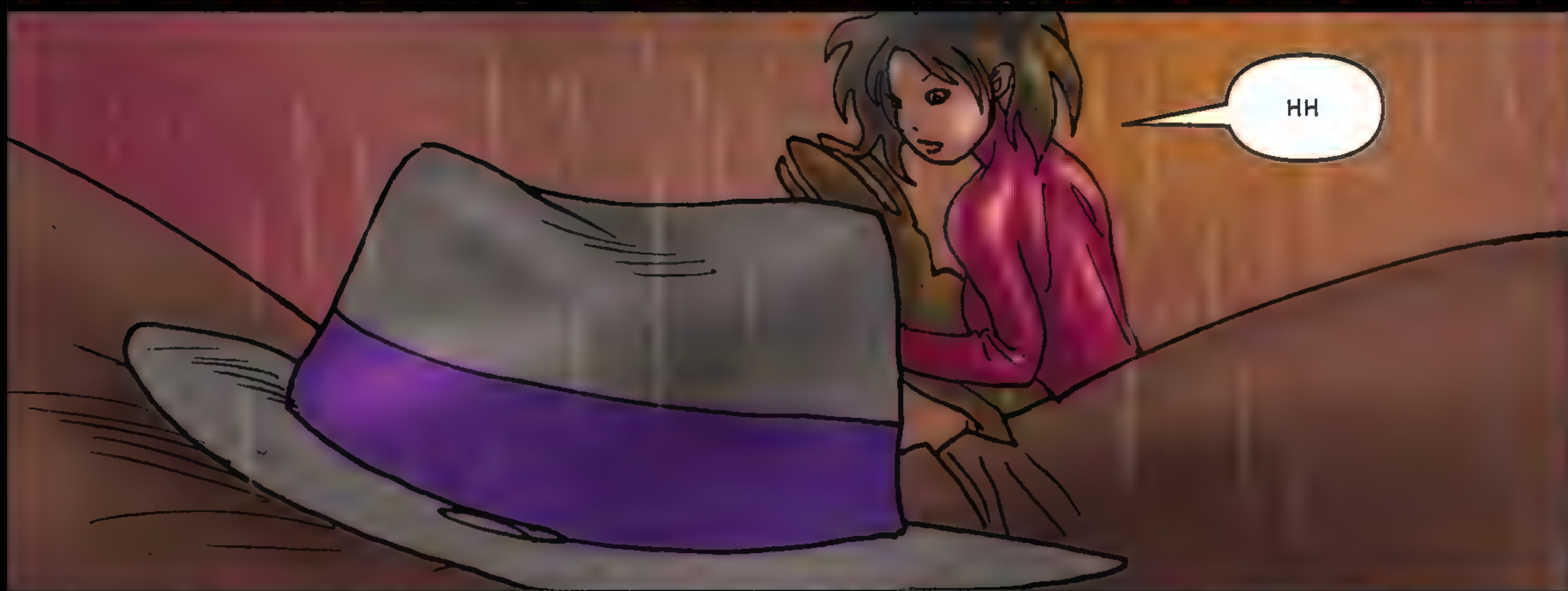


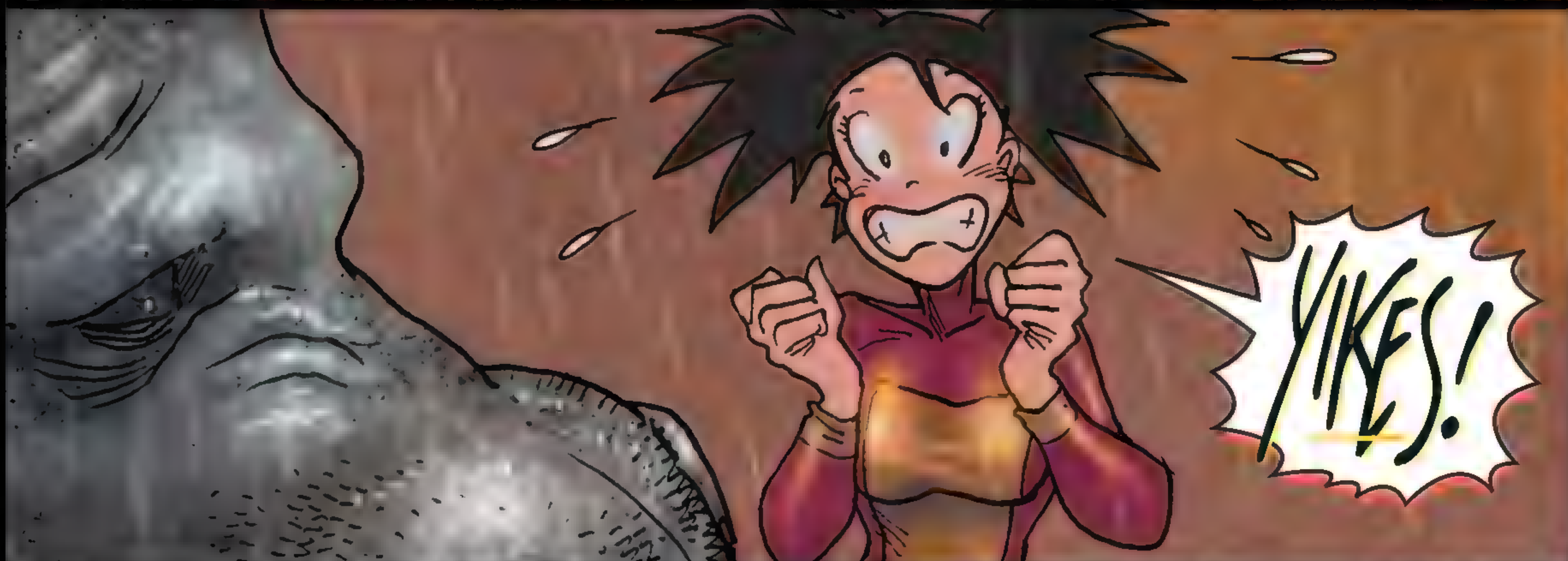
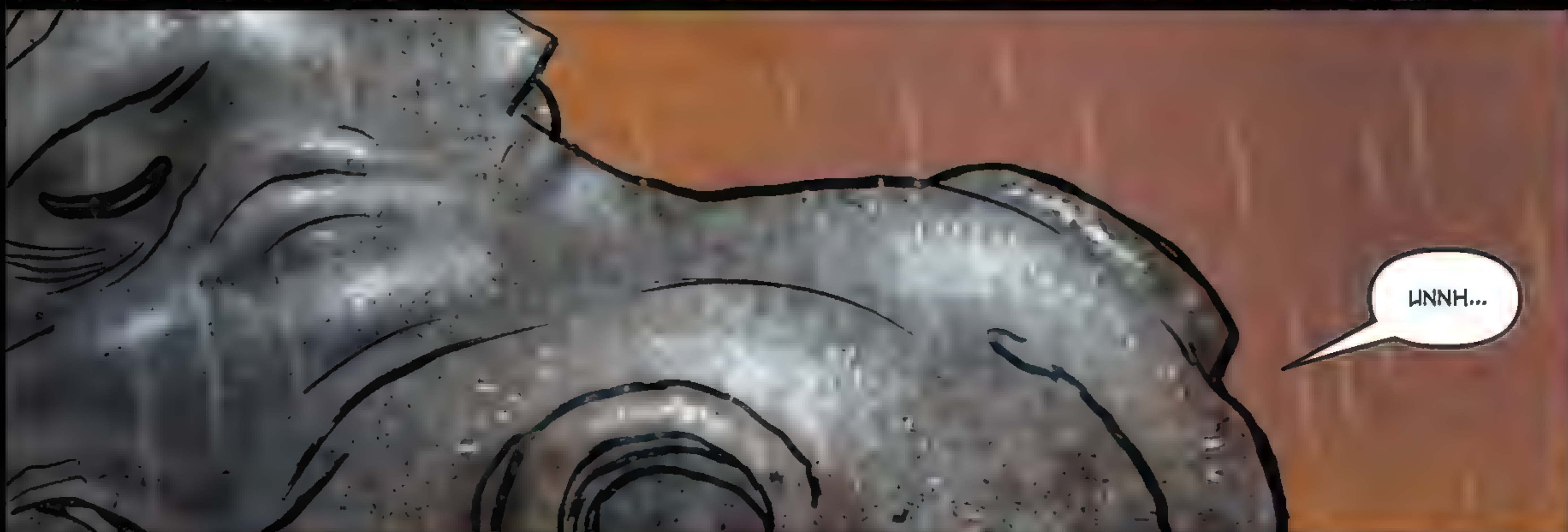
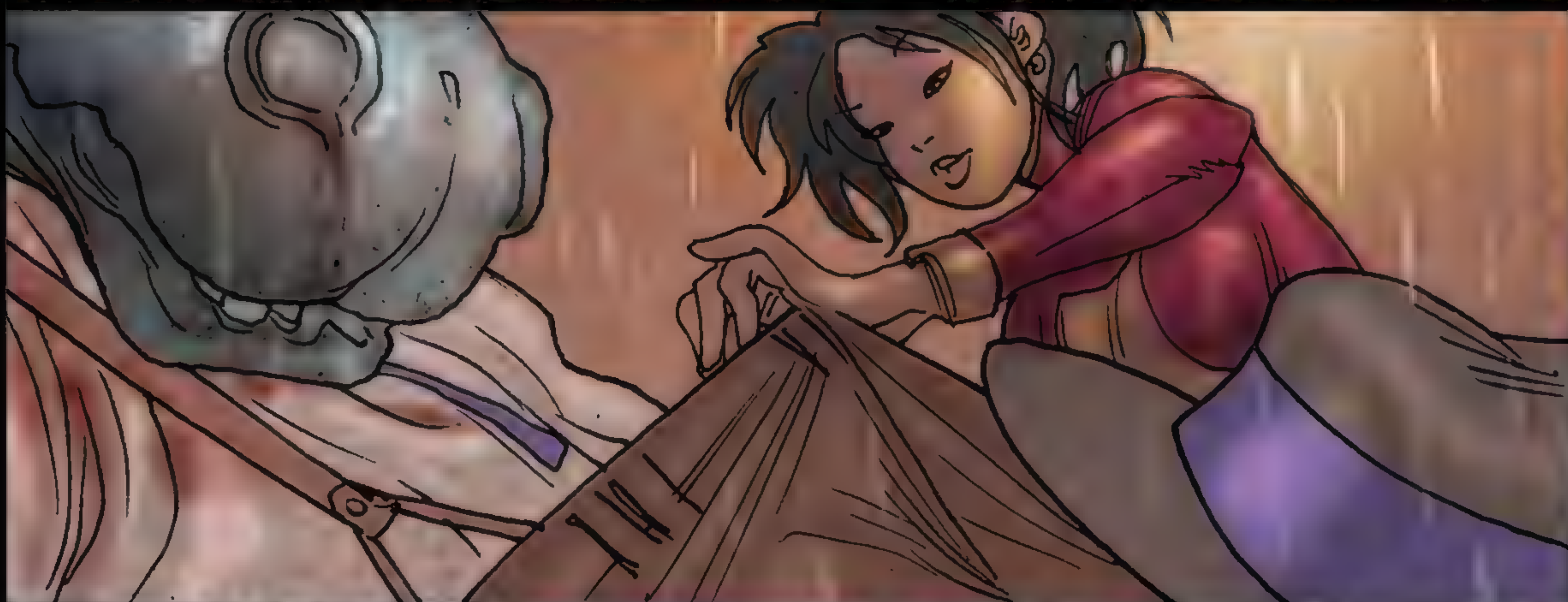
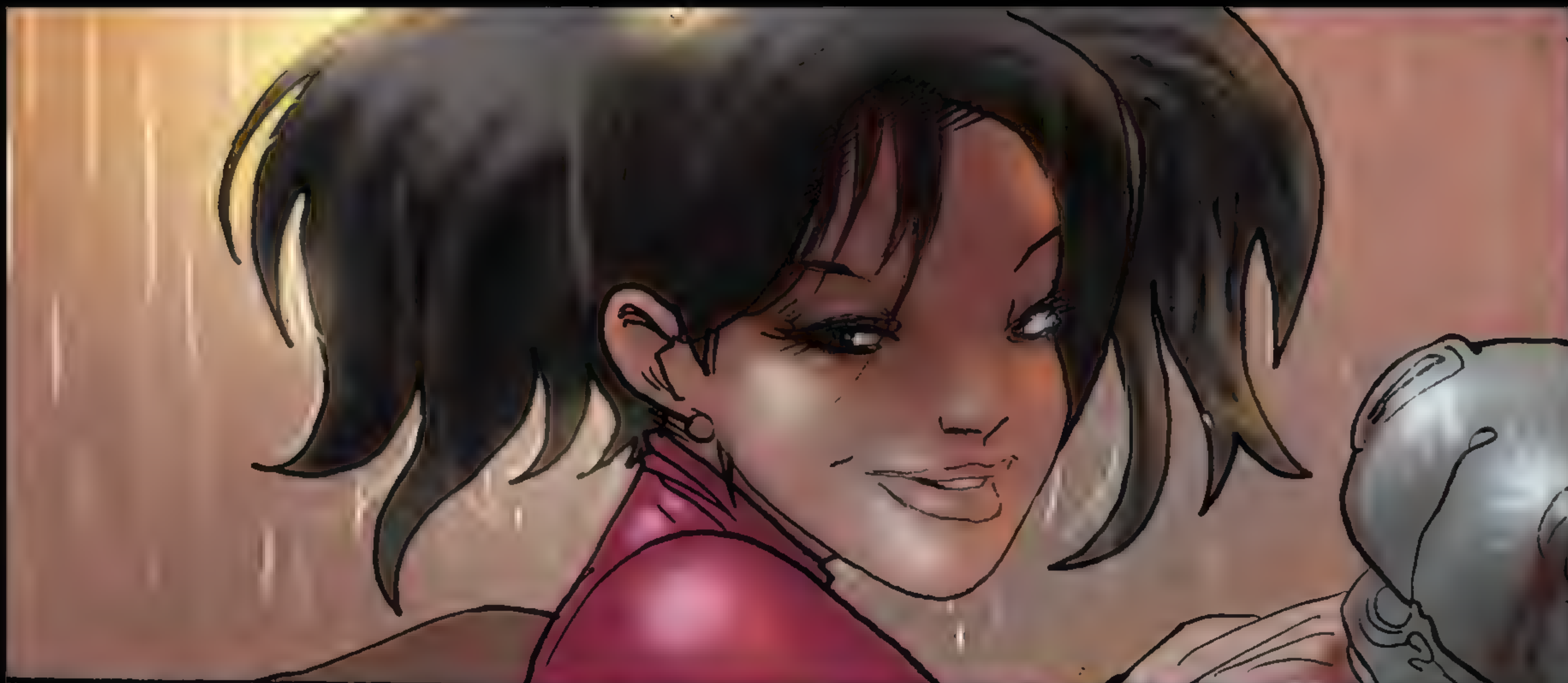




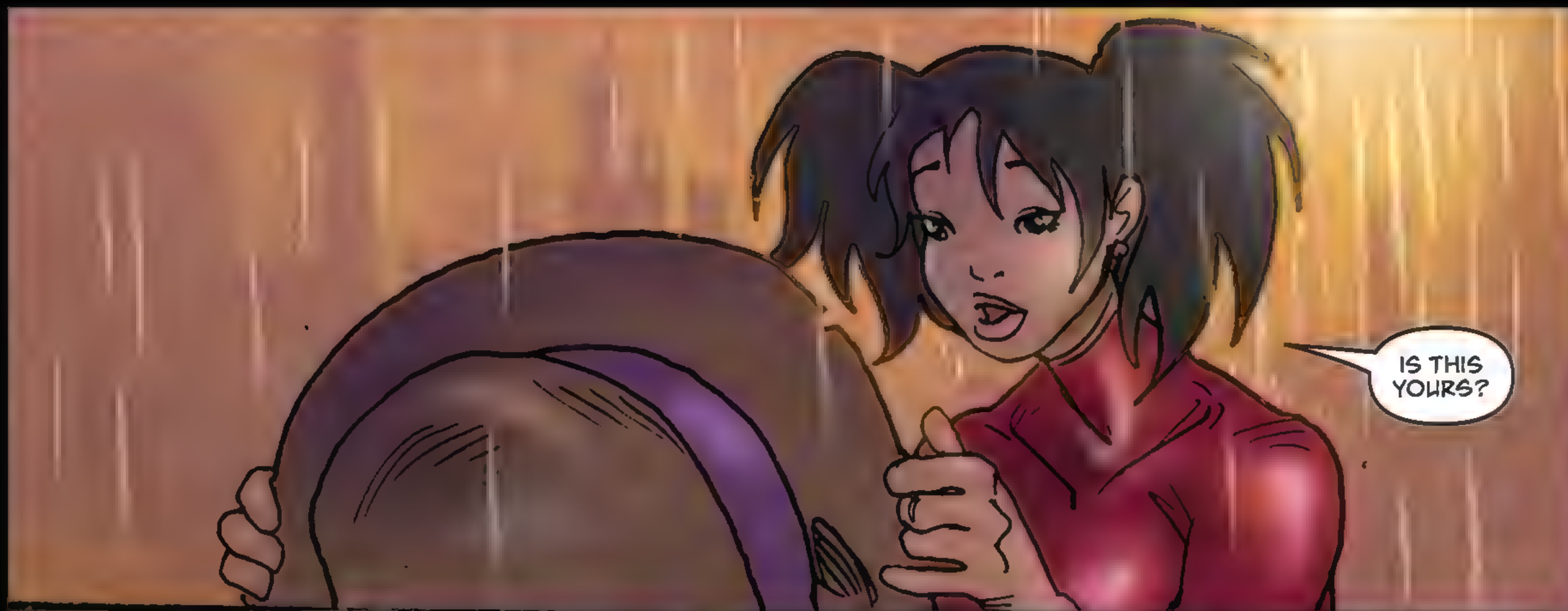


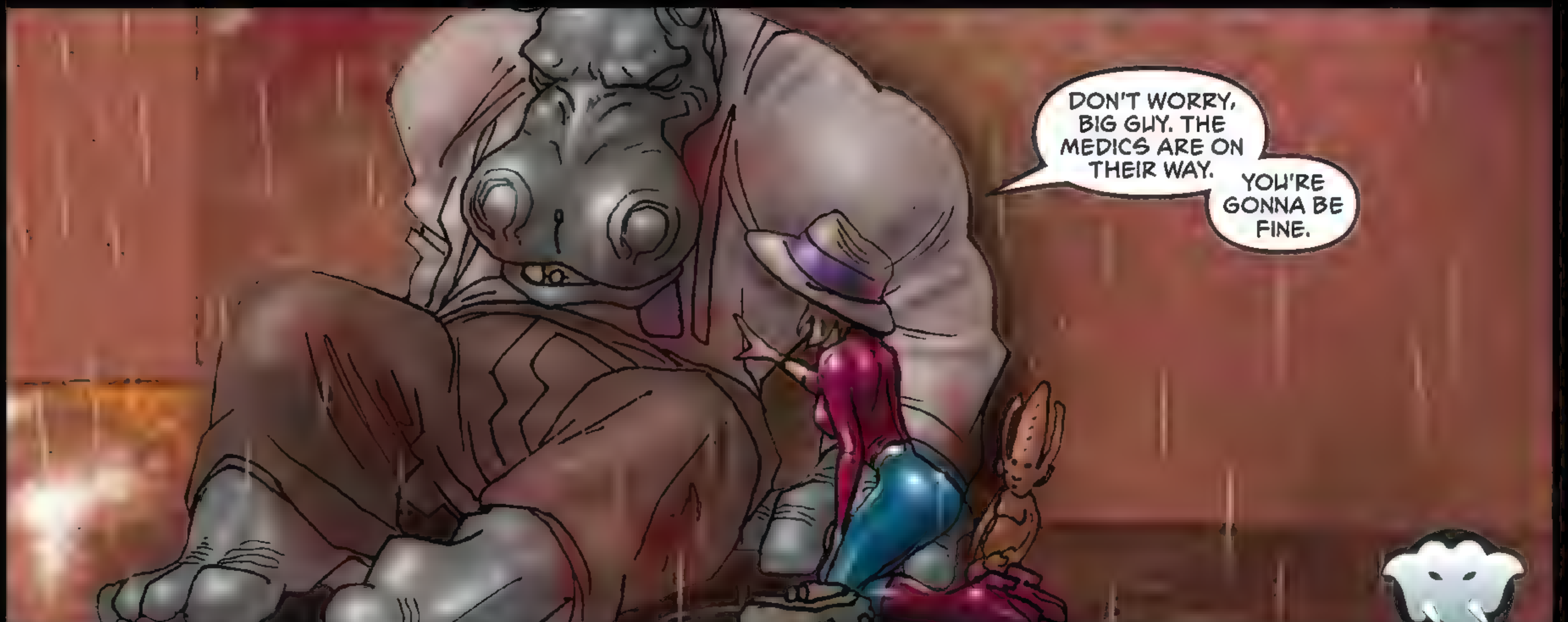
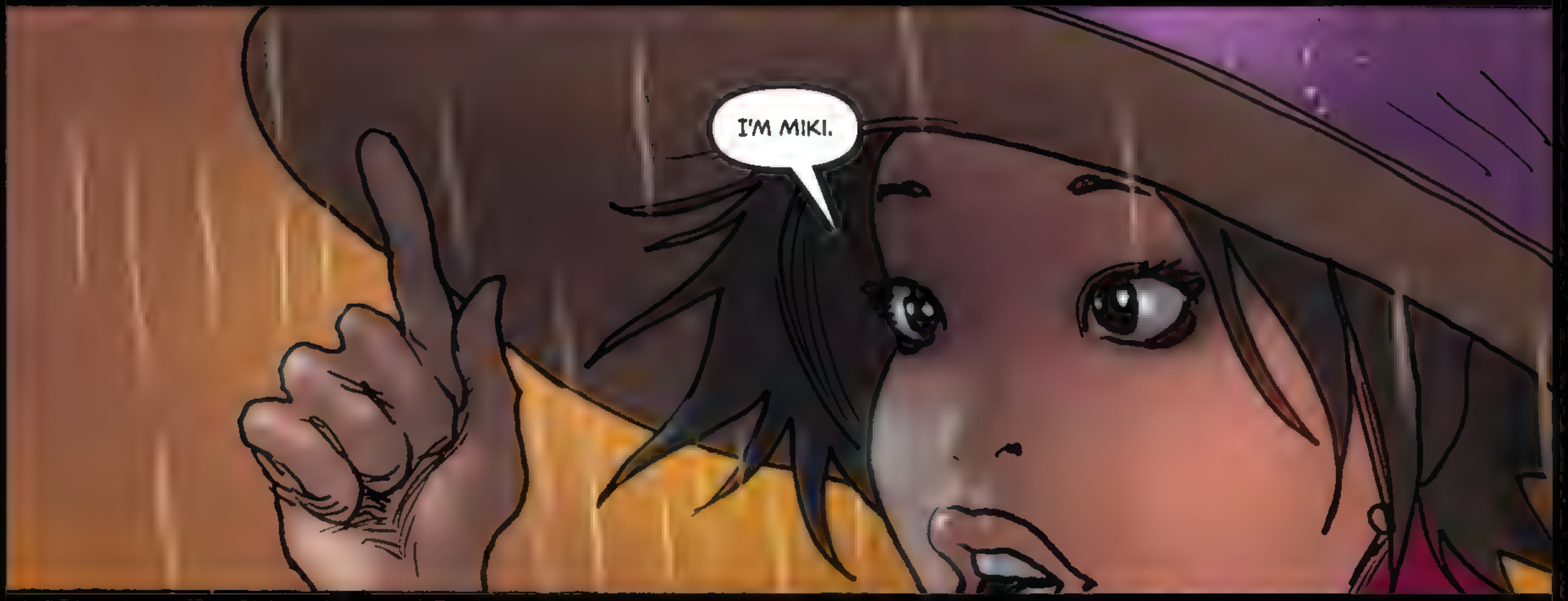














ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN

COMICRAFT™
PRESENTS

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STARKINGS
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IAN
CHURCHILL

COMICRAFT'S
NUMBER
1
SCI-FI COMIC

MANMADE MONSTERS - PART 4 OF 5

ELEPHANTMEN™

22556

#4

YEAH,
JUST COME A
LITTLE CLOSER,
BUDDY...

HIP FLASK:

BIOHAZARD!

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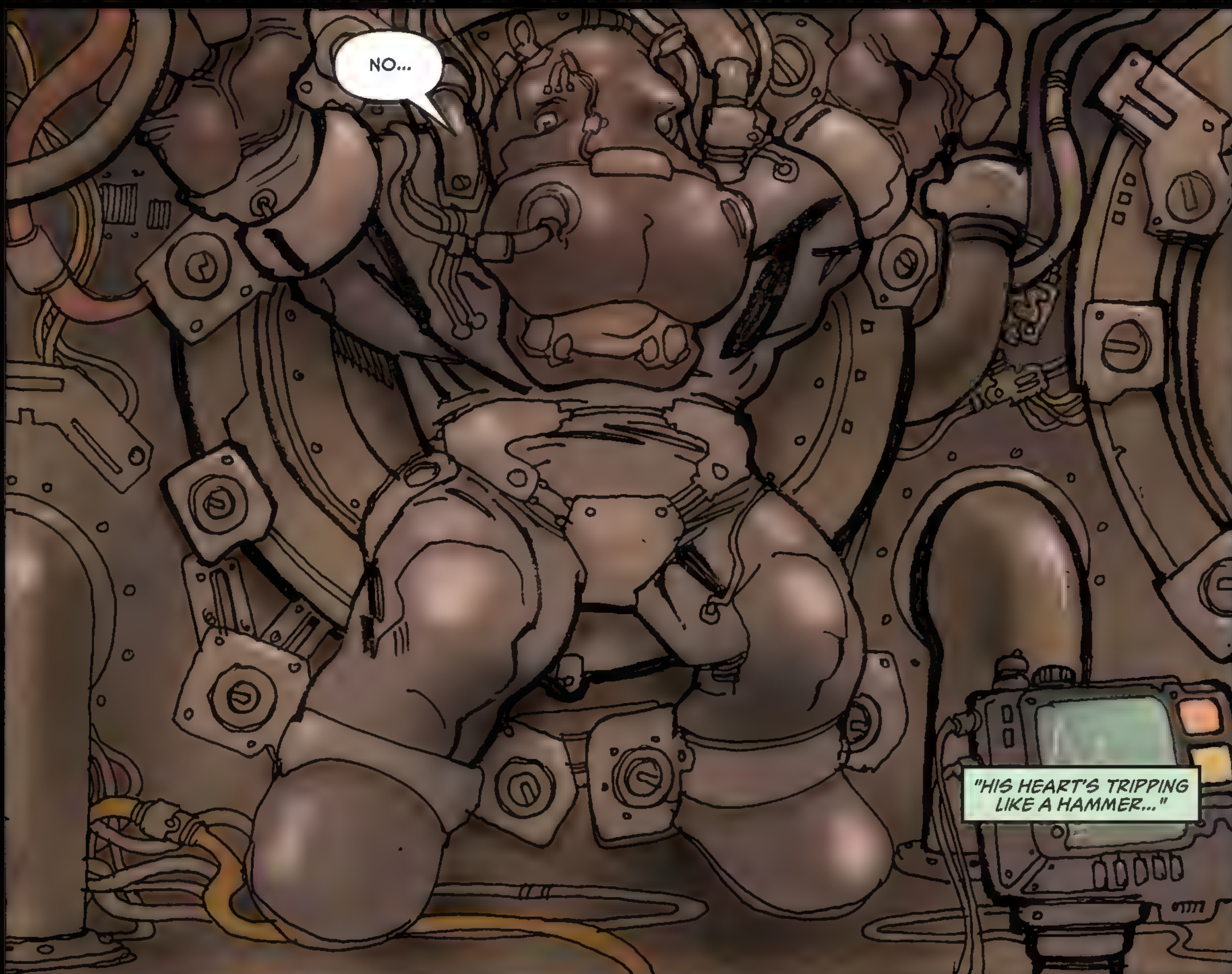
ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART



"I'M SEEING A LOT OF RAPID EYE MOVEMENT...
HE'S UNDER, BUT HE'S NOT THAT FAR UNDER..."



"HIS HEART'S TRIPPING
LIKE A HAMMER..."

"HE DOESN'T LOOK
COMFORTABLE TO ME..."

HAZARDOUS MATERIALS

FCN428
NERVE AGENT
TRIAL, DAY
TWO...

WOUNDED ANIMALS

By *Richard Starkings & Moritat* cover by *Ian Churchill*

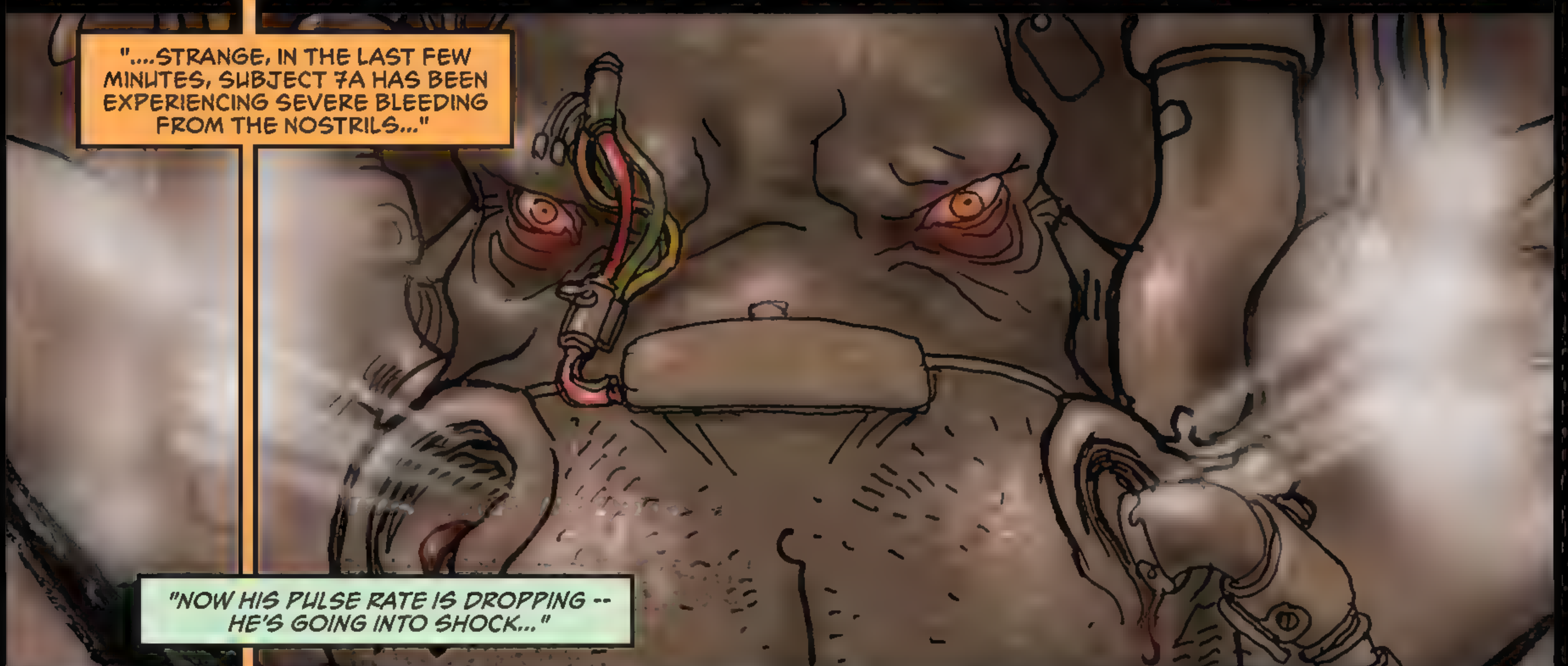


"ALTHOUGH ALL THE PACHYDERMS SHOW A MARKED RESISTANCE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS..."

"...SUBJECT 9B IS EXHIBITING NUMEROUS CONTRAINDICATIONS, INCLUDING VOMITING AND A SWELLING OF THE ABDOMEN..."



"BODILY FUNCTIONS OF SUBJECT 12E APPEAR TO BE COMPLETELY NORMAL, DESPITE A SLIGHT DROP IN THE SUBJECT'S PULSE RATE..."



"....STRANGE, IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES, SUBJECT 7A HAS BEEN EXPERIENCING SEVERE BLEEDING FROM THE NOSTRILS..."

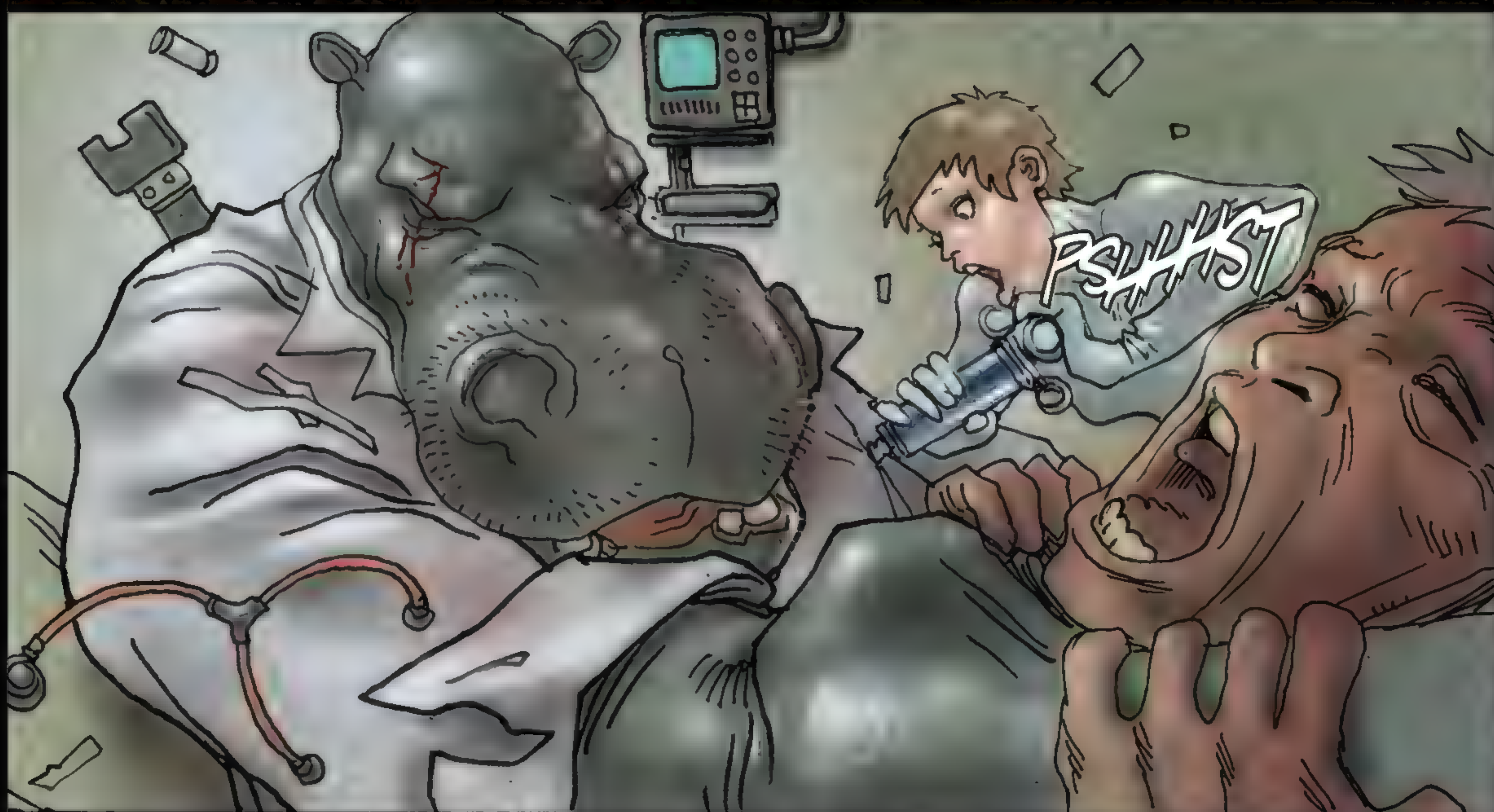
"NOW HIS PULSE RATE IS DROPPING -- HE'S GOING INTO SHOCK..."

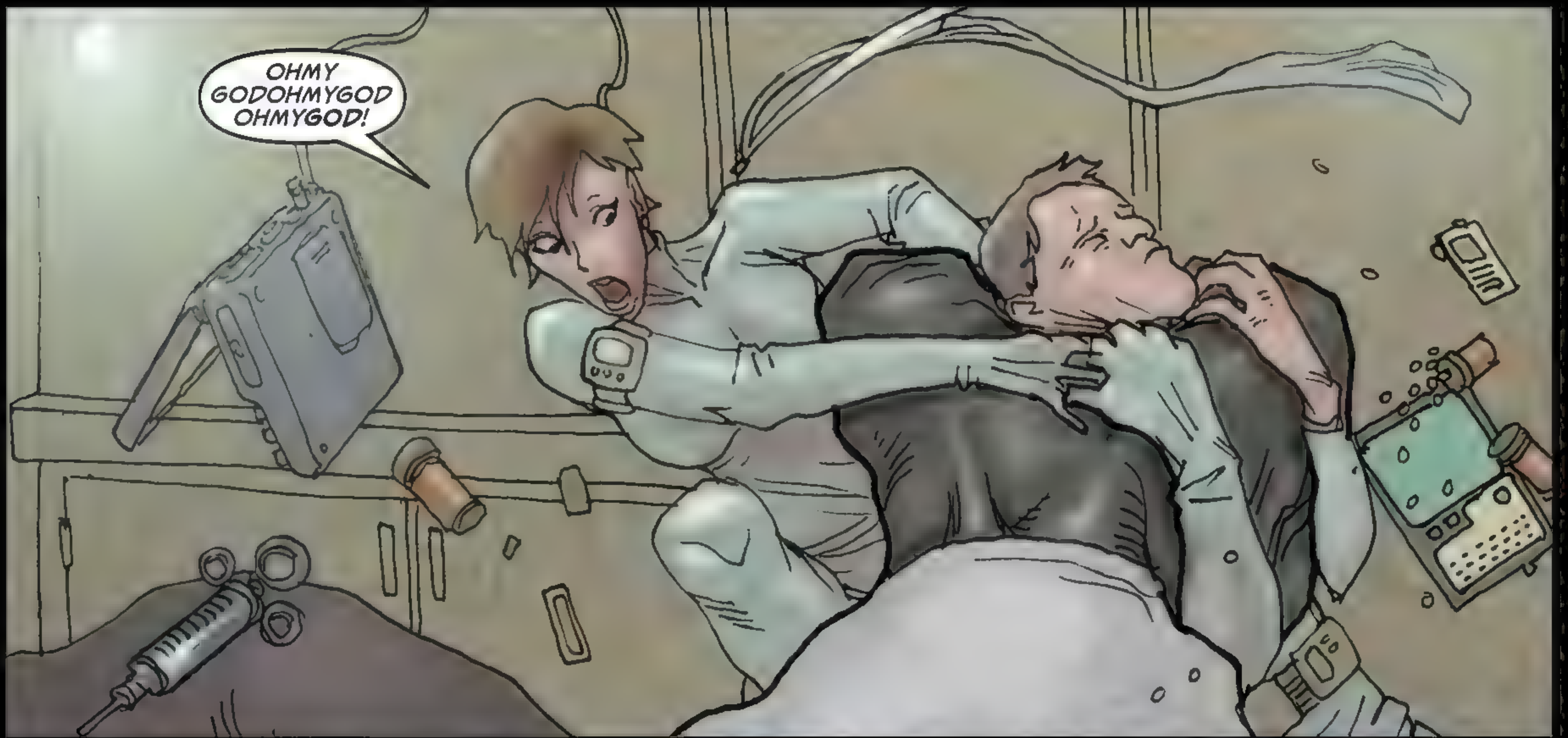


"...IT'S POSSIBLE THAT 7A IS MANIFESTING THE SAME REACTIONS AS SUBJECT 4D..."

"NURSE! I WANT THAT
SEDATIVE, NOW!"





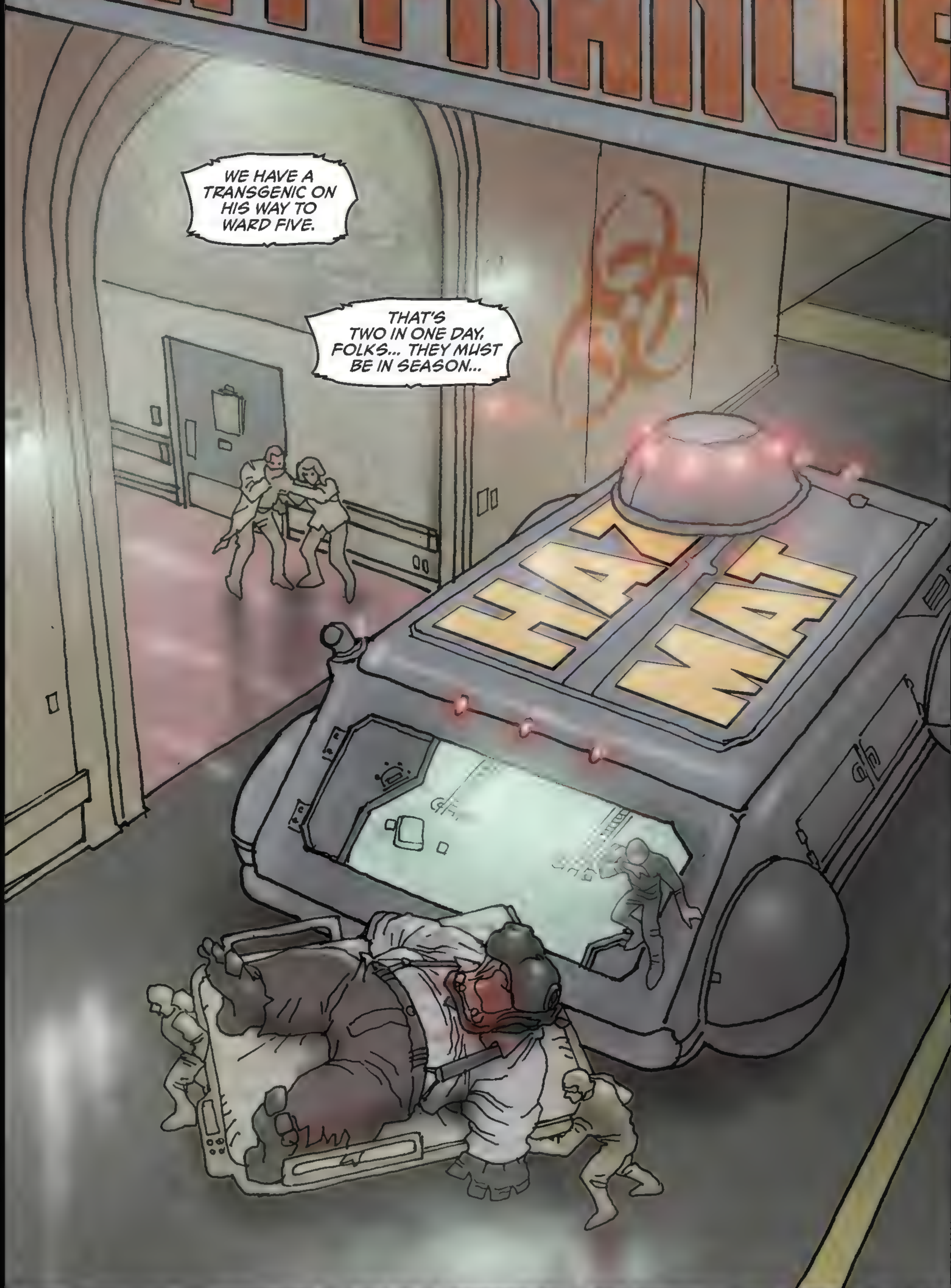


SANTA MONICA • 2259

SANT FRANCISCO

WE HAVE A
TRANSGENIC ON
HIS WAY TO
WARD FIVE.

THAT'S
TWO IN ONE DAY,
FOLKS... THEY MUST
BE IN SEASON...





LOOK, I KNOW
HE WAS ADMITTED
LAST NIGHT, BECAUSE
I CALLED IT IN!



I ONLY
NEED TO SEE HIM
FOR A FEW MINUTES --
I HAVE SOMETHING
THAT BELONGS
TO HIM.

I'M SORRY,
YOUNG LADY, NO-ONE
IS PERMITTED TO SEE
TRANSGENICS WHILE
THEY'RE BEING TREATED
AT THIS FACILITY.

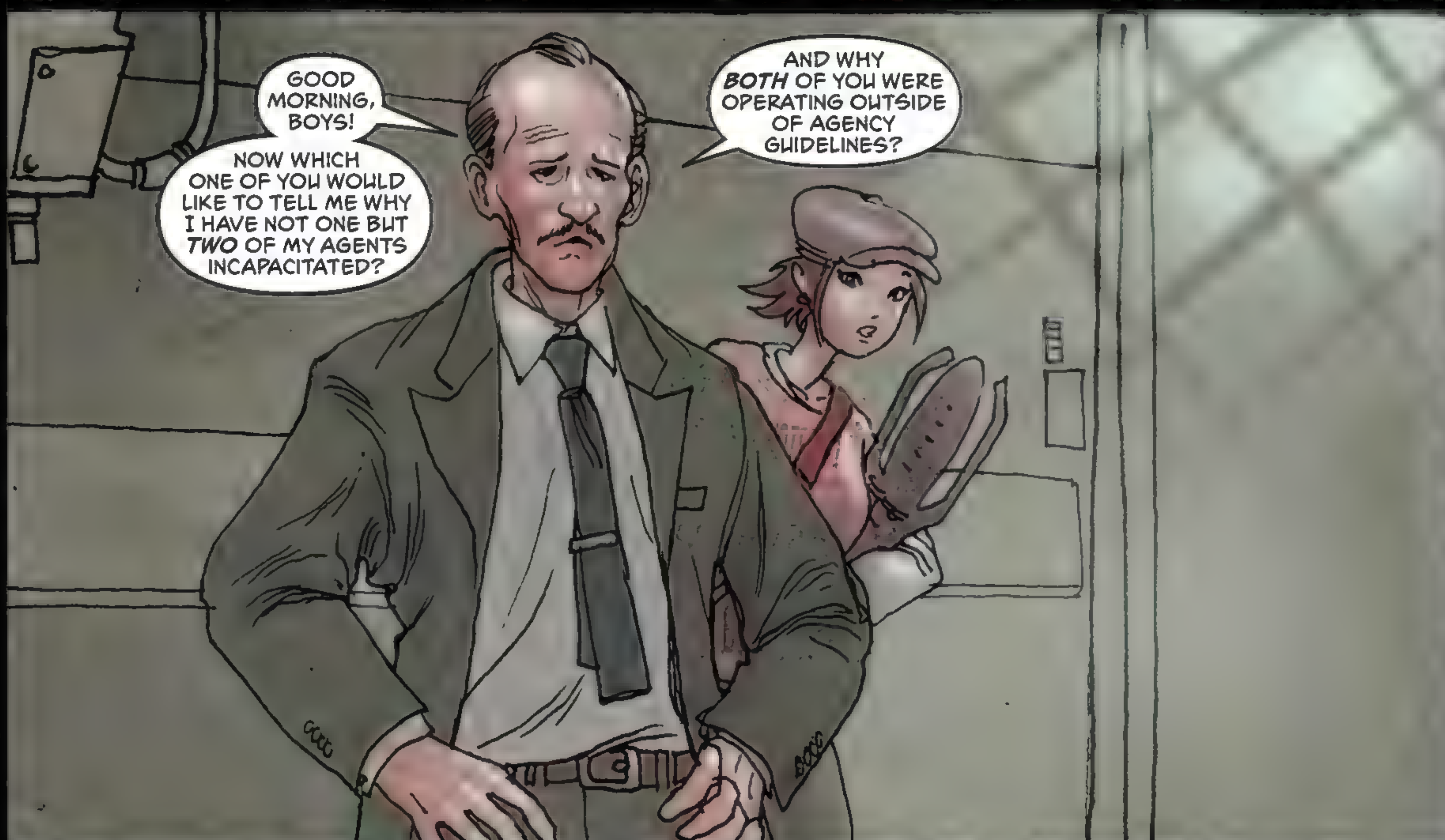


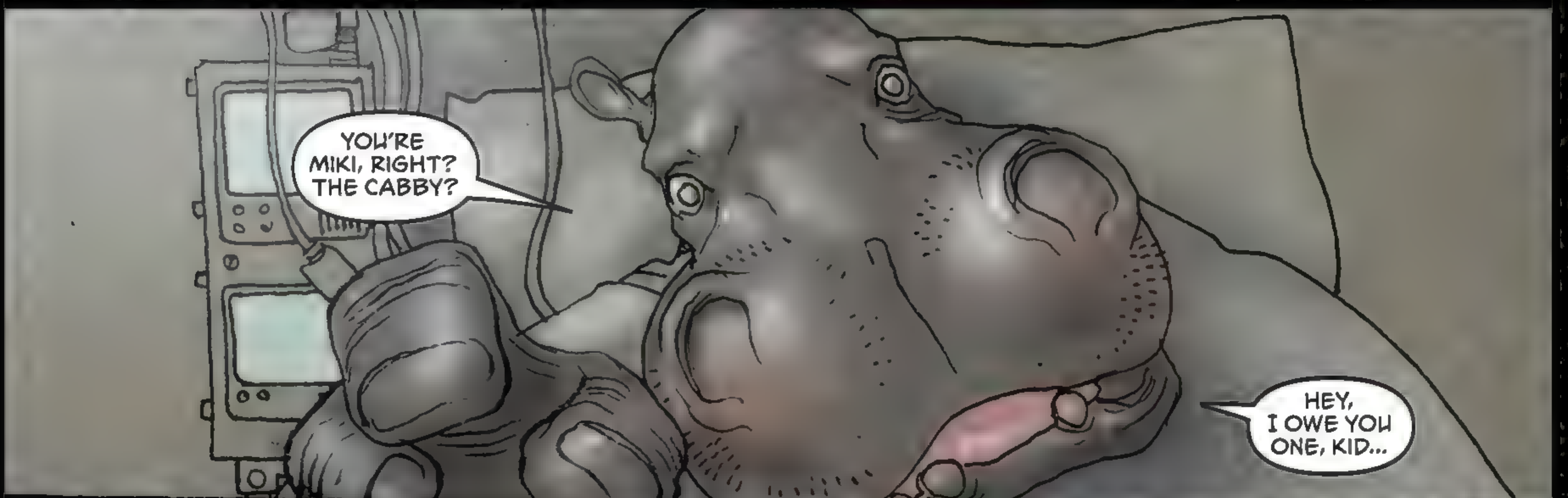
SHE CAN
COME WITH ME. I'M
GOING IN TO SEE
HIM NOW.

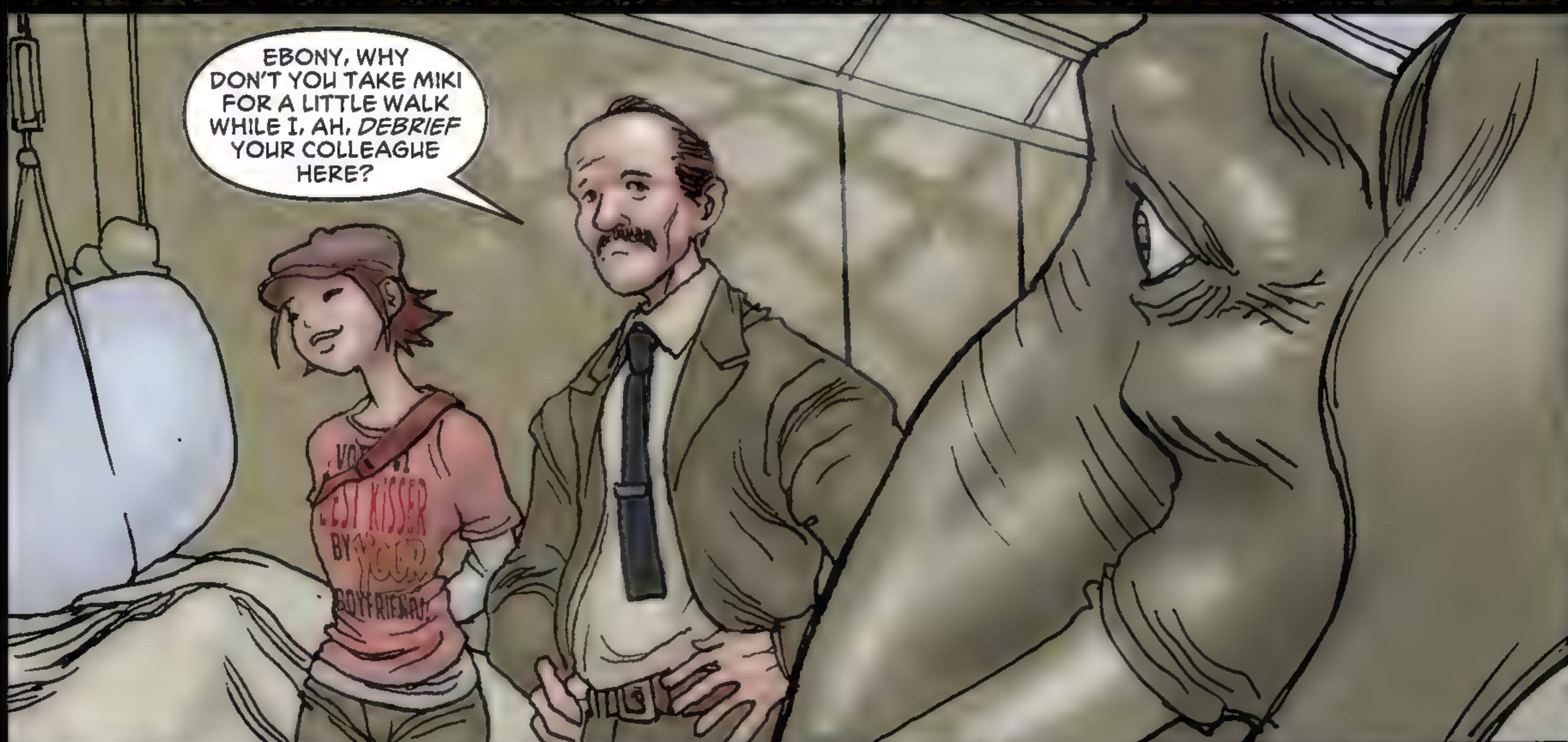
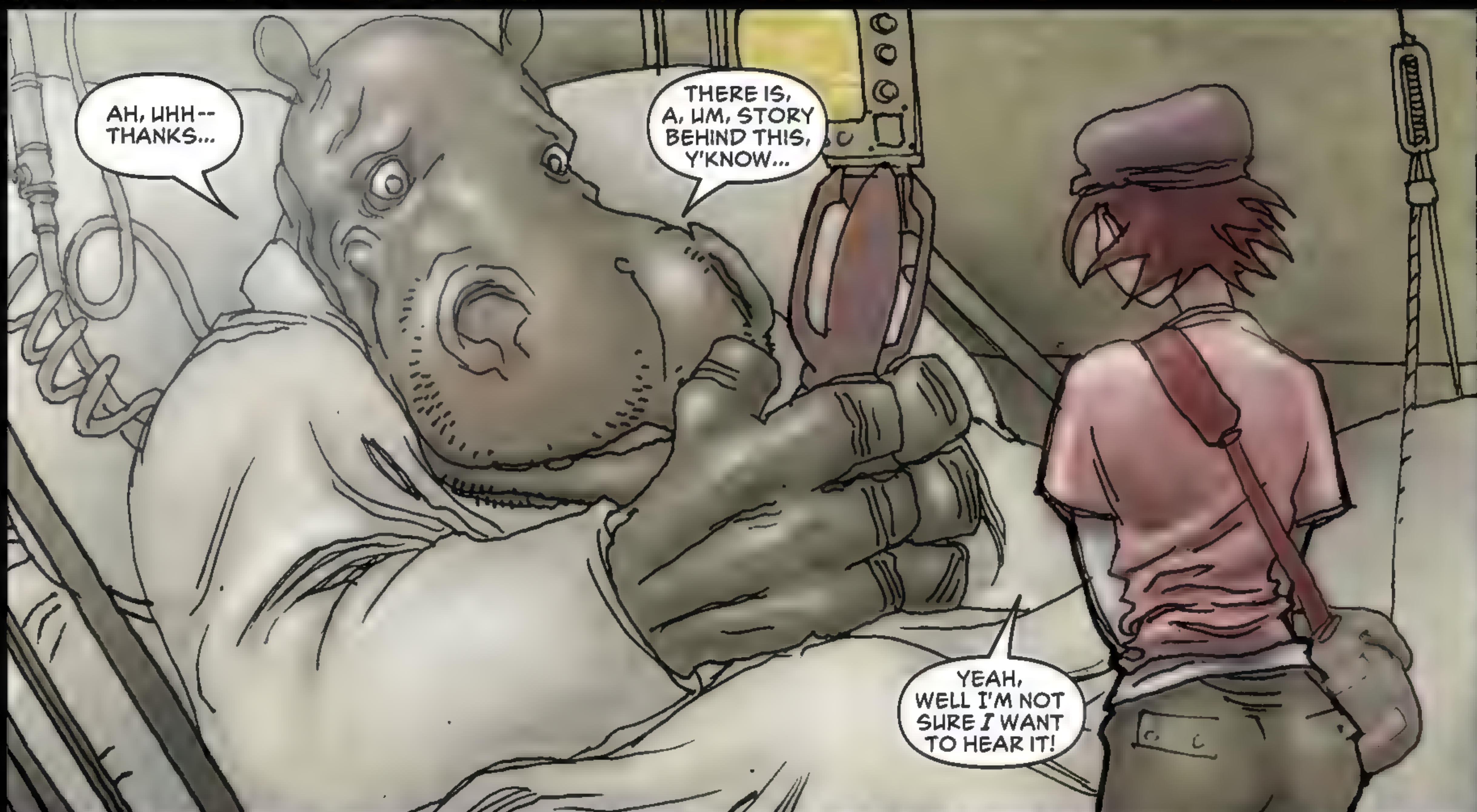
YOU CAN
CLEAR IT WITH THE
INFORMATION
AGENCY.

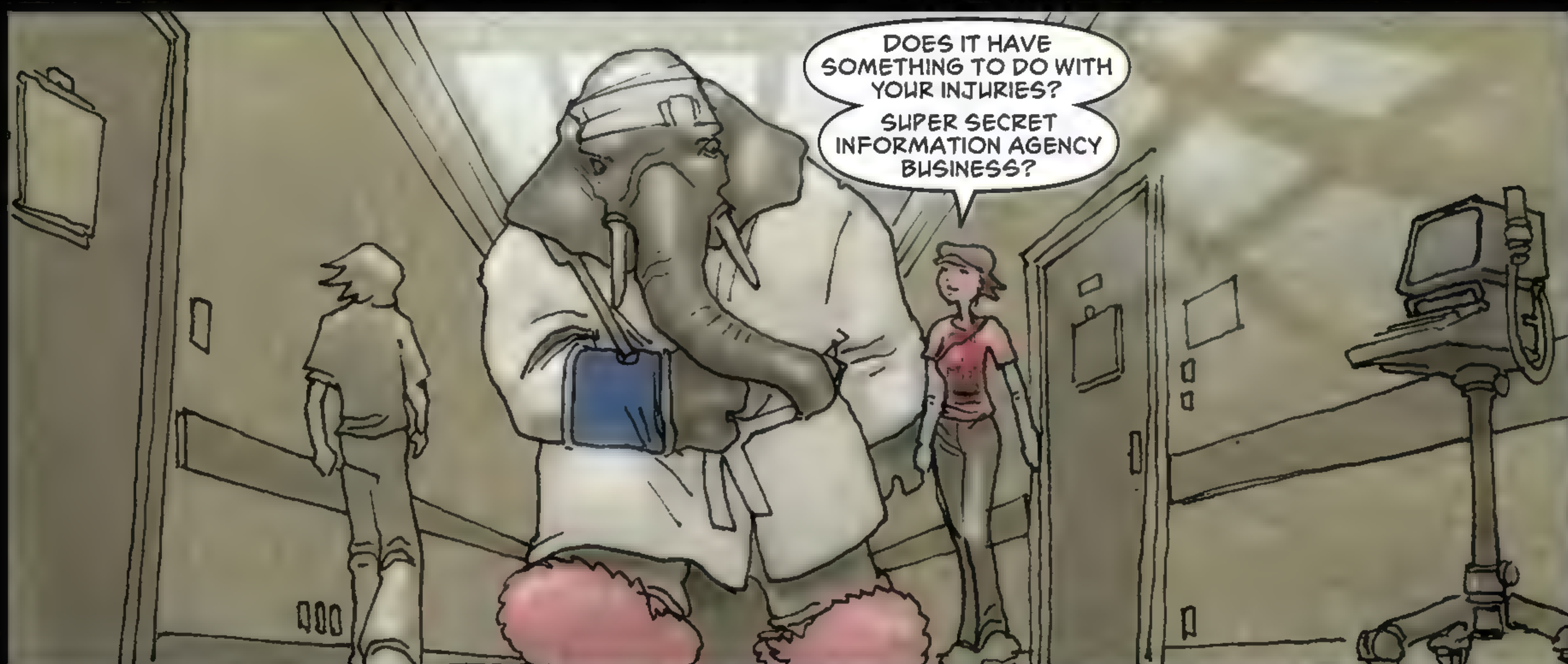
WHO--?











DOES IT HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
YOUR INJURIES?

SUPER SECRET
INFORMATION AGENCY
BUSINESS?



YOU ASK A
LOT OF QUESTIONS
FOR A CAB DRIVER,
DON'T YOU?

OH, I FLY
A CAB JUST
SO I CAN MEET
PEOPLE.

AIRFARES
AREN'T CHEAP, SO
YOU GET TO TALK TO
THE KIND OF FOLKS WHO
HAVE A COUPLE OF
DOLLARS TO THEIR NAME,
IF YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN.

HEY,
I NEVER KNEW
YOU GUYS HAD
YOUR OWN
HOSPITAL!



YET
SOMEHOW
HERE YOU
ARE...

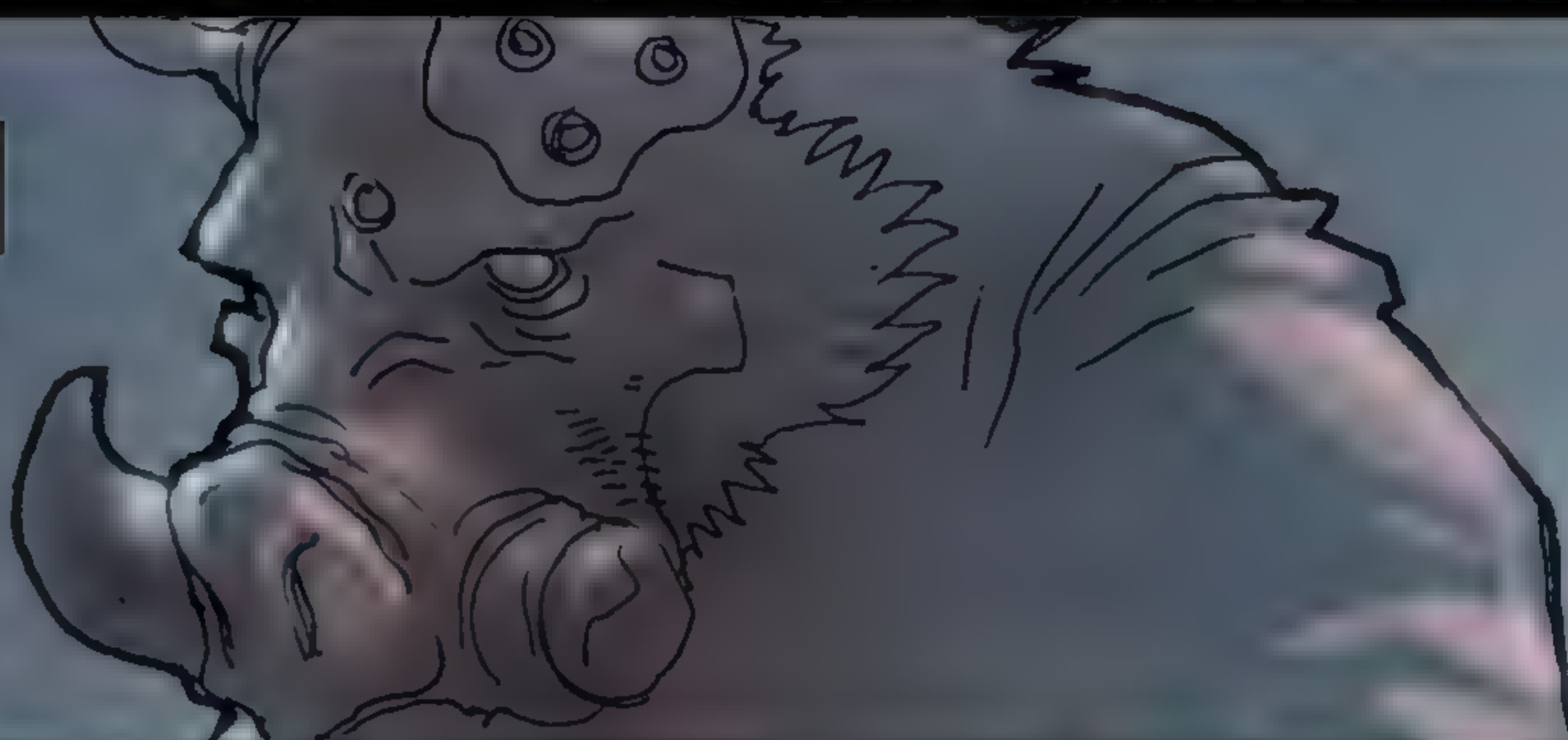


HEH,
I FOLLOWED THE
HAZ-MAT WAGON
OVER HERE LAST
NIGHT.

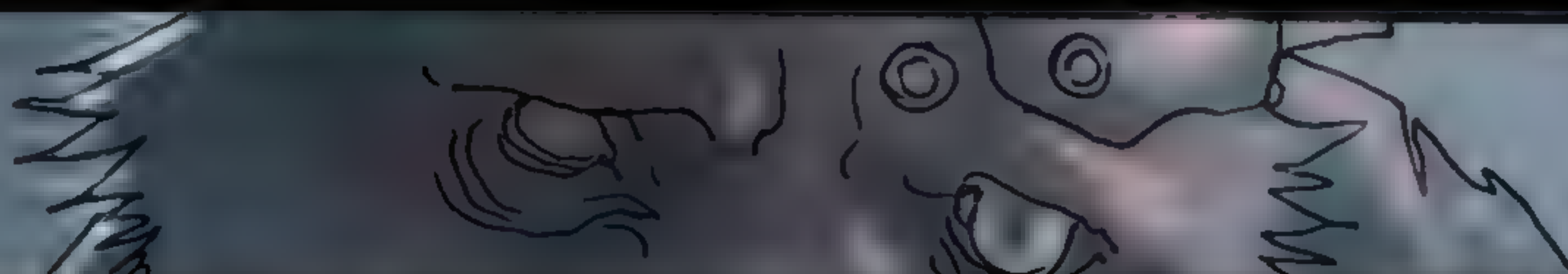
WHAT CAN
I TELL YOU, I HAVE
AN *INSATIABLE*
CURIOSITY!



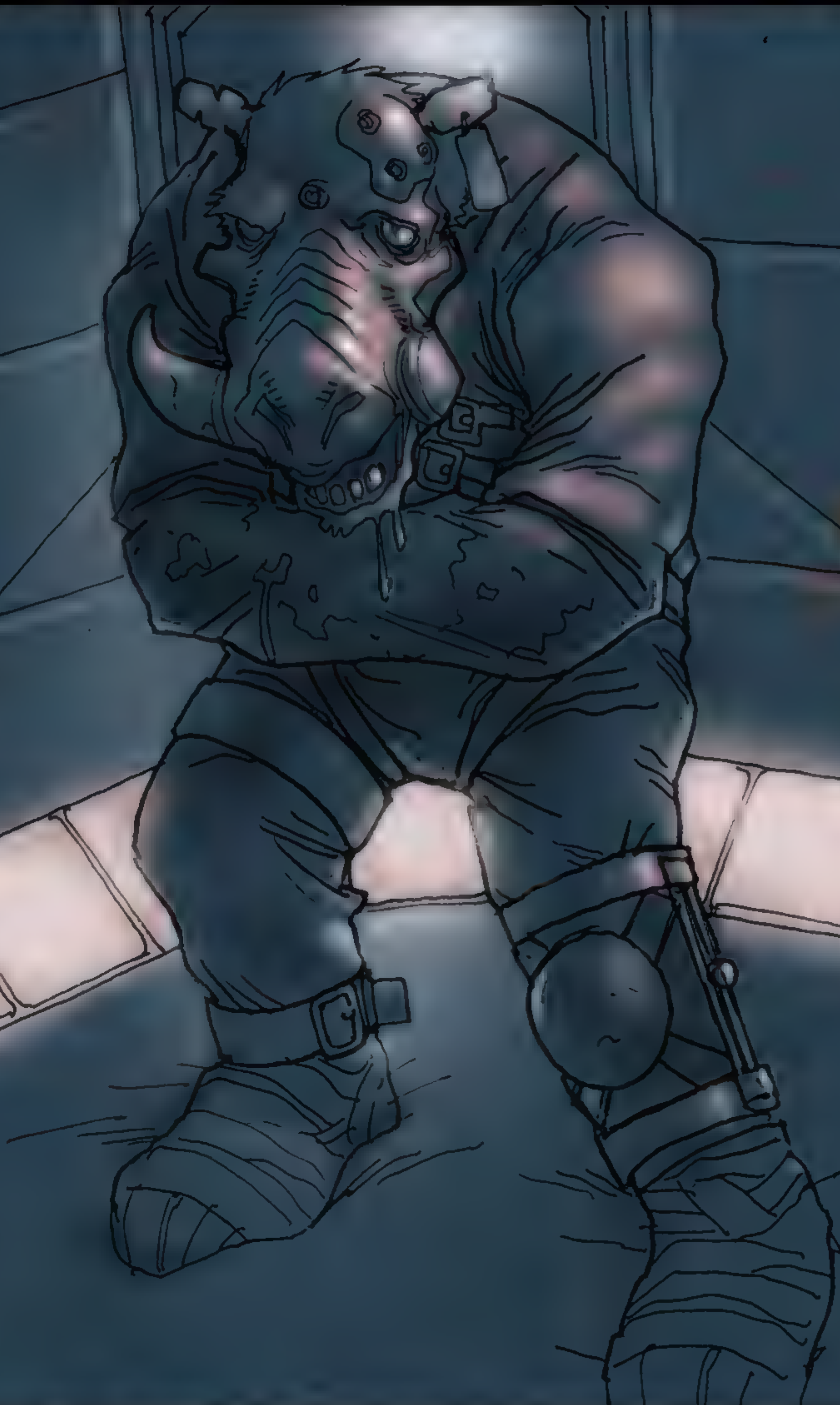
"WELL, WHY DON'T YOU COME
AND MEET A FRIEND OF MINE...?"



"MAKES ME AND HIP LOOK
LIKE PRETTY BOYS, DON'T HE?"



"WE CALLED
HIM *TUSK*."



GOOD
GOD...



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?





"WE WERE SIMPLY PRODUCTS, MANUFACTURED BY MAPPO."

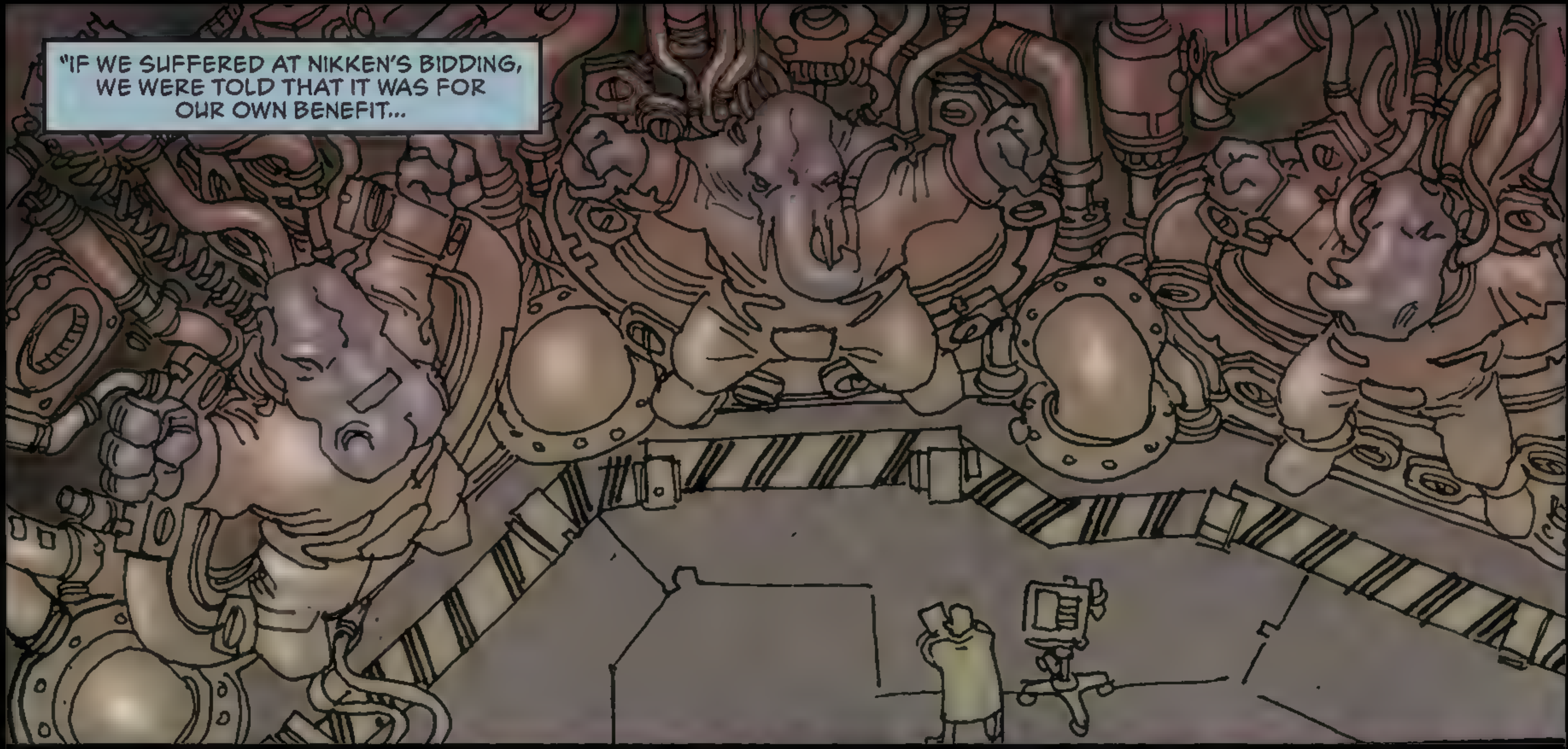
"DESIGNED AND DELIVERED BY A MADMAN -- KAZUSHI NIKKEN."



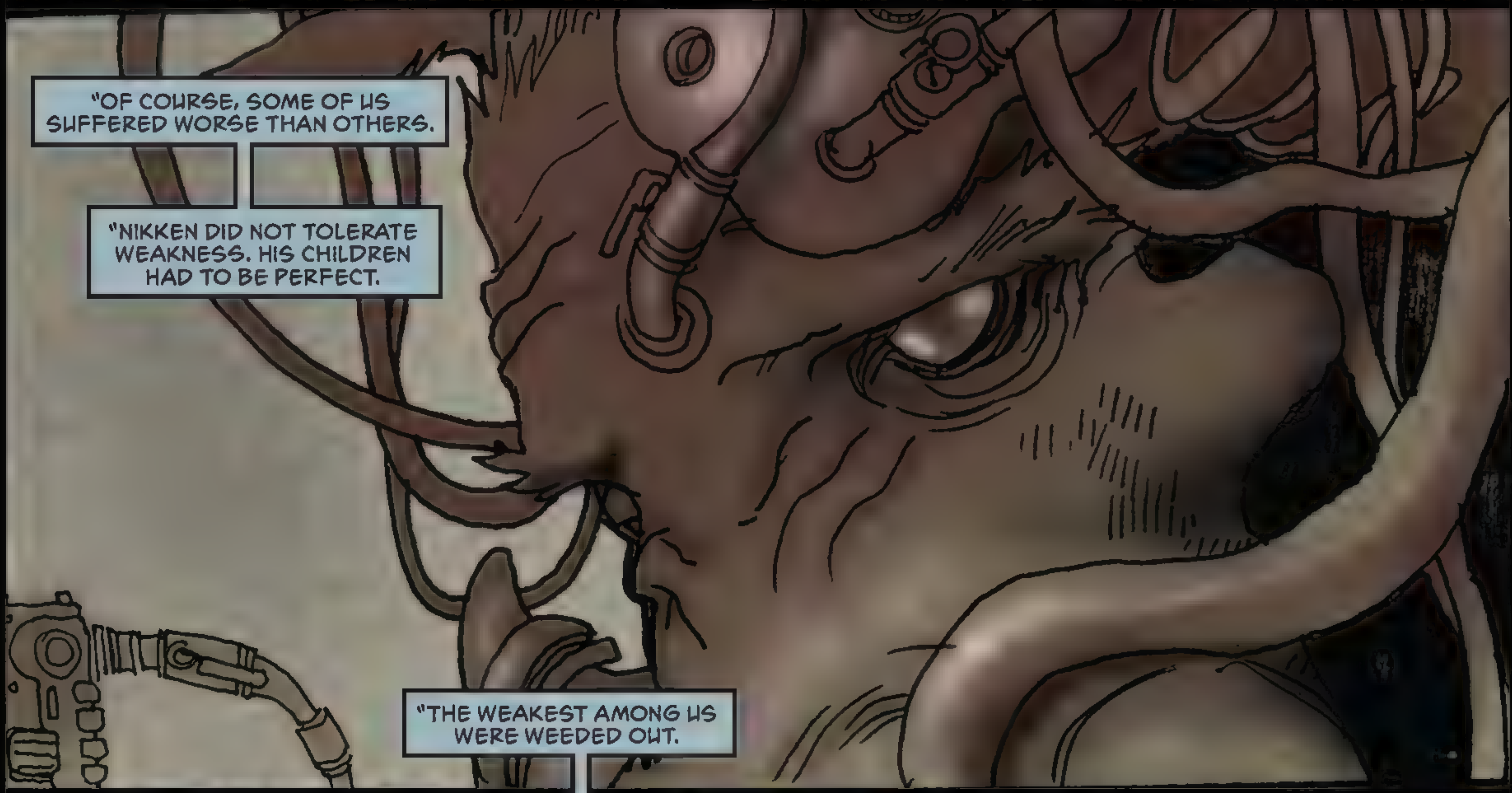
"AND WHAT DID WE KNOW...?"

"WE KNEW OF NO OTHER LIFE... WE WERE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED BY MAPPO, TRAINED BY MAPPO AND BRAINWASHED BY MAPPO -- WE KNEW OF NOTHING OTHER THAN MAPPO."





"IF WE SUFFERED AT NIKKEN'S BIDDING,
WE WERE TOLD THAT IT WAS FOR
OUR OWN BENEFIT..."



"OF COURSE, SOME OF US
SUFFERED WORSE THAN OTHERS."

"NIKKEN DID NOT TOLERATE
WEAKNESS. HIS CHILDREN
HAD TO BE PERFECT."

"THE WEAKEST AMONG US
WERE WEEDED OUT."



"AND DISPOSED OF..."



"IRONICALLY, TUSK WAS THE STRONGEST OF THE WEAK LINKS.

"THEY PUSHED HIM PAST ALL THE LIMITS.

"HIS BODY WAS SUBJECTED TO EVERY POISON IN MAPPO'S ARSENAL.



"EVERY NERVE AGENT, EVERY CHEMICAL WEAPON KNOWN TO MAN WAS POURED INTO HIM.

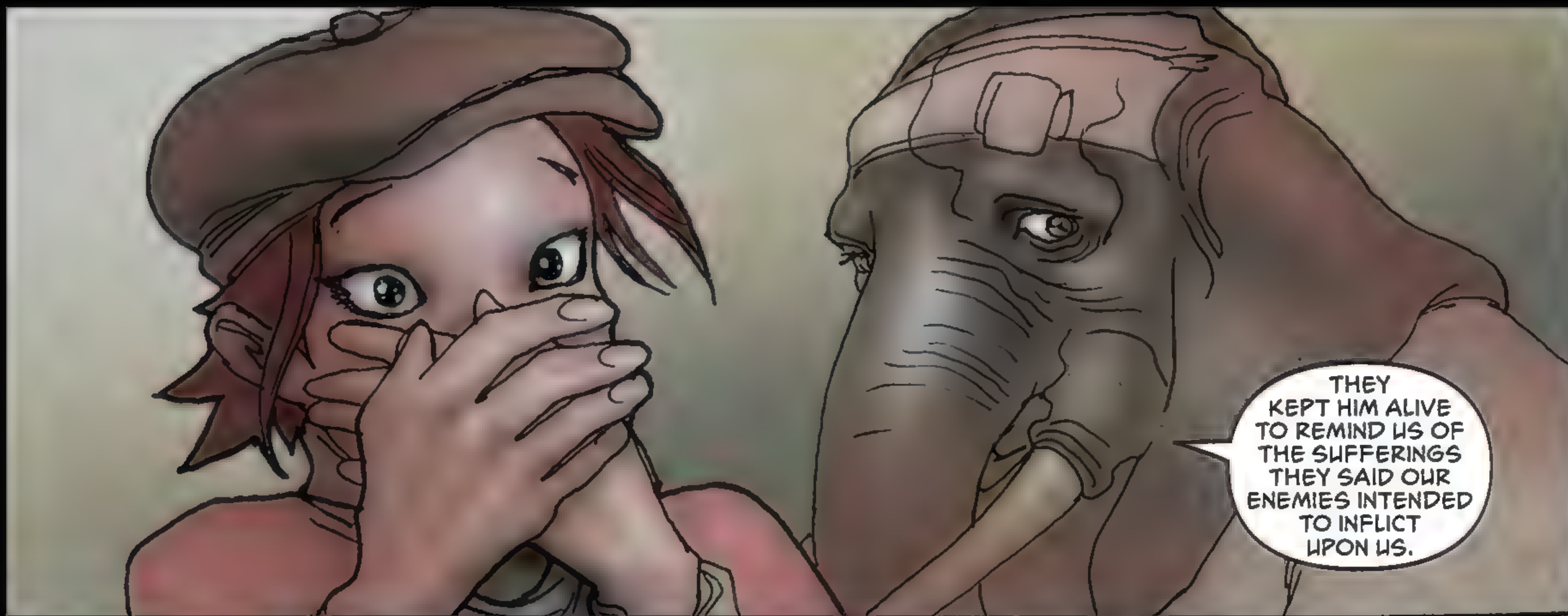
"HIS SYSTEM WAS DESIGNED TO RESIST AND FLUSH THE TOXINS

"AND IT SUCCEEDED."



"BUT NOT BEFORE THE POISONS DESTROYED HIS MIND.





THEY
KEPT HIM ALIVE
TO REMIND US OF
THE SUFFERINGS
THEY SAID OUR
ENEMIES INTENDED
TO INFLECT
UPON US.



THAT'S--
THAT'S INHUMAN!



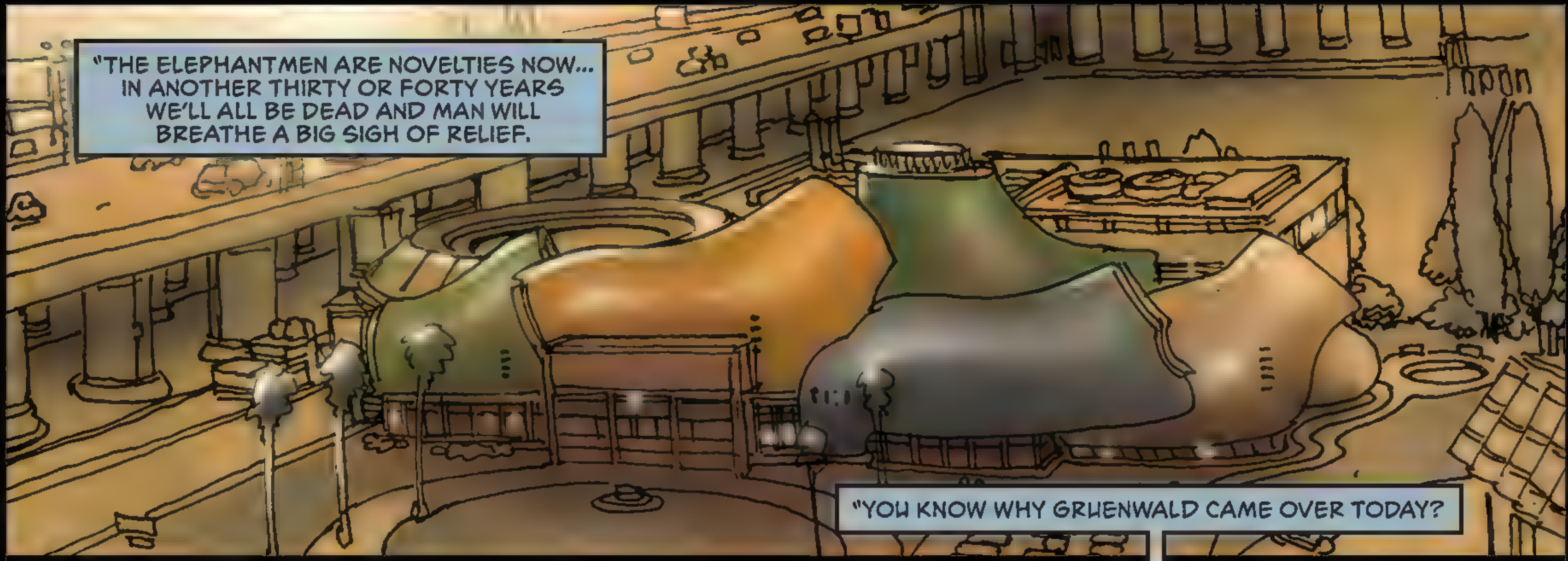
MIKI, NO ONE
THINKS OF US AS HUMAN.
WE WERE GUINEA PIGS
THEN AND WE'RE GUINEA
PIGS NOW.

THE U.N
GOVERNMENTS
KEEP TUSK ALIVE NOW
AS A DEMONSTRATION
OF THEIR COMPASSION
AND HUMANITY.

THEY KEEP
THE REST OF US
ALIVE FOR PRETTY
MUCH THE SAME
REASON.



WEAPONS OF
WAR, PRISONERS OF
WAR, SPOILS OF WAR...
IT'S ALL THE SAME
THING.



"THE ELEPHANTMEN ARE NOVELTIES NOW...
IN ANOTHER THIRTY OR FORTY YEARS
WE'LL ALL BE DEAD AND MAN WILL
BREATHE A BIG SIGH OF RELIEF.

"YOU KNOW WHY GRUENWALD CAME OVER TODAY?

"BECAUSE THE GUYS HE WORKS
FOR PAY HIM TO KEEP US IN LINE.

"THEY YANK HIS CHAIN AND SO HE YANKS OUR CHAINS.

"THEY SAY WE'RE FREE...

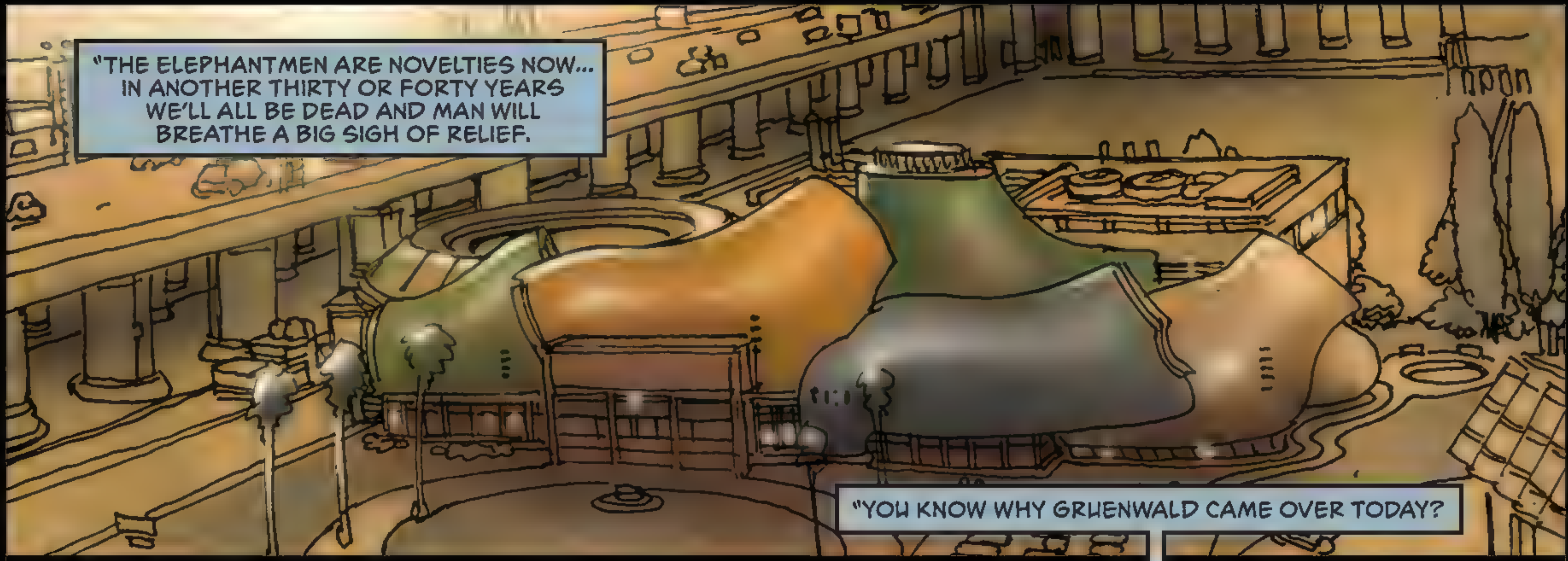
"BUT THEY KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON ALL OF US.

"THEY DON'T WANT US ARMED...

"THEY DON'T WANT US MEETING IN BIG GROUPS.

"THEY DON'T WANT US GETTING ANY FUNNY IDEAS.

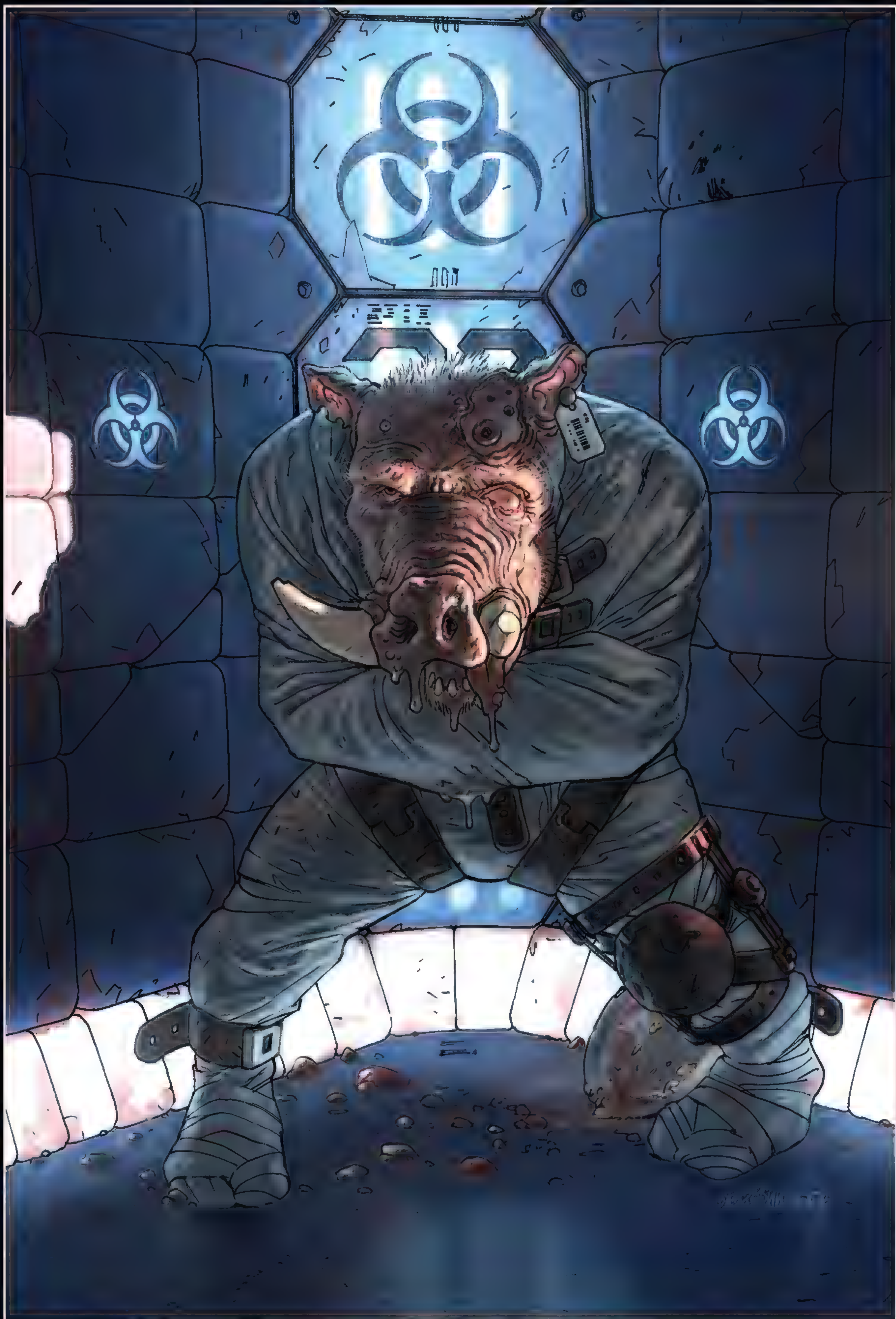
"IF EVEN ONE OF US SHOULD RISE ABOVE
THE PLACES IN SOCIETY THAT HAVE
BEEN ASSIGNED TO US...



角 馬さん

"WELL, WHO KNOWS WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN..."





ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN



RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
IAN
CHURCHILL

HIP FLASK[®]

FIGHTS

OBADIAH
HORN

MANMADE MONSTERS - PART 5 OF 5

ELEPHANTMEN

ZZ56

#5

TO THE
DEATH!



2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

ELEPHANTMEN™

2239: A NEW AND DEADLY VIRUS, BELIEVED TO BE A PLANNED BIOLOGICAL ATTACK, HAS DEVASTATED EUROPE, WHICH IS NOW THE STAGE FOR A BLOODY AND TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN AFRICA AND CHINA. MAPPO'S TRANSGENIC CREATIONS ARE DEPLOYED BY THE NEW AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS. THOUGH SOME FIGHT BACK, EUROPEAN SURVIVORS ARE EXTERMINATED.

2243: A NUCLEAR BLAST BRINGS THE WAR TO A SUDDEN END. MORE THAN 15,000 ELEPHANTMEN HAVE SURVIVE. DEFEATED, REHABILITATED BY THE UNITED NATIONS, THESE GIANTS ARE EVENTUALLY SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD.

2259

NOW: THE ELEPHANTMEN WALK AMONG US STILL; HATED AND FEARED, THEIR PAST ALWAYS PRESENT.



ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART

THE UNITED NATIONS HAD
PUT THE ELEPHANTMEN
ON A TRAIN.

FTAP FLAP
FLAP

THEY WERE PROMISED
FREEDOM.

FREEDOM
FROM MAPPO.

FLAP
FLAP

AND THEN THEY WERE
HERDED AWAY.

FTAP FLAP
FLAP

TRAPPED

SHOT

DRUGGED

EXODUS!

"When a man strikes his slave with a rod so hard that the slave dies under his hand, he shall be punished. If, however, the slave survives for a day or two, he is not to be punished, since the slave is his own property. EXODUS 21:20-21

LIKE ANIMALS.

... AND LESS THAN ANIMAL. ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD... YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN PROPERTY OF MAPPO...

SUCH WAS THEIR FATE.

SALVATION.





THERE WAS NO
HOPE OF ESCAPE.

... YOU ARE NOT
GOD'S CHILDREN!
GOD MADE YOU WEAKER
THAN MAN! MAPPO MADE
YOU STRONG...

KZZZZKT

THAT IS
ENOUGH!

BRATATATATATATATAT



FOR SOME, THERE SEEMED
TO BE NO HOPE AT ALL.

SOUTH SIDE IS
SECURE, CONTROL,
CONTINUING THE
SWEEP...



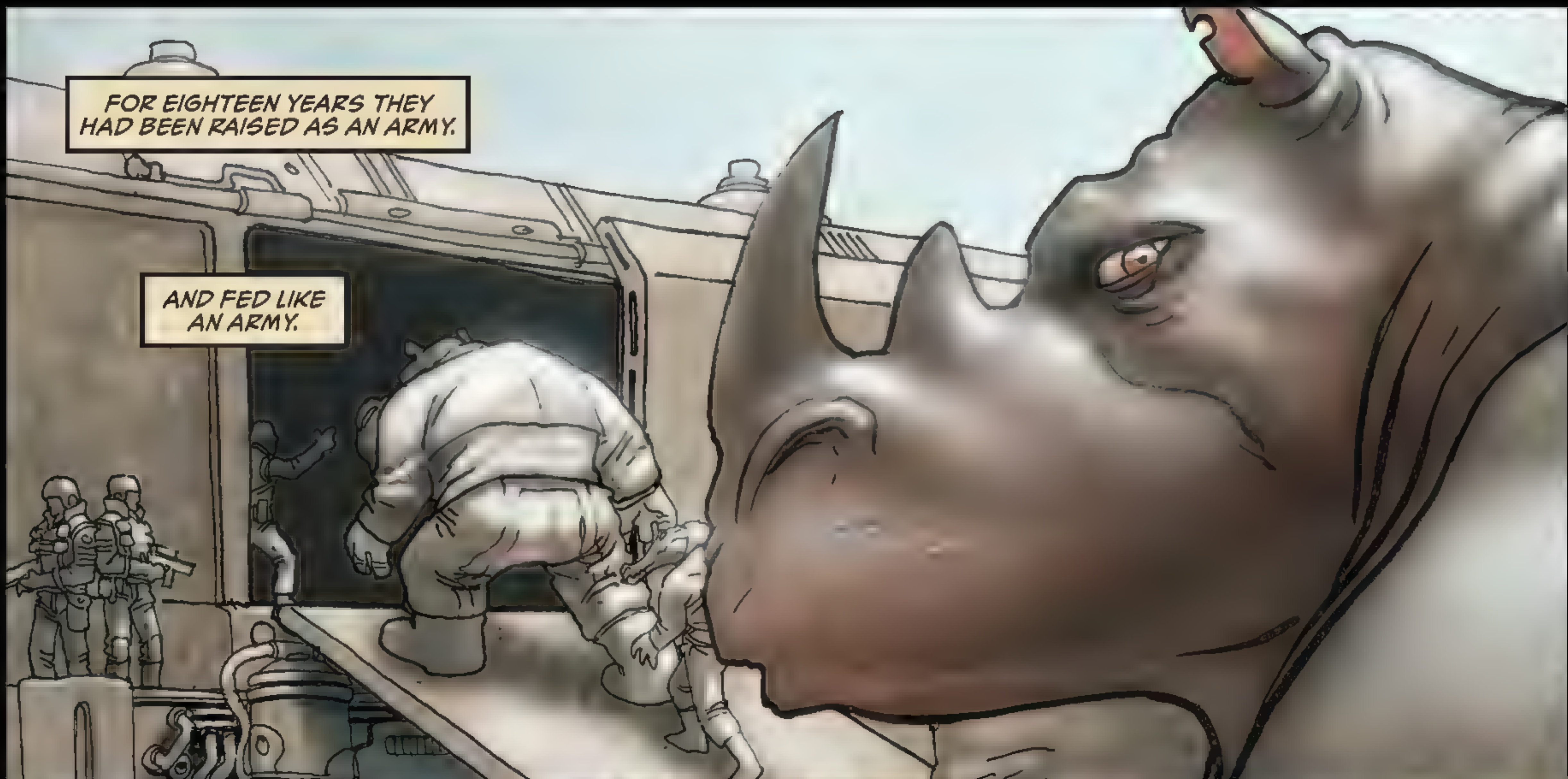
A close-up of a man's face, looking slightly to the left with a wide-eyed, intense expression. He has a mustache and a goatee. A speech bubble is positioned to his left.

NO, I DON'T
THINK SO,
MONKEY!

A large gorilla is shown from the chest up, its body and arms a dark, textured grey. It is using its massive hands to crush a man's chest. The man is lying on his back, wearing a white tank top and dark shorts. His face is contorted in pain, with his mouth open in a scream. A small stream of blood is visible near his mouth. In the bottom left corner, a handgun and a magazine are lying on the ground. The background is a simple, light-colored ground surface.

KRTAK





FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS THEY
HAD BEEN RAISED AS AN ARMY.

AND FED LIKE
AN ARMY.



MEAT.

THEY HAD PUT
THE ELEPHANTMEN
ON A TRAIN.

IN THE CATTLE
TRUCKS.



THE SMELL OF FEAR
AND DEATH, URINE AND
FECES STILL FILLED
THE DAMP STALE AIR.

WHERE
ARE THEY
TAKING
US?

MAPPO HAD MADE
THEM STRONG.

MAPPO HAD GIVEN
THEM EVERYTHING.

WHAT WOULD THEY BE
WITHOUT MAPPO?

WHAT ARE
THEY GOING TO
DO TO US?

KILL
US.

THAT'S IT,
ISN'T IT?

THEY'RE
GOING TO
KILL US.
GAS US--

AGK

THAT'S
ENOUGH...

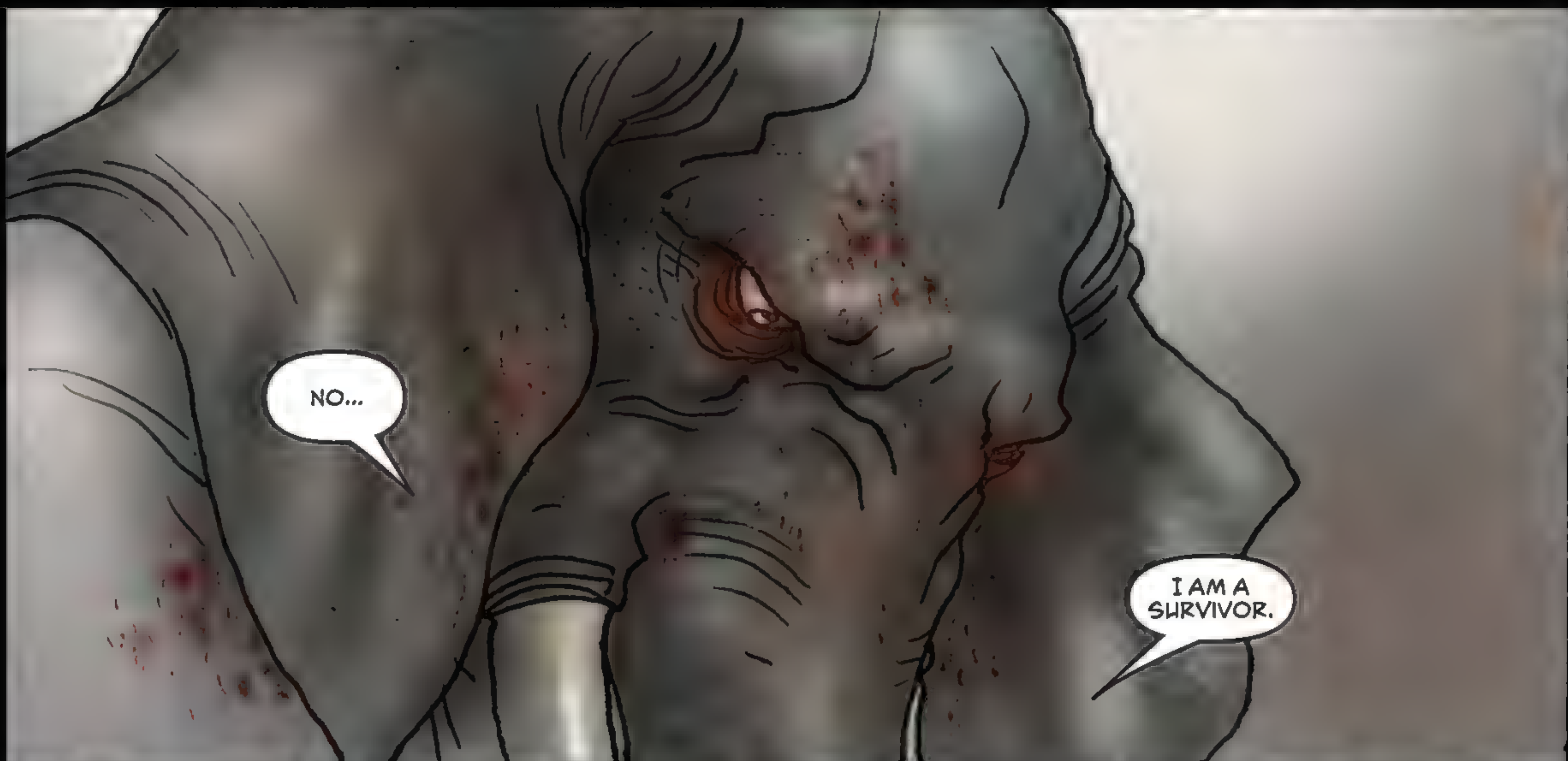
THIS IS NOT
THE BEHAVIOR OF
A SOLDIER.

YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN
WHO YOU
ARE.



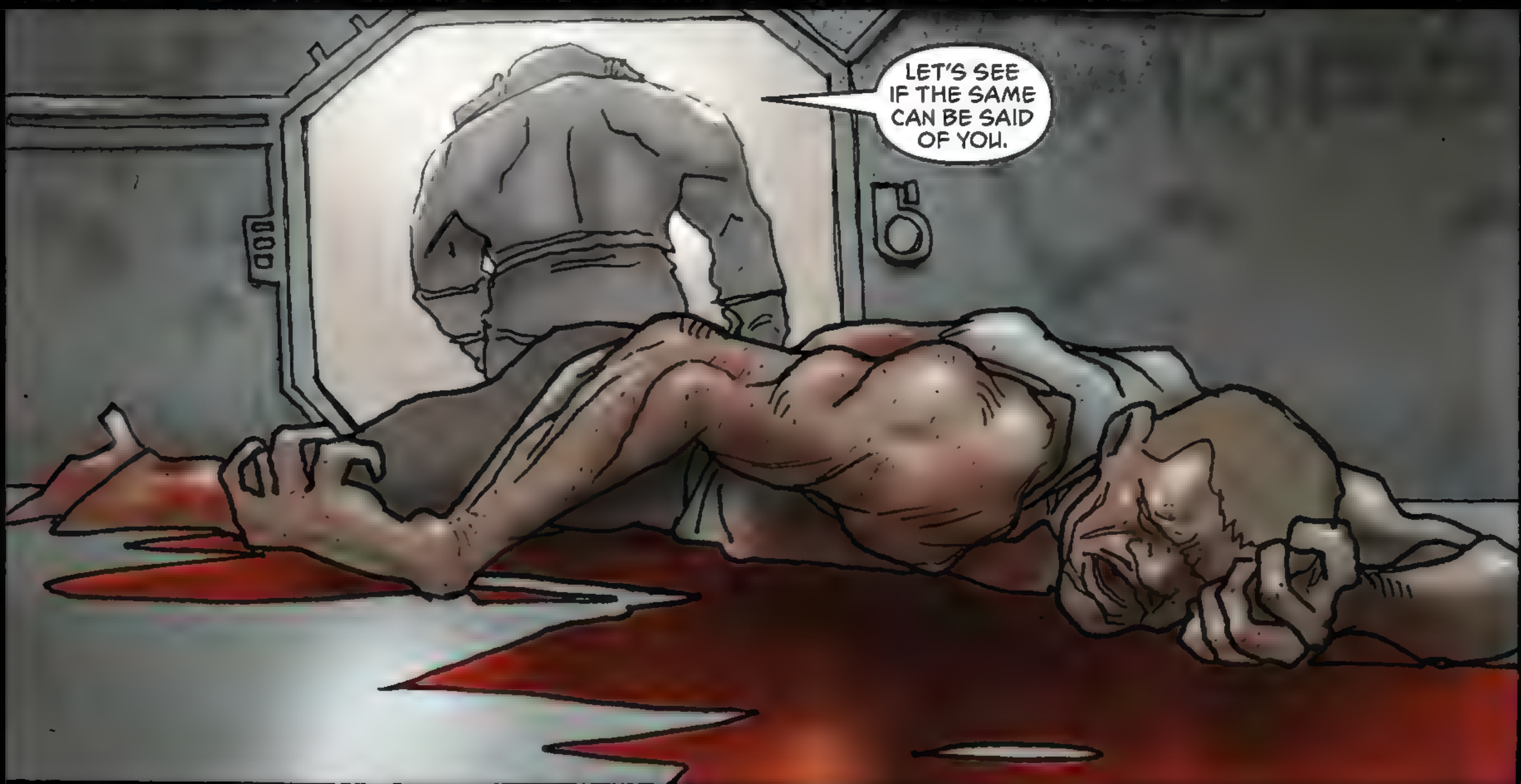






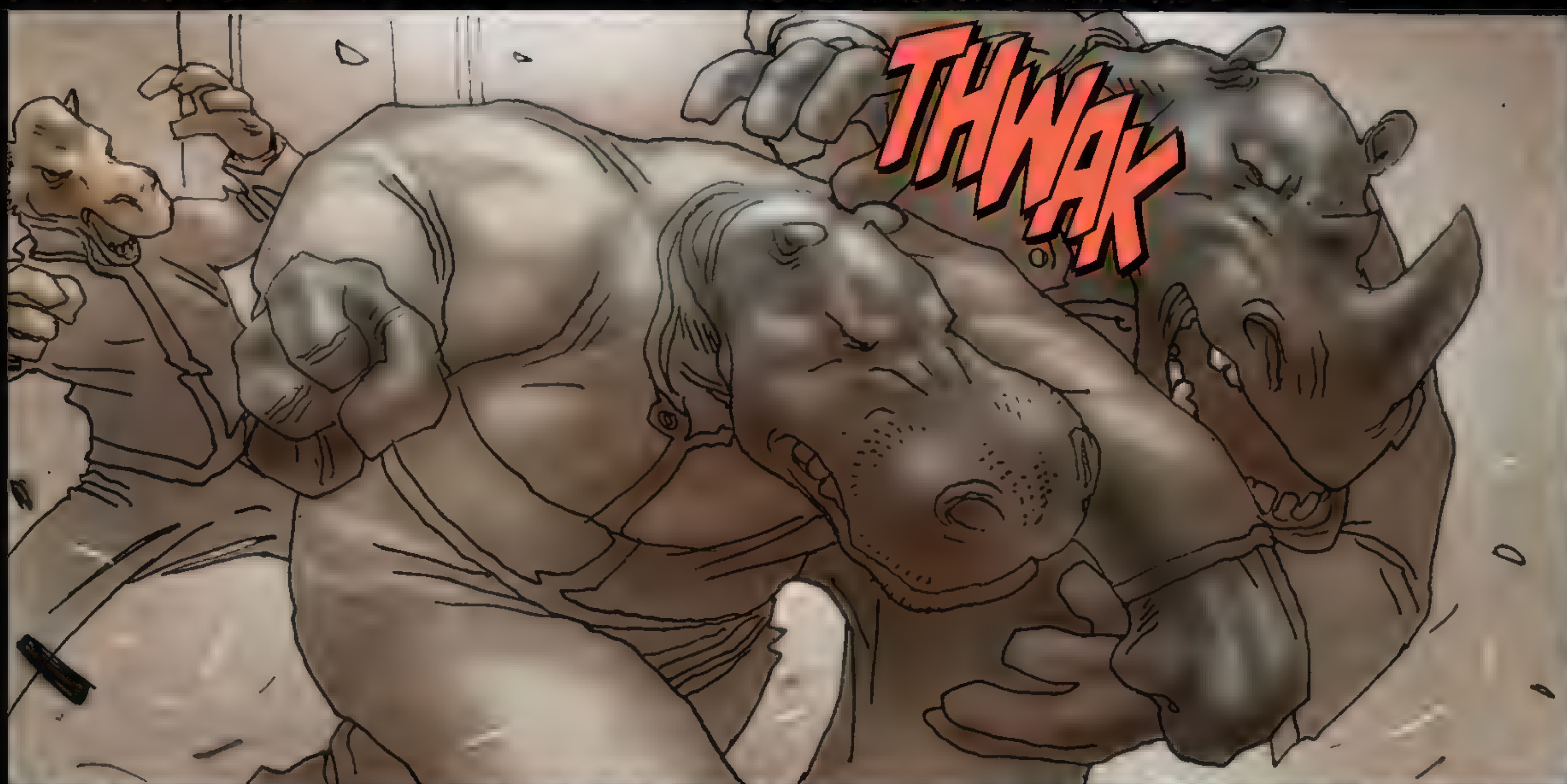
NO...

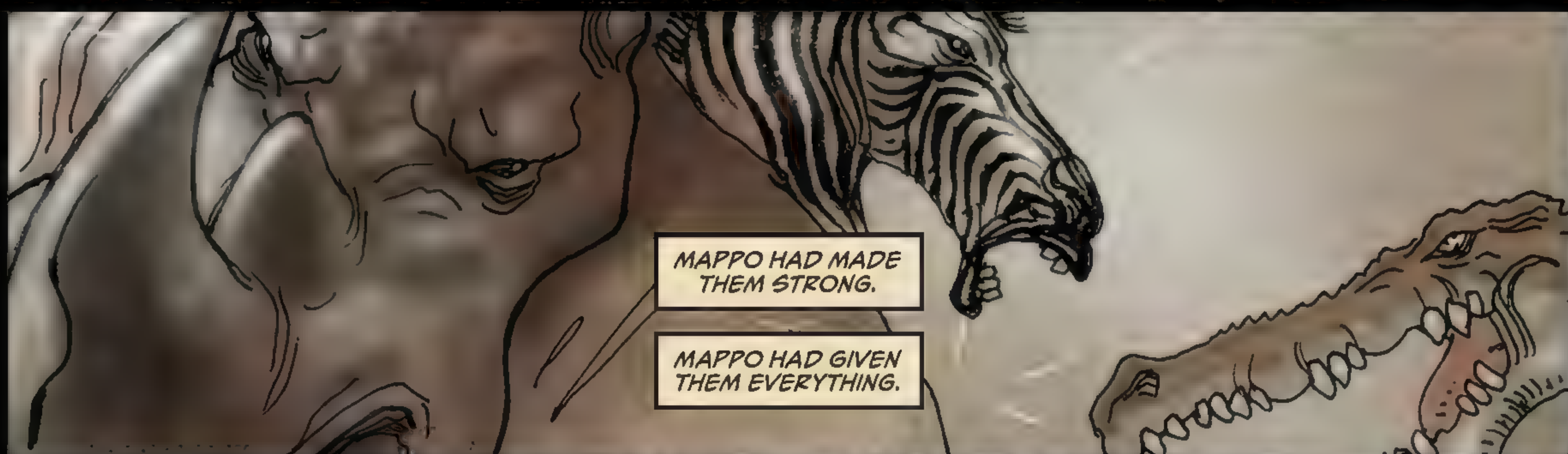
I AM A
SURVIVOR.



LET'S SEE
IF THE SAME
CAN BE SAID
OF YOU.



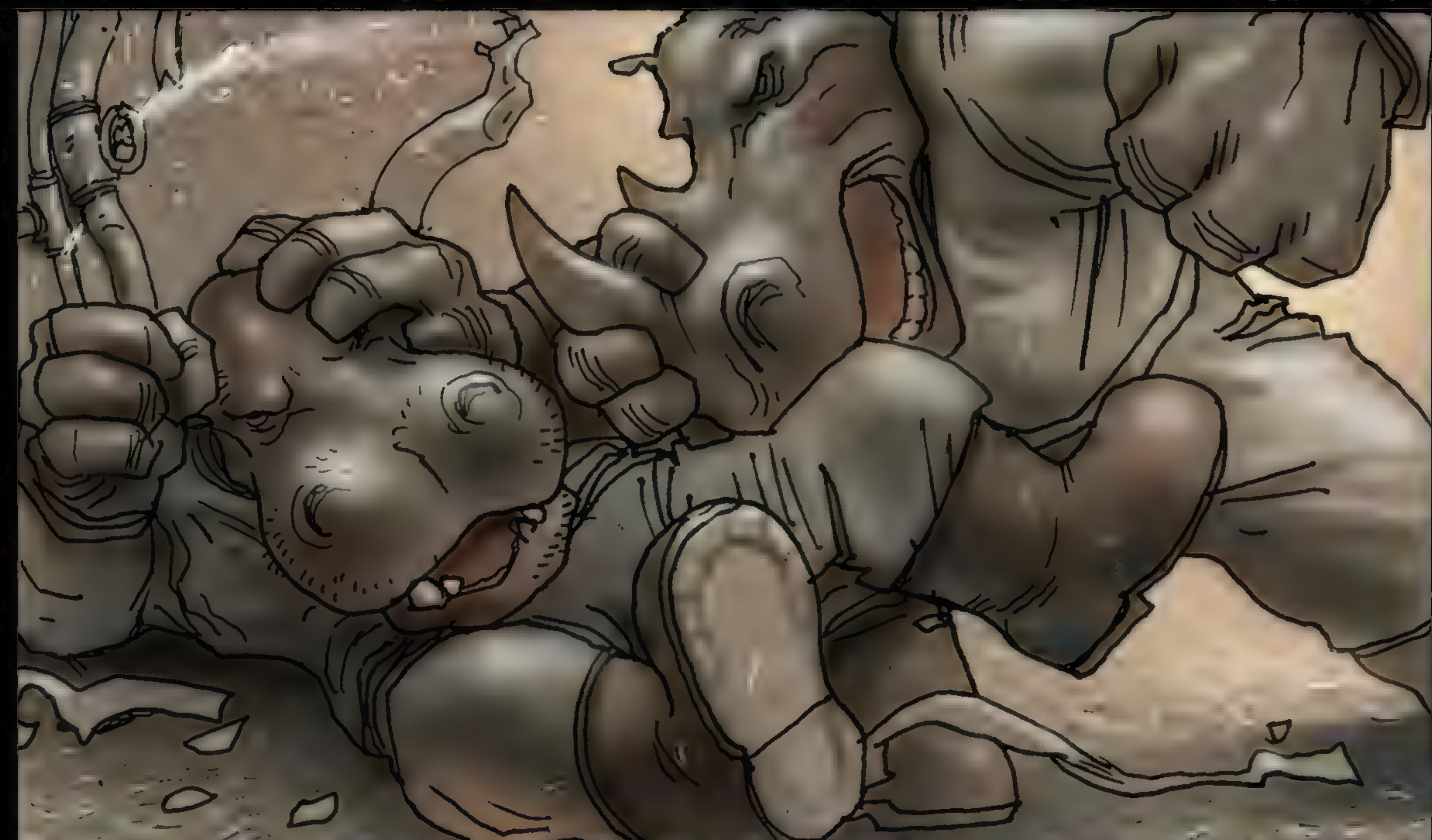








BRATATATATATATATAT



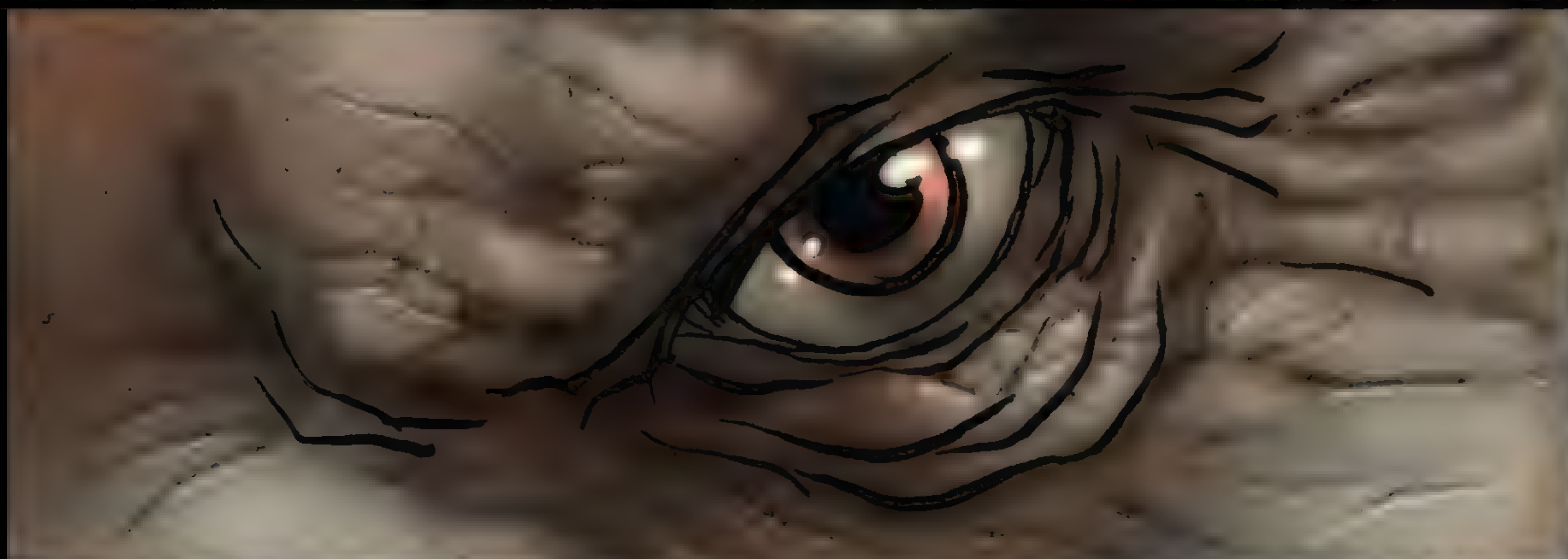
WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO
DO, KILL EACH
OTHER?

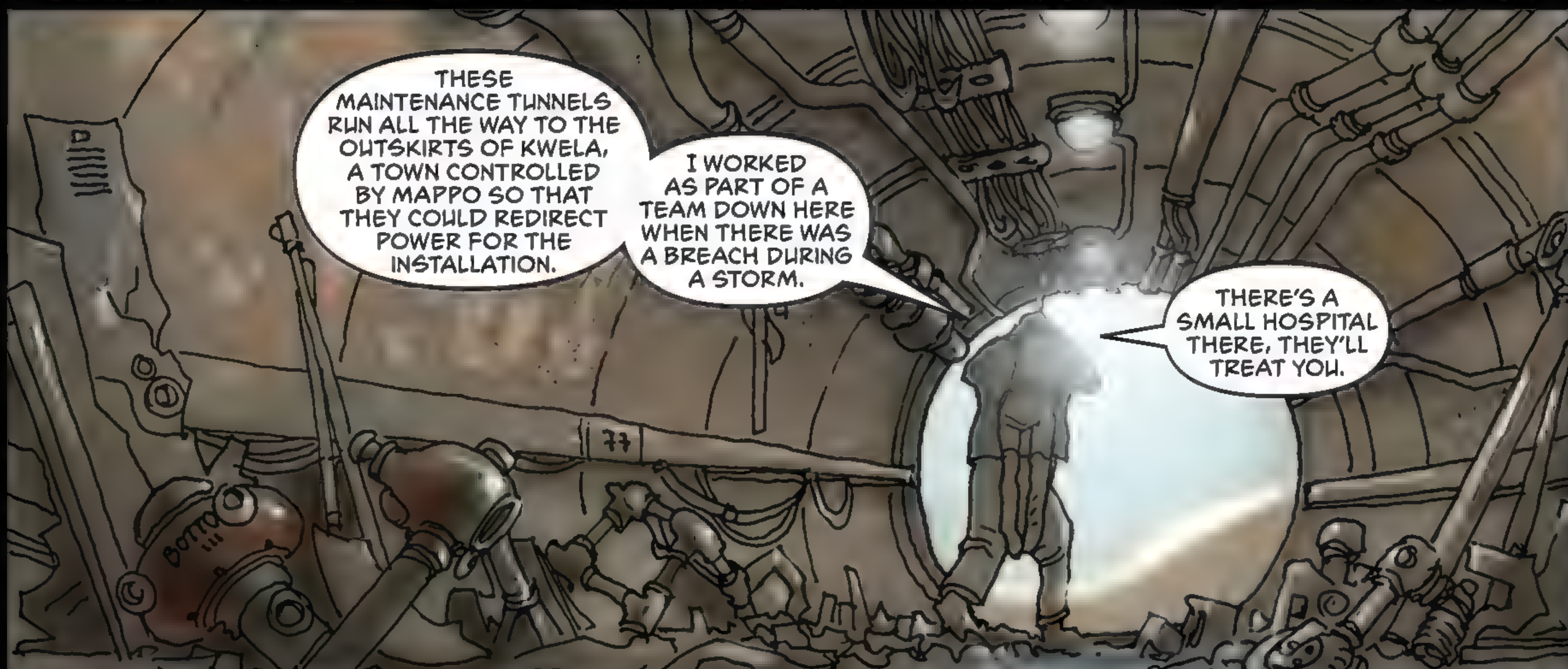
FER CRYIN'
OUT LOUD, WE
JUST **RESCUED**
YOUR UNGRATEFUL
HIDES!



THIS
ISN'T OVER,
REGARDLESS
OF WHAT
THESE HUMANS
SAY...

INSIDE OR
OUTSIDE OF MAPPO,
THIS IS STILL A
MATTER OF THE
SURVIVAL OF THE
FITTEST.





THESE
MAINTENANCE TUNNELS
RUN ALL THE WAY TO THE
OUTSKIRTS OF KWELA,
A TOWN CONTROLLED
BY MAPPO SO THAT
THEY COULD REDIRECT
POWER FOR THE
INSTALLATION.

I WORKED
AS PART OF A
TEAM DOWN HERE
WHEN THERE WAS
A BREACH DURING
A STORM.

THERE'S A
SMALL HOSPITAL
THERE, THEY'LL
TREAT YOU.



AND WHAT
DO YOU THINK
YOU'LL GET
FROM ME IN
RETURN?

I DON'T
KNOW YET...

WHY DON'T
WE JUST FIGURE
OUT HOW TO GET
AWAY FROM HERE
FIRST?

WE CAN
WORK OUT AN
UNDERSTANDING
LATER.



LOS ANGELES · 2259

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

OBADIAH HORN HAD LEARNED
THAT LESSON WELL.



HE HAD SURVIVED, AND THRIVED.

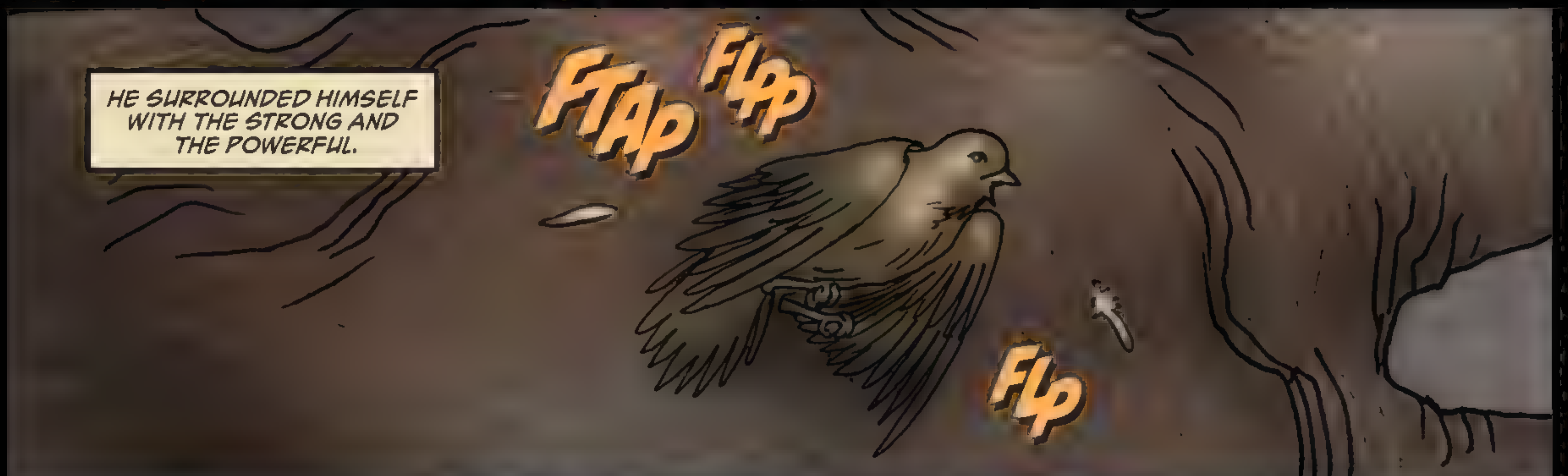
HE TOOK EVERYTHING MAN
OFFERED AND MADE IT HIS OWN.



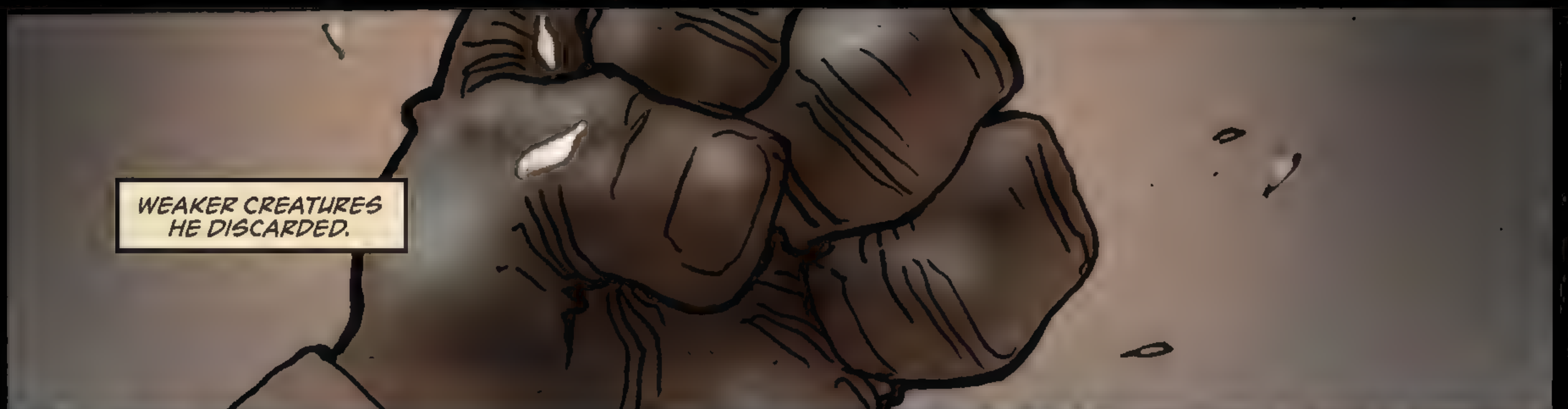
HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF
WITH THE STRONG AND
THE POWERFUL.

FTAP FTAP

FLP



WEAKER CREATURES
HE DISCARDED.



WHAT PURPOSE COULD
THEY SERVE?





WELL, WELL,
WELL...

NICE LITTLE
RESTAURANT YOU
HAVE YOURSELF
HERE.

"THE
EYE OF THE
NEEDLE."

I GET IT.



WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

I THOUGHT
WE WERE
DONE.



MAYBE YOU
WERE DONE WITH
ME, BUT I AM
NOT DONE WITH
YOU.

IT'S BEEN
A WHILE, JOE,
BUT I NEED A
PLACE TO
STAY.

LISTEN, DO
YOU HAVE A
HANDKERCHIEF --
I SEEM TO HAVE
BLOOD ON MY
BOOT.





ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN



ORIGINAL COVER BY CHRIS WESTON



RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
IAN
CHURCHILL

SIMPLE TRUTHS - PART 1 OF 6

ELEPHANTMEN

2259

ALL THE
ELEPHANTMEN
LOVE

SAFARA

FEATURING
HIP FLASK®

#6



...BUT HAS SHE BEEN "ABANDONED BY GOD?"

2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART

ABANDONED BY GOD

By Starkings & Moritat

OBADIAH--?

LOS ANGELES • CALIFORNIA • 2259



MY LOVE?

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES



IS THAT
BLOOD ON THE
HAND TOWEL?

IT'S
REALLY NOTHING,
SAHARA.



YOU SEE?
A BIRD PECKED ME
AS I STOOD OUT
ON THE BALCONY.
IT'S NOT EVEN A
SCRATCH.

YOU
SHOULDN'T BE
AFRAID OF A
LITTLE BLOOD ON
MY HANDS.



IF I
DIDN'T WORRY
ABOUT YOU, THEN
WHO WOULD,
HM?

OBADIAH,
WE COULD CANCEL
THIS INTERVIEW
IF YOU SO
DESIRE.

THERE MAY BE
SOME QUESTIONS...
AWKWARD
QUESTIONS...



MY DEAR,
DO YOU THINK
I AM NOT USED
TO AWKWARD
QUESTIONS?

YOU, MORE
THAN ANYONE ELSE,
KNOW THAT I HAVE
BEEN ANSWERING
THEM ALL MY
LIFE.



IF YOU WISH,
I WILL HANDLE
THESE PEOPLE, AND WE
CAN OFFER A SIMPLE
EXCUSE FOR YOUR
ABSENCE.

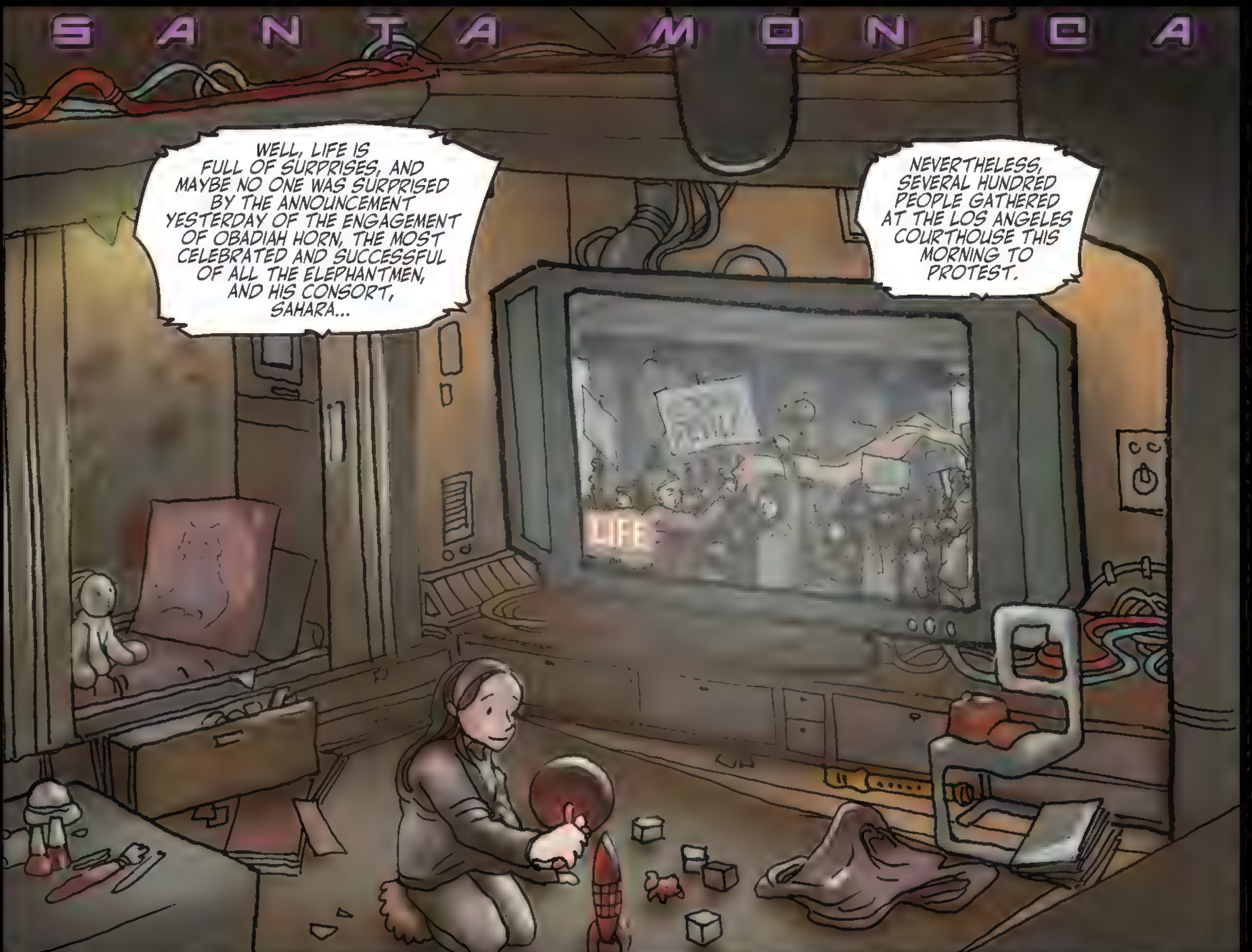
OF COURSE NOT,
OBADIAH. THEY WOULD
ONLY SEE THAT AS SOME
KIND OF RELUCTANCE
ON MY PART.



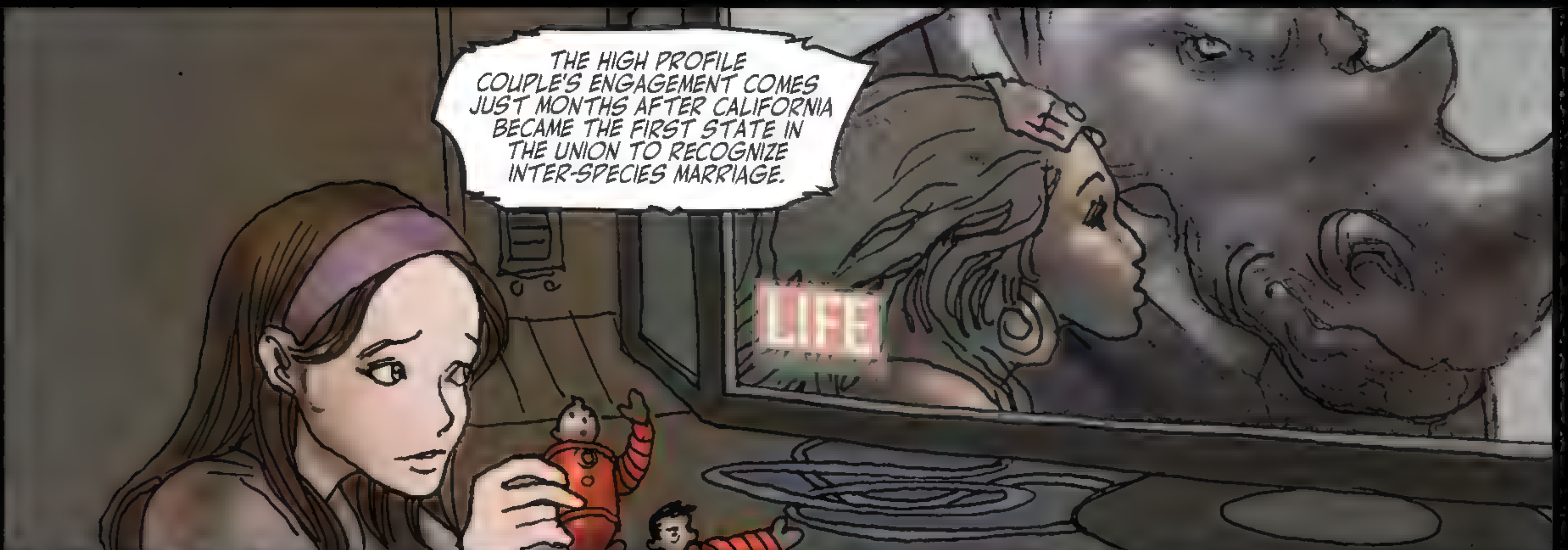
AND
I WILL ALWAYS
BE BY YOUR SIDE
WHEN YOU NEED
ME, MY LOVE.

WELL, LIFE IS FULL OF SURPRISES, AND MAYBE NO ONE WAS SURPRISED BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT YESTERDAY OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF OBADIAH HORN, THE MOST CELEBRATED AND SUCCESSFUL OF ALL THE ELEPHANTMEN, AND HIS CONSORT, SAHARA...

NEVERTHELESS, SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE GATHERED AT THE LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE THIS MORNING TO PROTEST.



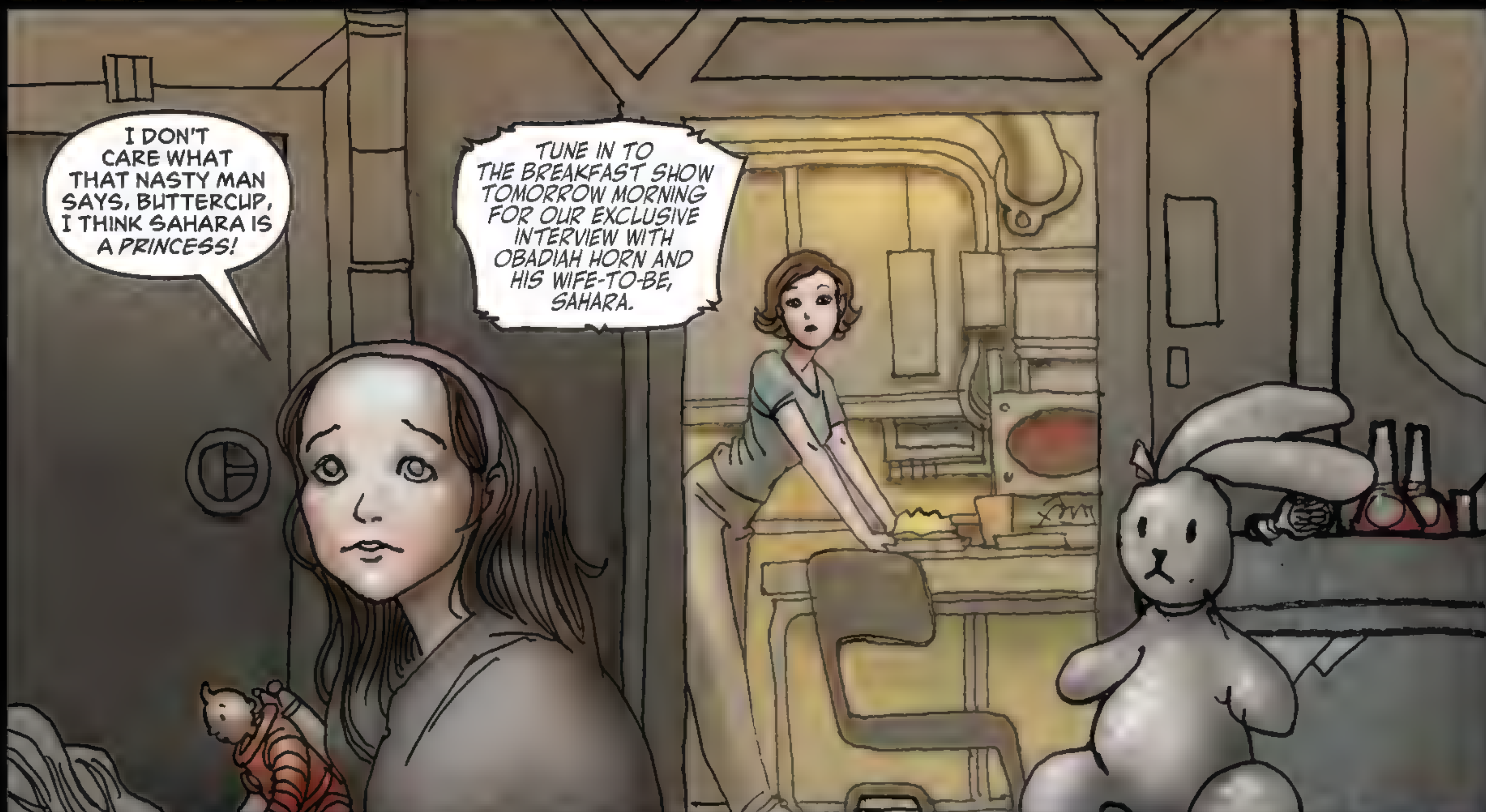
THE HIGH PROFILE COUPLE'S ENGAGEMENT COMES JUST MONTHS AFTER CALIFORNIA BECAME THE FIRST STATE IN THE UNION TO RECOGNIZE INTER-SPECIES MARRIAGE.

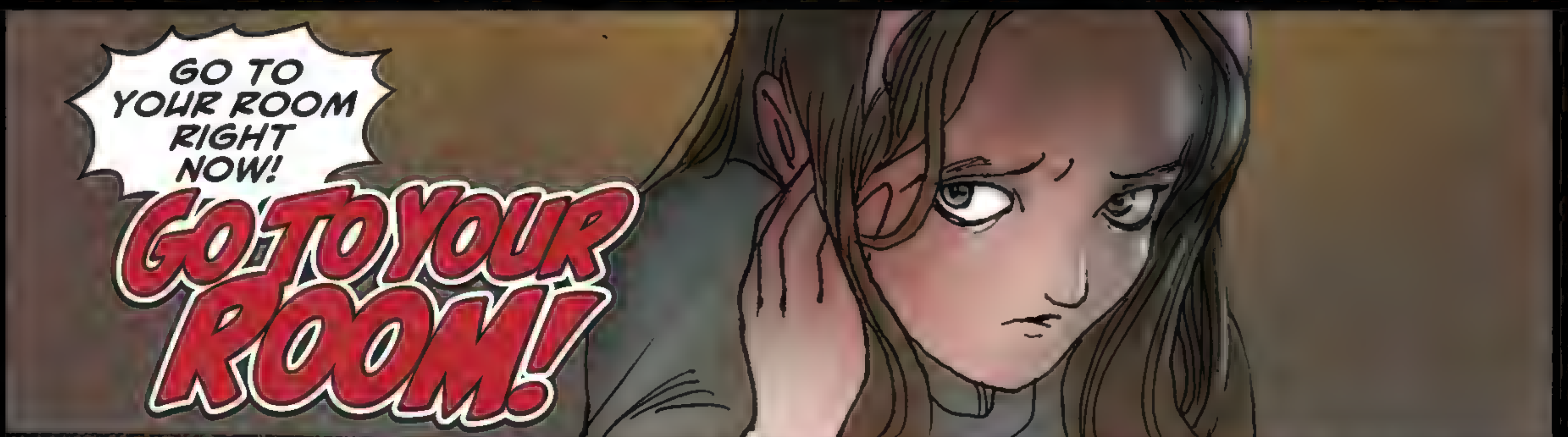


PROTEST ORGANIZER AND PRESIDENT OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD COALITION, PERRY FALBERTSON, HAD THIS TO SAY...

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE IS UNDER ATTACK, AND THE LORD HIMSELF HAS CALLED UPON US TO PROTECT IT! "WHOSOEVER LIETH WITH A BEAST SHALL SURELY BE PUT TO DEATH!"

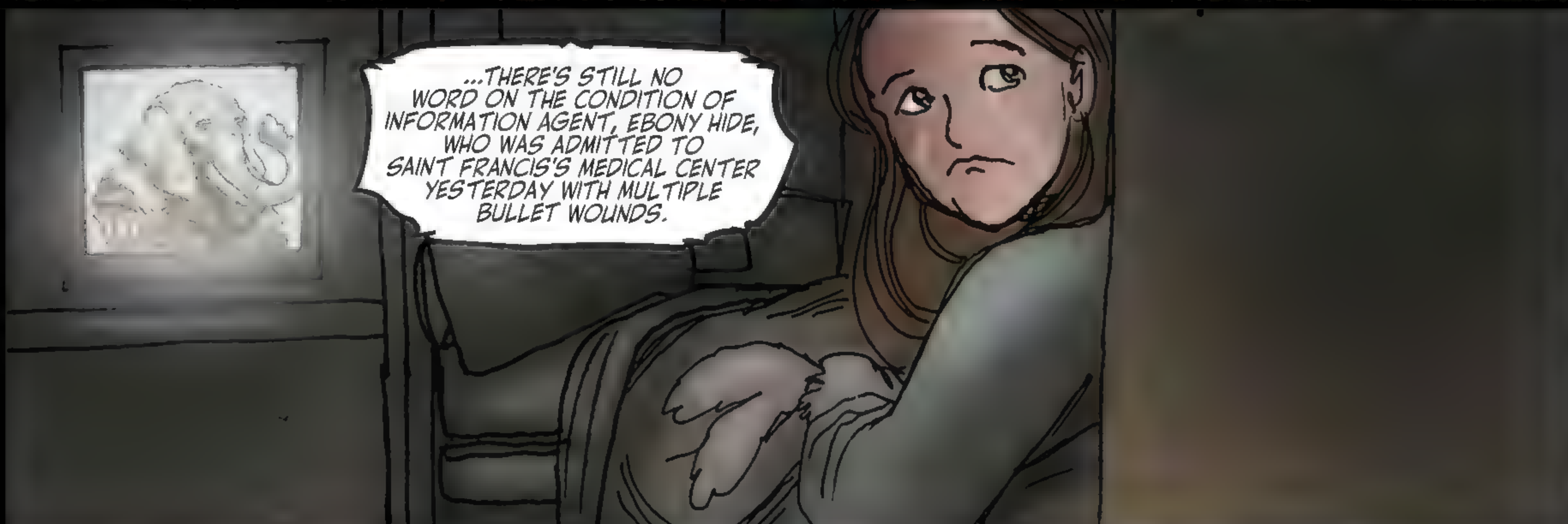




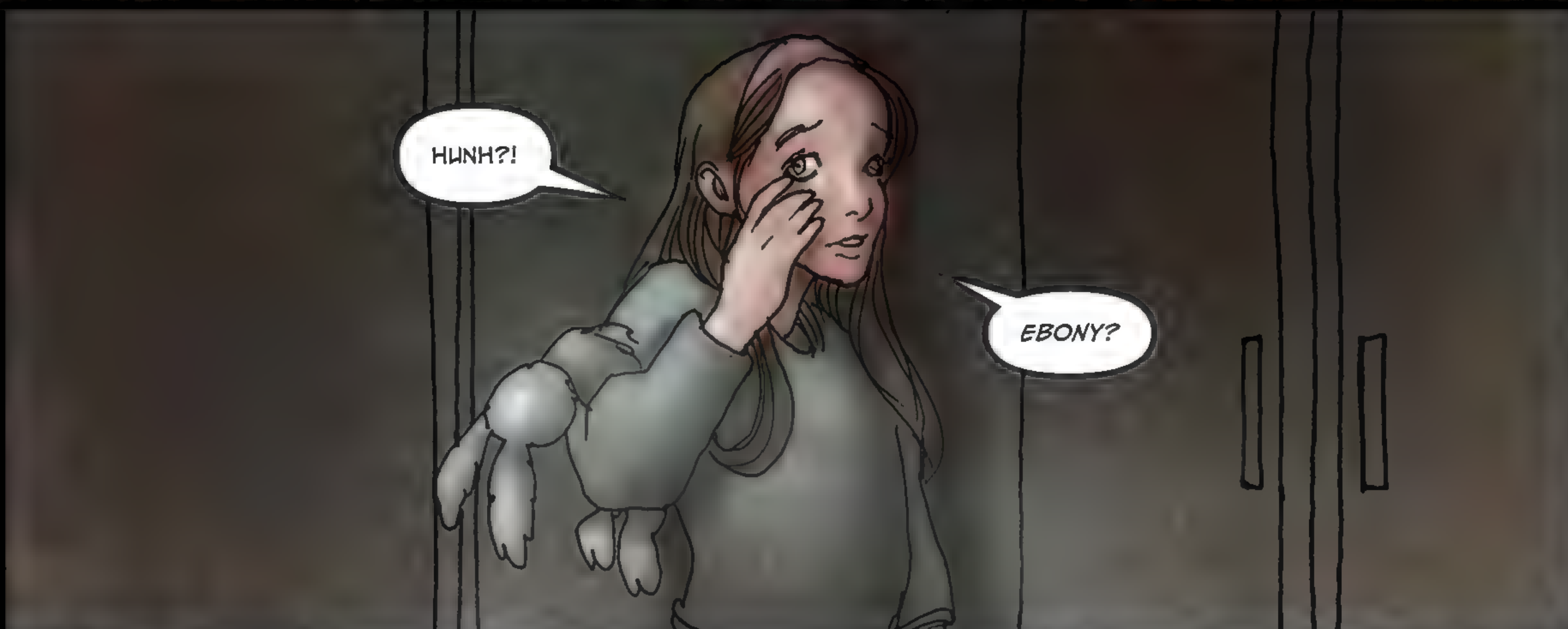




AND HORN ISN'T
THE ONLY ELEPHANTMAN
IN THE NEWS TODAY...

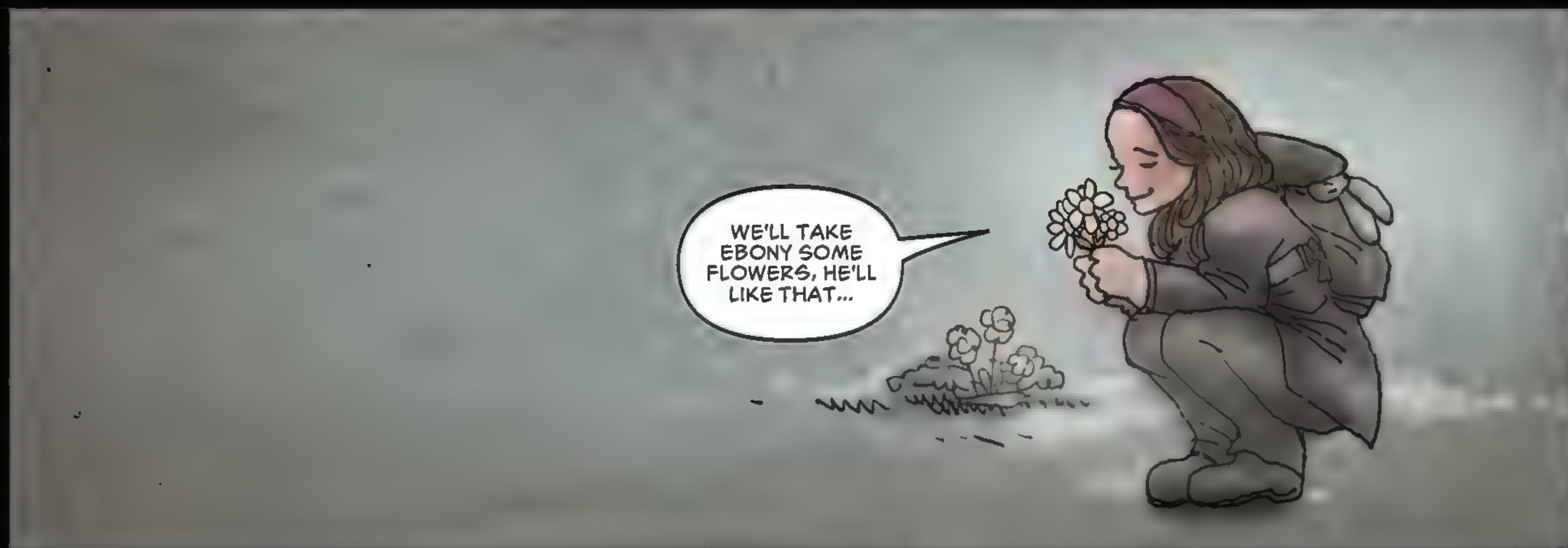
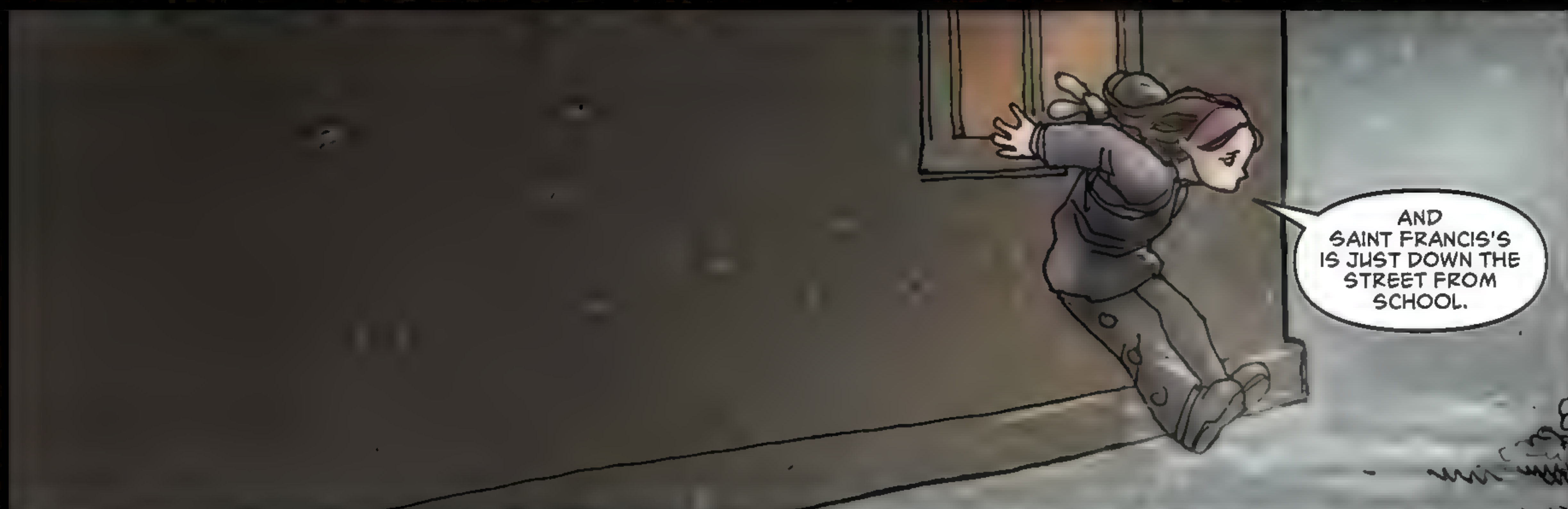


...THERE'S STILL NO
WORD ON THE CONDITION OF
INFORMATION AGENT, EBONY HIDE,
WHO WAS ADMITTED TO
SAINT FRANCIS'S MEDICAL CENTER
YESTERDAY WITH MULTIPLE
BULLET WOUNDS.



HUHH?!

EBONY?





MISTER
BAUER, MISS
CUSSICK, MY
NAME IS
PURCHASE.

PLEASE
MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME....



MISTER HORN
AND HIS FIANCEE
WILL BE WITH YOU
VERY SHORTLY.

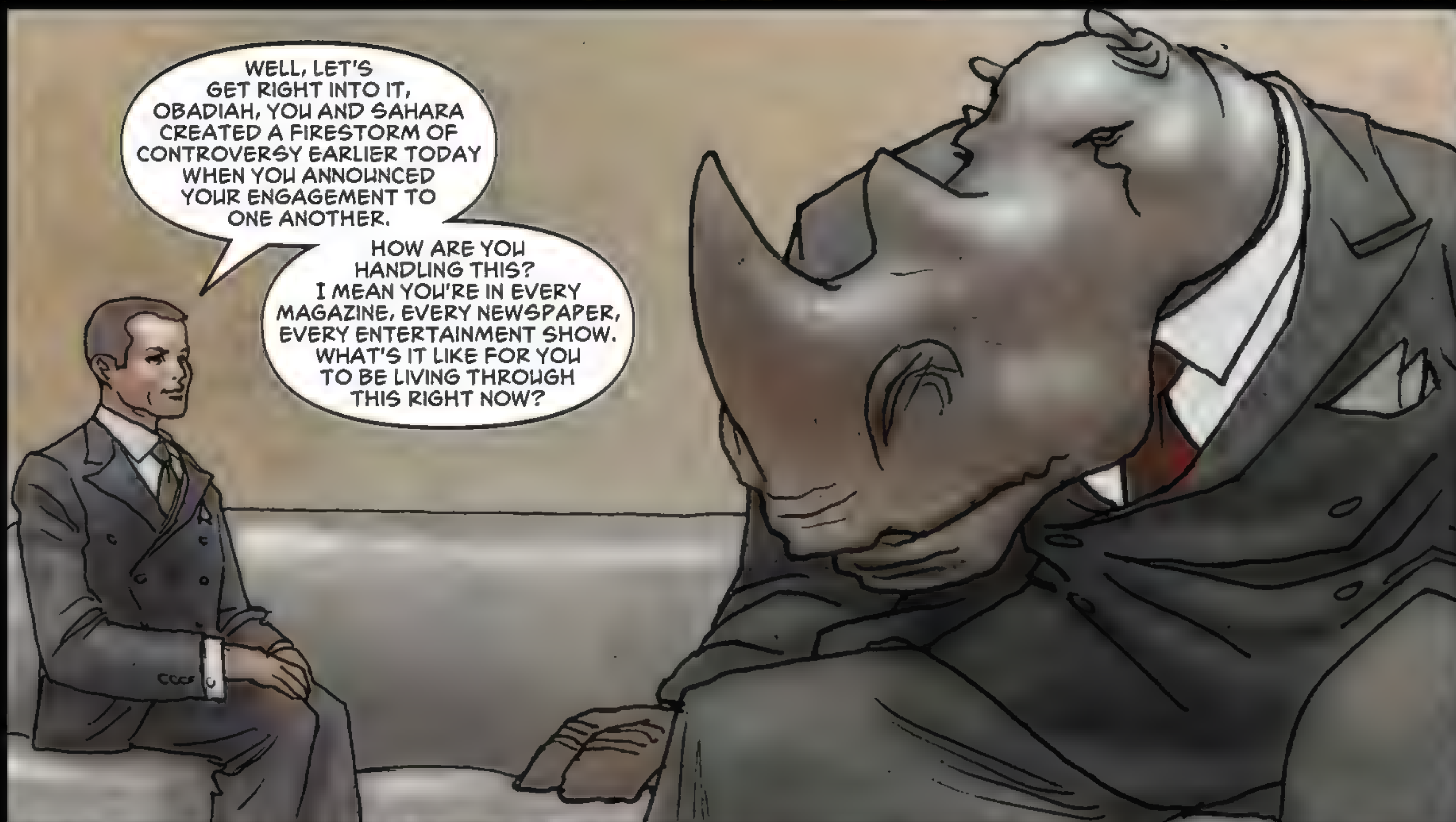
I'M GETTING
INTERFERENCE LIKE
I CAN'T BELIEVE, HAVE
YOU GUYS GOT SOME KIND
OF ELECTROMAGNET
NEARBY?



LIVE
TRANSMISSIONS
ARE NOT POSSIBLE
FROM THIS FACILITY.
IT'S A SECURITY
MEASURE.

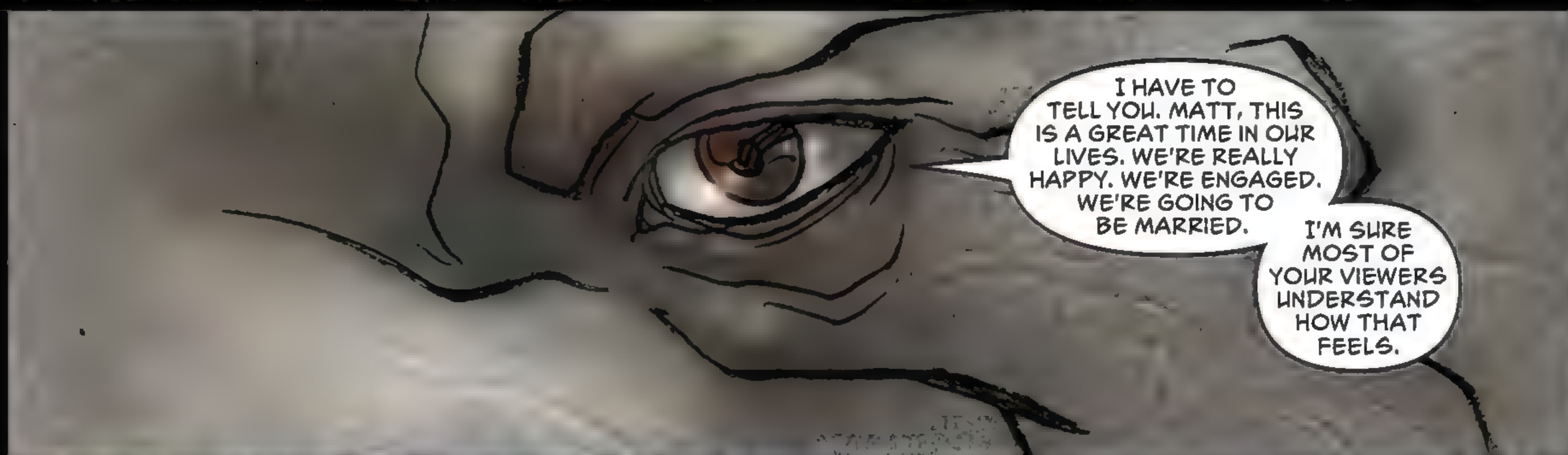
PAPARAZZI.
YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS.





WELL, LET'S
GET RIGHT INTO IT,
OBADIAH, YOU AND SAHARA
CREATED A FIRESTORM OF
CONTROVERSY EARLIER TODAY
WHEN YOU ANNOUNCED
YOUR ENGAGEMENT TO
ONE ANOTHER.

HOW ARE YOU
HANDLING THIS?
I MEAN YOU'RE IN EVERY
MAGAZINE, EVERY NEWSPAPER,
EVERY ENTERTAINMENT SHOW.
WHAT'S IT LIKE FOR YOU
TO BE LIVING THROUGH
THIS RIGHT NOW?



I HAVE TO
TELL YOU. MATT, THIS
IS A GREAT TIME IN OUR
LIVES. WE'RE REALLY
HAPPY. WE'RE ENGAGED.
WE'RE GOING TO
BE MARRIED.

I'M SURE
MOST OF
YOUR VIEWERS
UNDERSTAND
HOW THAT
FEELS.



SAHARA,
YOU'RE NO STRANGER
TO CONTROVERSY,
ARE YOU?

YOUR FATHER
DISOWNED YOU, YOUR
MOTHER DISAPPEARED FROM
YOUR HOME IN THE SUDAN,
UNDER *VERY* SUSPICIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES --

YOUR LIFE HAD
SUCH HUMBLE AND ALSO
TRAGIC BEGINNINGS, HOW DO
YOU COPE WITH THE OPULENCE
AND CELEBRITY OF THE
LIFE YOU LIVE NOW?



KATIE, IT'S
NO SECRET THAT MY
MOTHER WAS ABDUCTED
BY MAPPO AND USED BY
THEM TO CARRY A CHILD
OF THEIR MAKING --



AN
ELEPHANTMAN.

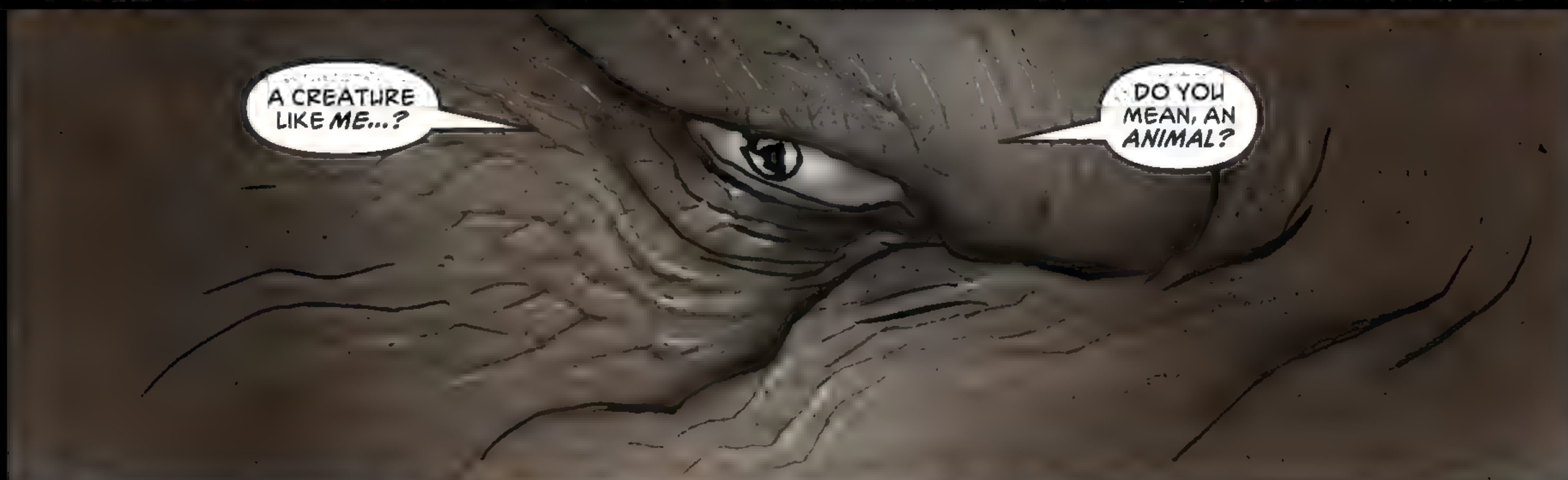
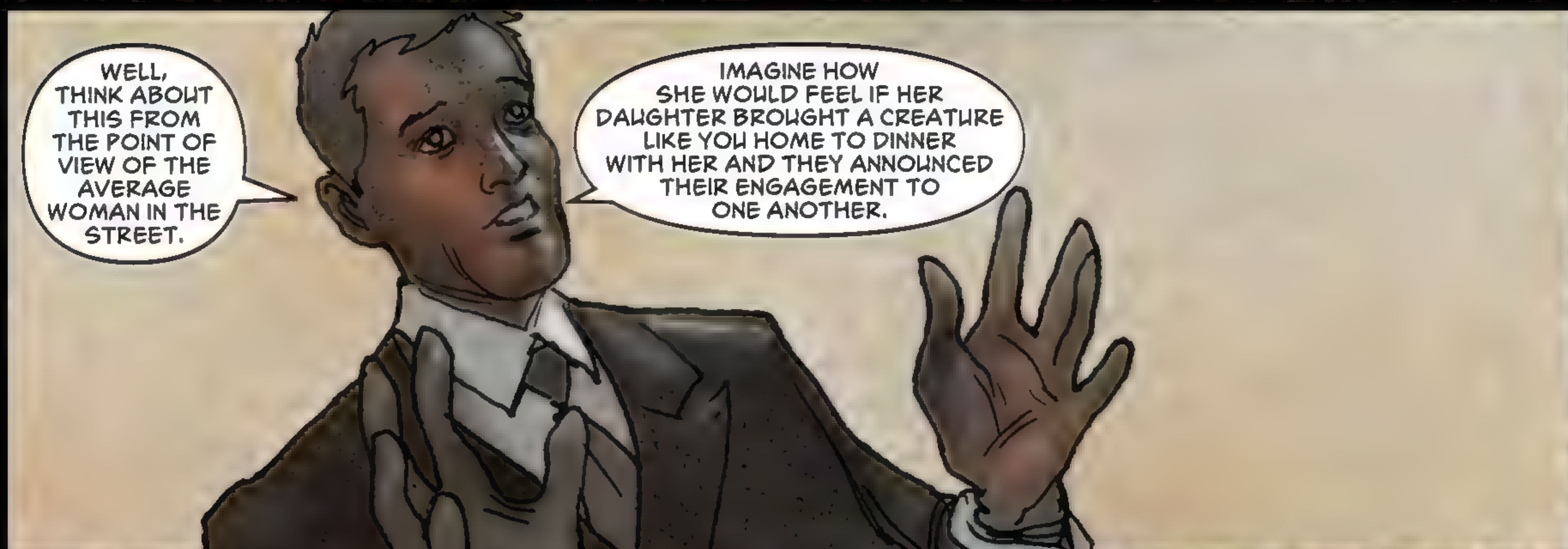
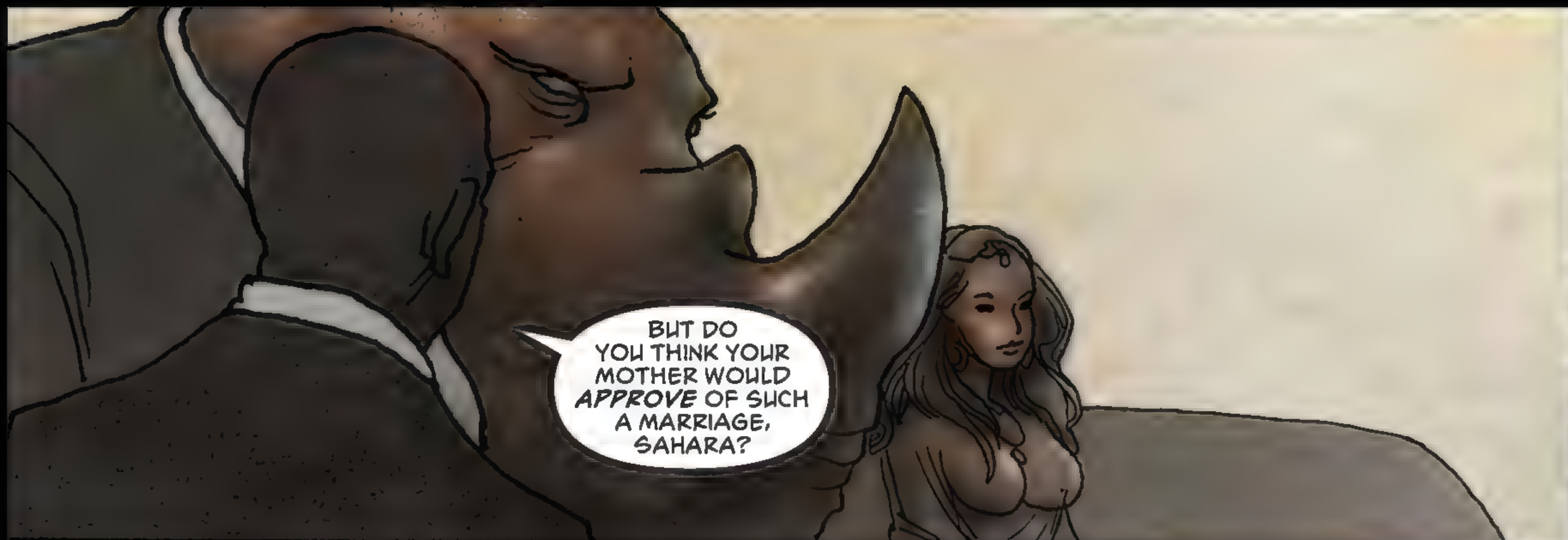
SO HAS
YOUR RELATIONSHIP
WITH OBADIAH BEEN
FUELED BY A DESIRE TO
CONNECT SOMEHOW
WITH YOUR MOTHER'S
EXPERIENCES?

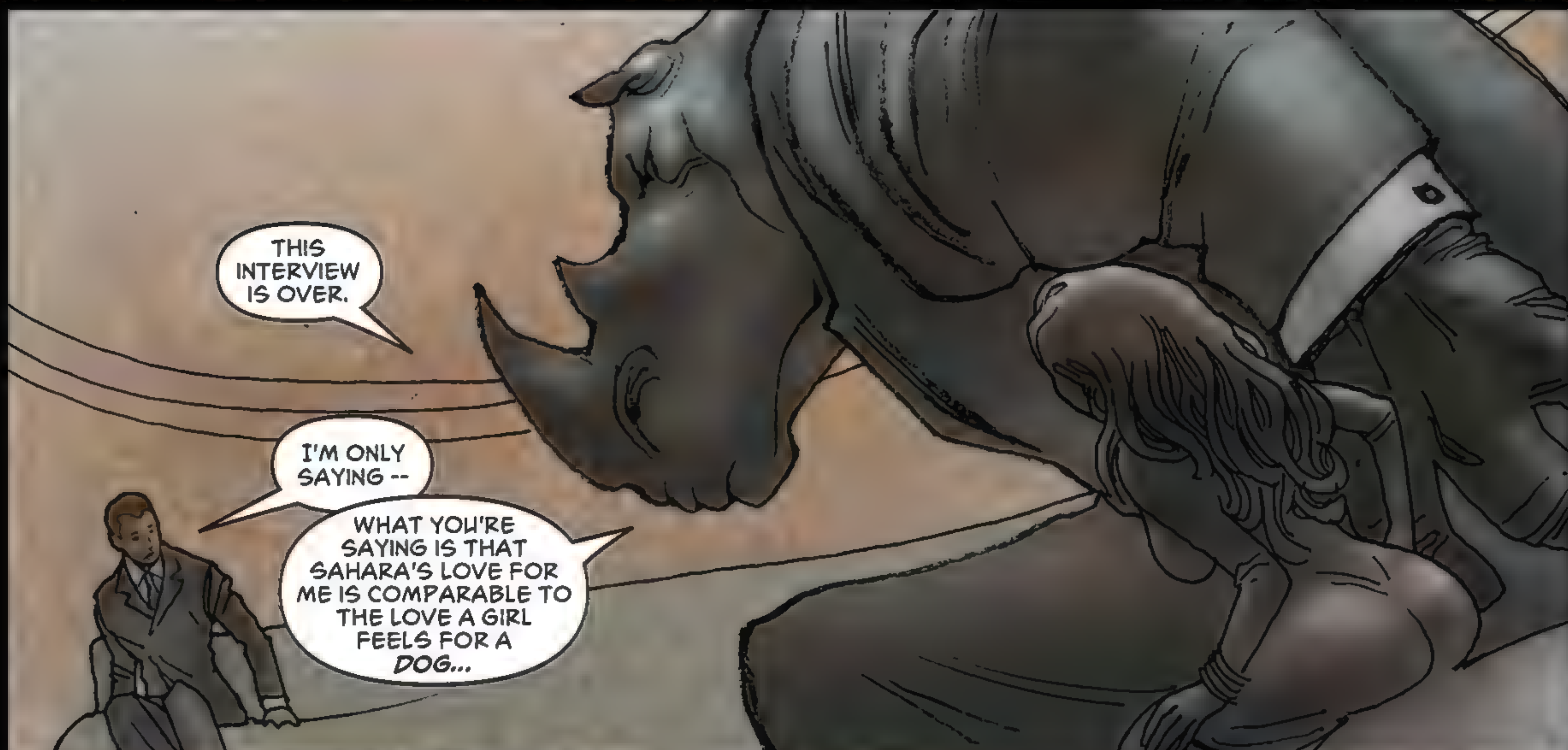


MY
RELATIONSHIP
WITH OBADIAH IS
BASED SOLELY ON
LOVE, MATT.





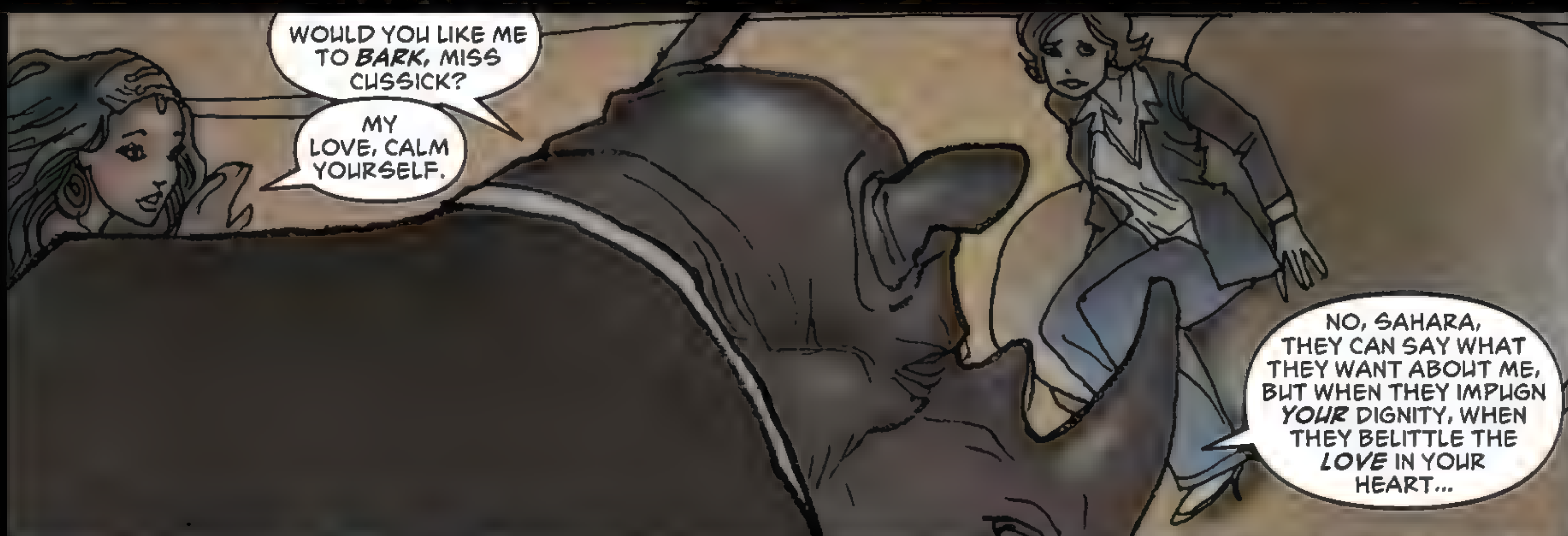




THIS
INTERVIEW
IS OVER.

I'M ONLY
SAYING --

WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING IS THAT
SAHARA'S LOVE FOR
ME IS COMPARABLE TO
THE LOVE A GIRL
FEELS FOR A
DOG...



WOULD YOU LIKE ME
TO *BARK*, MISS
CHSSICK?

MY
LOVE, CALM
YOURSELF.

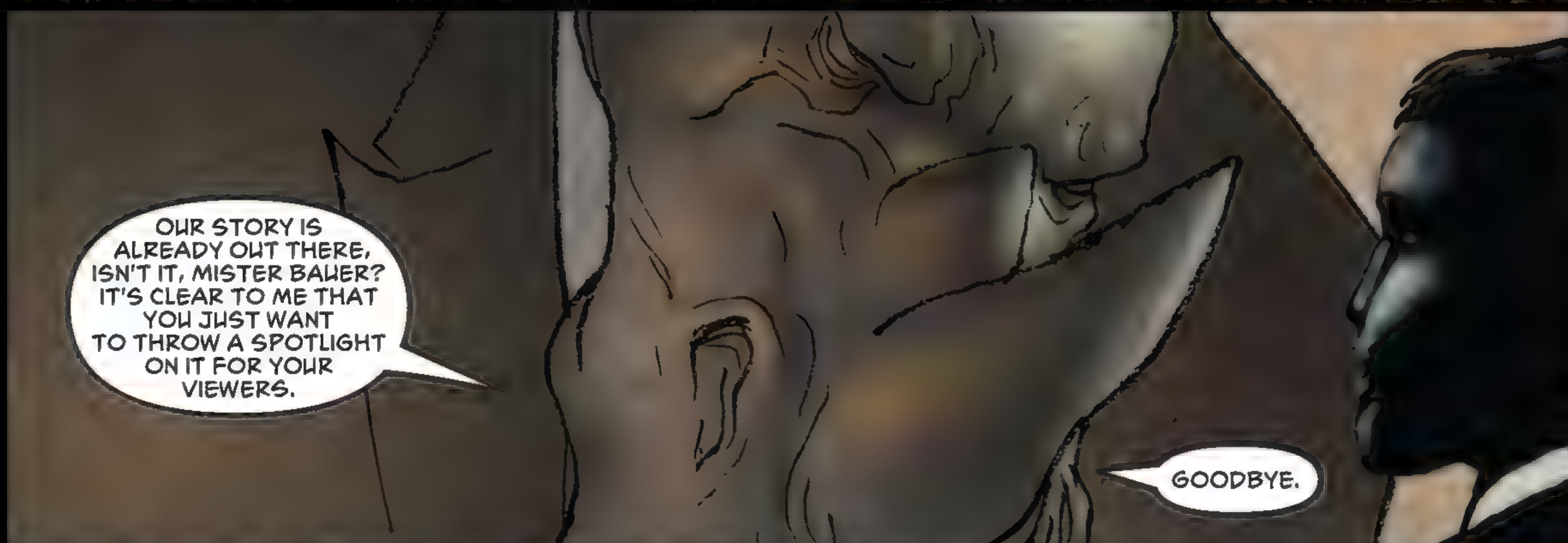
NO, SAHARA,
THEY CAN SAY WHAT
THEY WANT ABOUT ME,
BUT WHEN THEY IMPLUGN
YOUR DIGNITY, WHEN
THEY BELITTLE THE
LOVE IN YOUR
HEART...

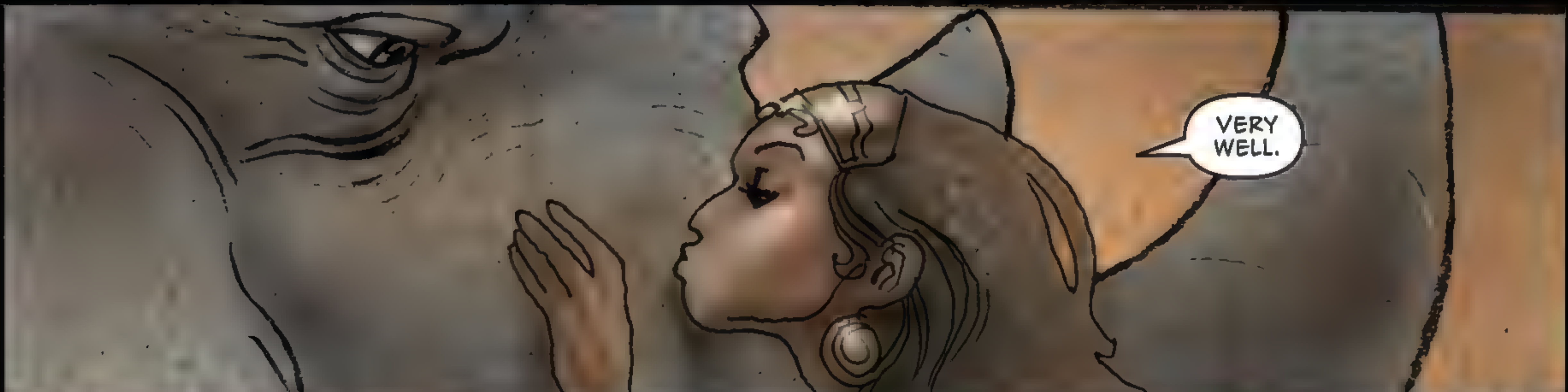


THEY MUST LEARN
THAT MY PATIENCE
IS NOT TO BE
TESTED.



OBADIAH, LET THEM
STAY. LET US ANSWER THEIR
QUESTIONS -- IT WILL HELP
APPEASE PEOPLE'S MINDS AND
HELP LIFT THE VEIL OF SUSPICION
AND MISTRUST THAT
SURROUNDS ALL OF MAPPO'S
CHILDREN.







MISTER
PURCHASE?

YES,
SIR?



THE CREW
THAT WERE JUST
HERE. I WANT YOU TO
BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN
THAT THEY WON'T BE
TROUBLING US
AGAIN...

IS THAT
PERFECTLY
CLEAR?

OF COURSE,
SIR, SUCH TERRIBLE
WEATHER... I'M
SURPRISED ANYONE
WOULD TAKE TO THE
AIR ON A NIGHT LIKE
TONIGHT.



IT MAY NOT
BE THE BIG STORY
THEY EXPECTED TO LEAD
OFF THEIR MORNING SHOW,
BUT AS THEY ARE SO FOND
OF SAYING, "LIFE IS FULL
OF SURPRISES,"
ISN'T IT?

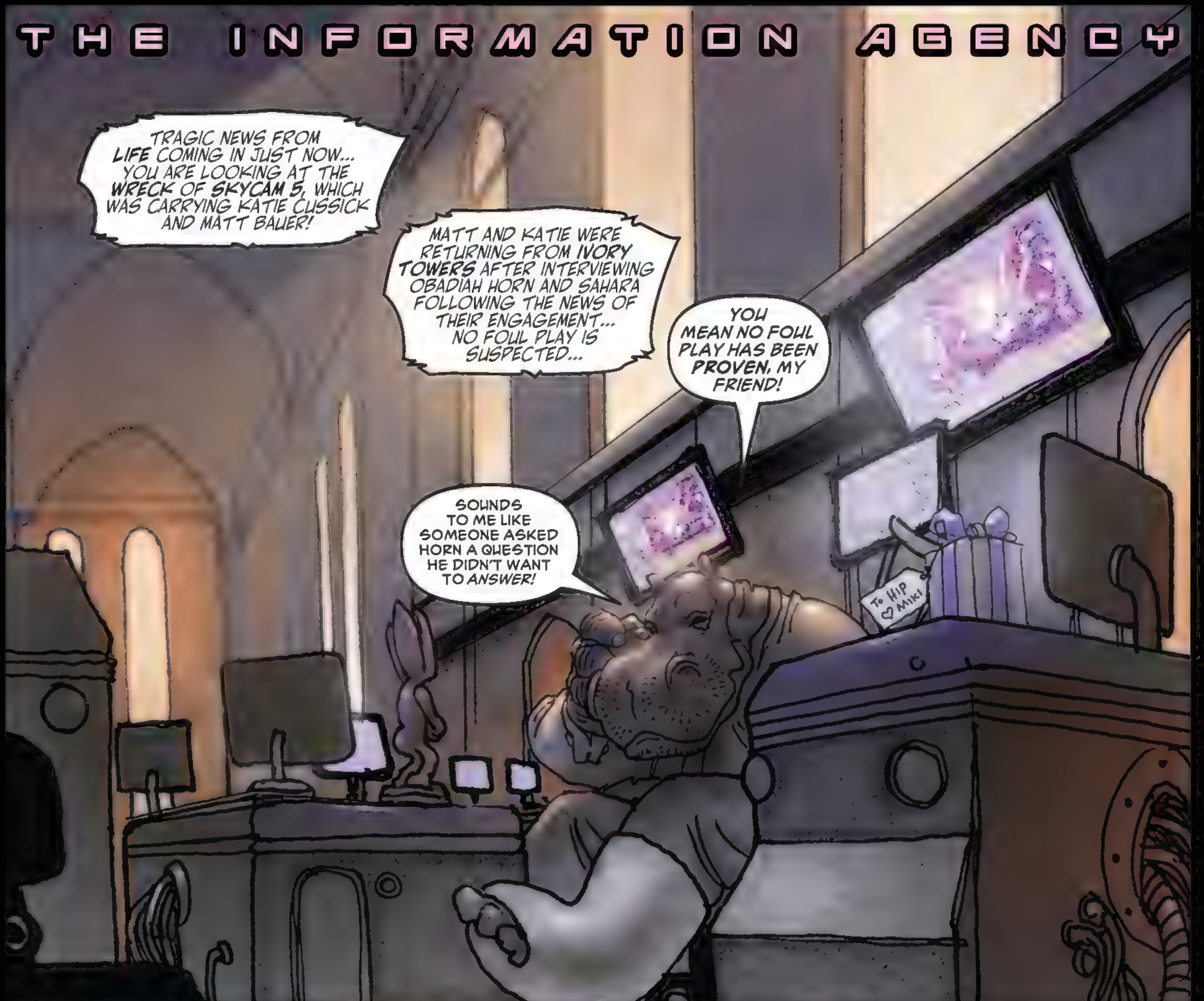
THE INFORMATION AGENCY

TRAGIC NEWS FROM
LIFE COMING IN JUST NOW...
YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE
WRECK OF SKYCAM 5, WHICH
WAS CARRYING KATIE CUSSICK
AND MATT BAUER!

MATT AND KATIE WERE
RETURNING FROM IVORY
TOWERS AFTER INTERVIEWING
OBADIAH HORN AND SAHARA
FOLLOWING THE NEWS OF
THEIR ENGAGEMENT...
NO FOUL PLAY IS
SUSPECTED...

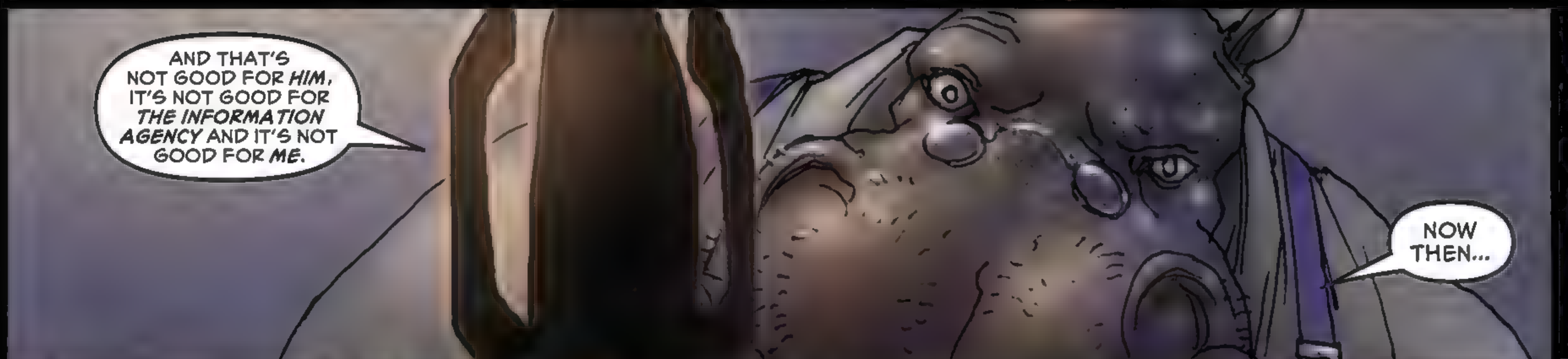
YOU
MEAN NO FOUL
PLAY HAS BEEN
PROVEN, MY
FRIEND!

SOUNDS
TO ME LIKE
SOMEONE ASKED
HORN A QUESTION
HE DIDN'T WANT
TO ANSWER!



AND THAT'S
NOT GOOD FOR HIM,
IT'S NOT GOOD FOR
THE INFORMATION
AGENCY AND IT'S NOT
GOOD FOR ME.

NOW
THEN...



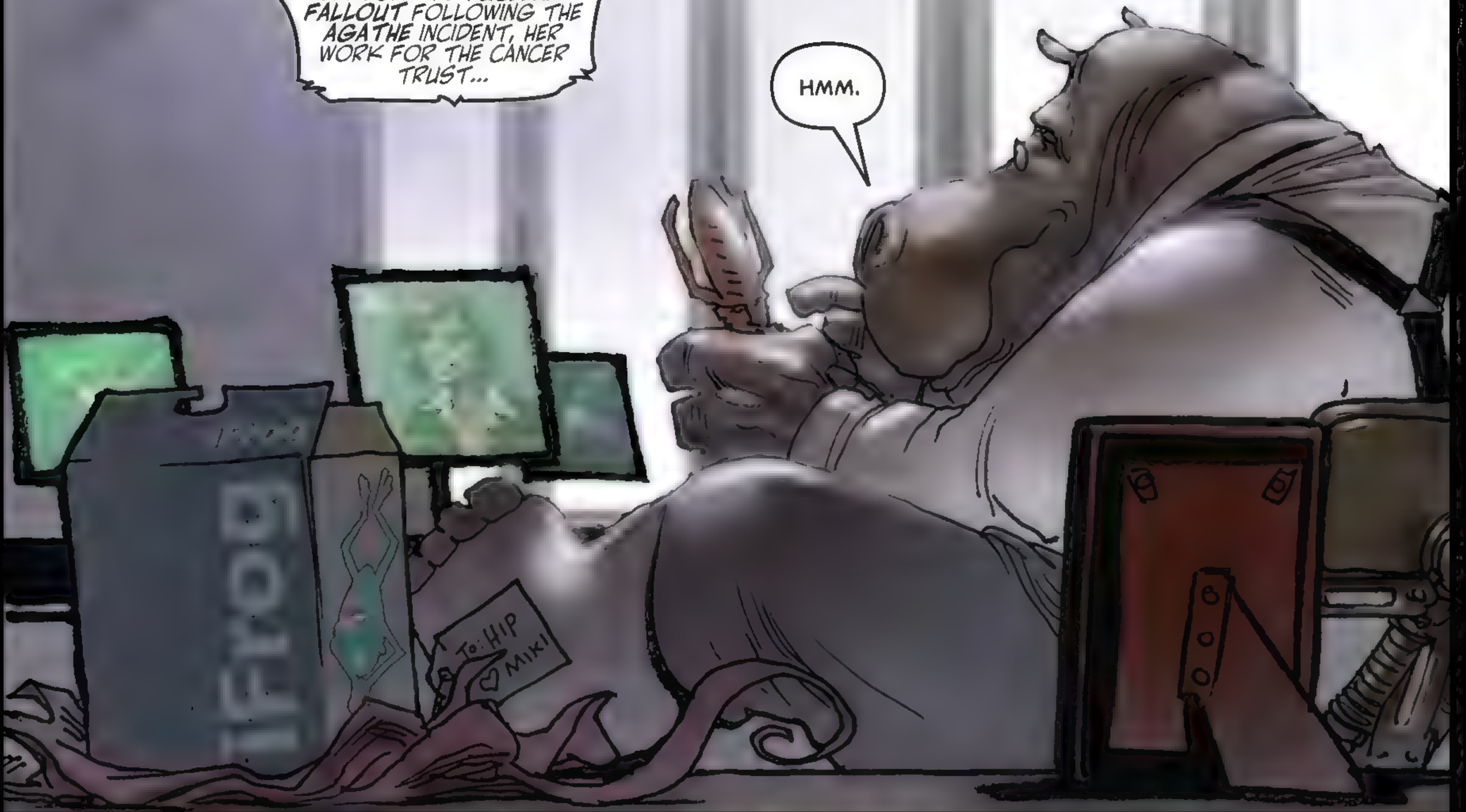
WHAT
ARE YOU
HIDING?



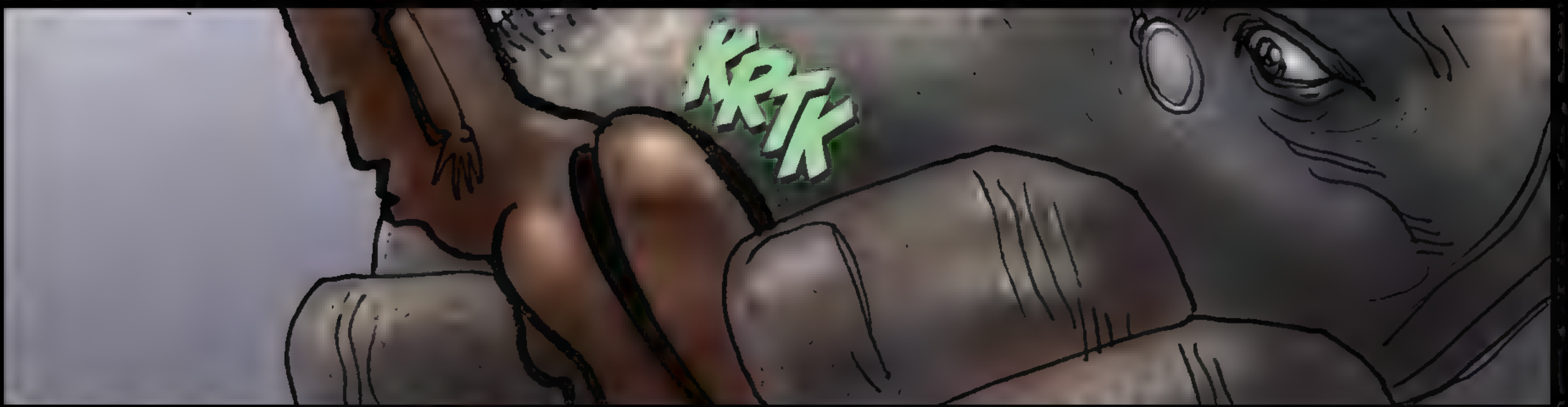
VENICE BEACH

KATIE CUSSICK IS
BEST KNOWN FOR HER
WORK WITH SURVIVORS OF
THE WAR WHO WERE
EXPOSED TO NUCLEAR
FALLOUT FOLLOWING THE
AGATHE INCIDENT, HER
WORK FOR THE CANCER
TRUST...

HMM.



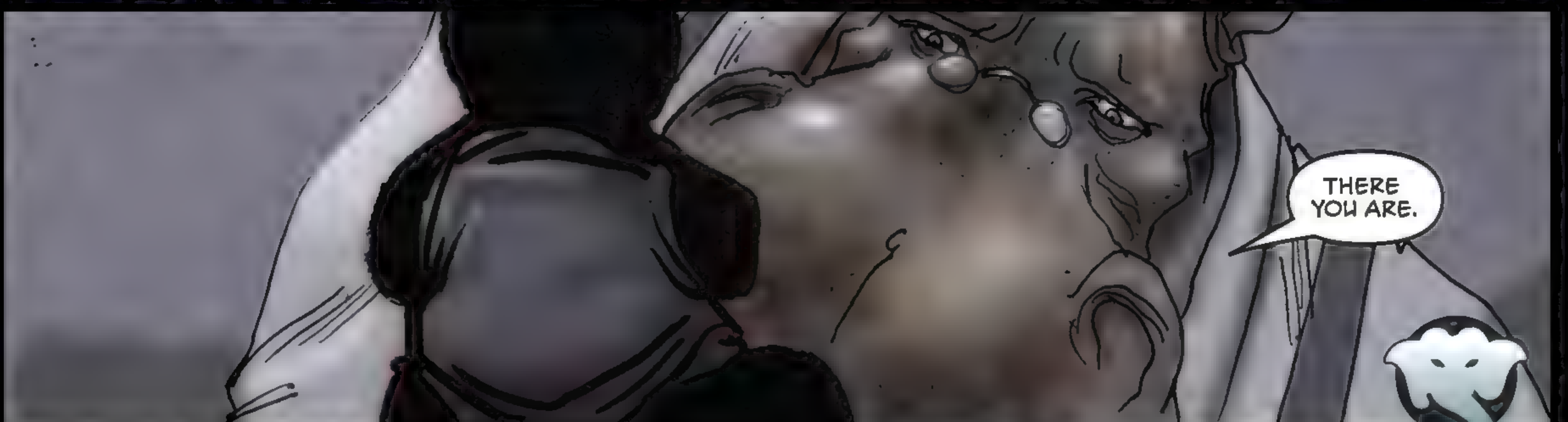
KRTK



AH...



THERE
YOU ARE.





ORIGINAL COVER BY LADRÖNN

RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
IAN
CHURCHILL

THERE ARE
A THOUSAND TALES
OF THE SEA...

...BUT
NONE SO TRAGIC
AS THAT OF...

Captain Stoneheart and the Truth Fairy



A Special Story by Joe Kelly • Chris Bachalo • Aron Lusen

2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

ELEPHANTMEN™

2239: A NEW AND DEADLY VIRUS, BELIEVED TO BE A PLANNED BIOLOGICAL ATTACK, HAS DEVASTATED EUROPE, WHICH IS NOW THE STAGE FOR A BLOODY AND TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN AFRICA AND CHINA. MAPPO'S TRANSGENIC CREATIONS ARE DEPLOYED BY THE NEW AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS. THOUGH SOME FIGHT BACK, EUROPEAN SURVIVORS ARE EXTERMINATED.

2243: A NUCLEAR BLAST BRINGS THE WAR TO A SUDDEN END. MORE THAN 15,000 ELEPHANTMEN HAVE SURVIVE. DEFEATED, REHABILITATED BY THE UNITED NATIONS, THESE GIANTS ARE EVENTUALLY SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD.

2259

NOW: THE ELEPHANTMEN WALK AMONG US STILL; HATED AND FEARED, THEIR PAST ALWAYS PRESENT.



ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART

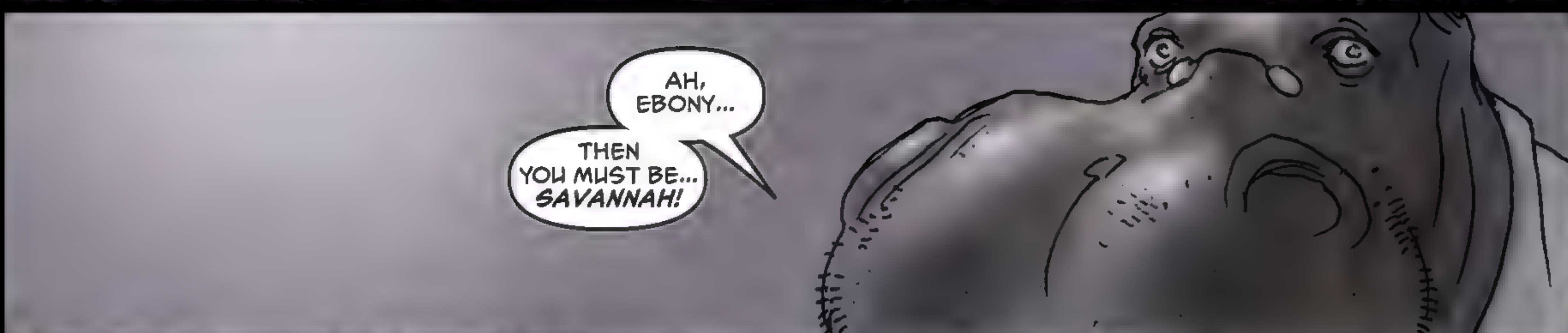


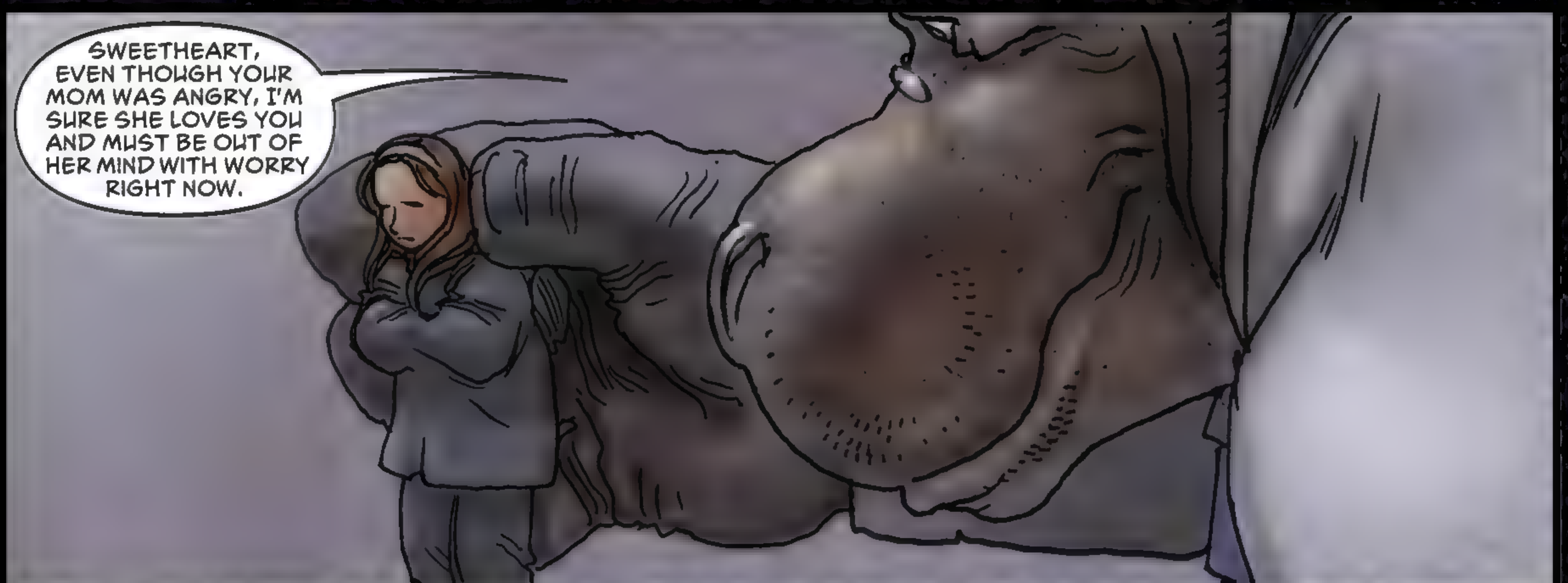
Little Girl Lost

by Starkings & Moritat



V E N I E E B E A C H . 2 2 2 9

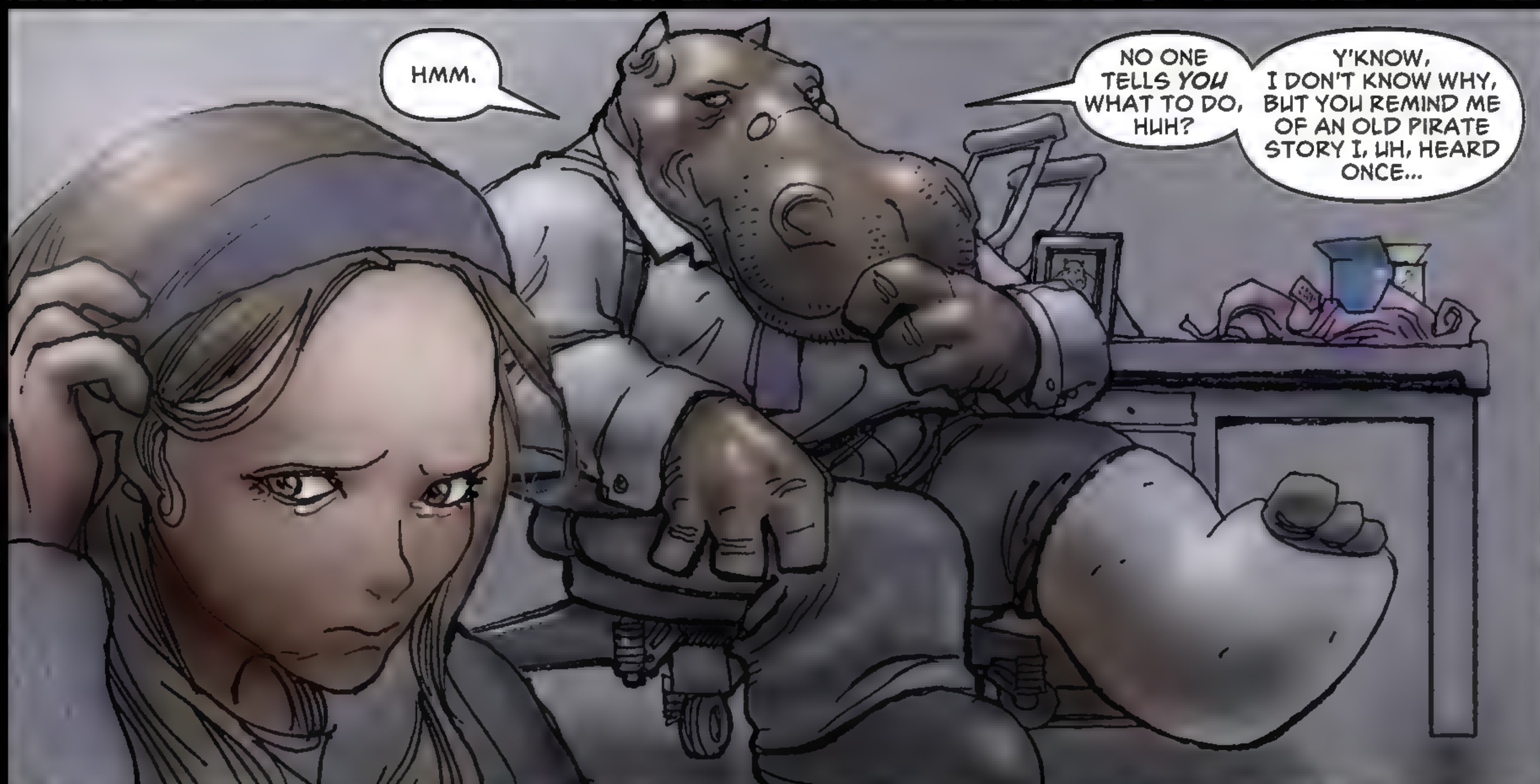






**I'M NOT
GOING
HOME!**

**MY MOM
HATES
ME!**



HMM.

NO ONE
TELLS YOU
WHAT TO DO,
HWH?

Y'KNOW,
I DON'T KNOW WHY,
BUT YOU REMIND ME
OF AN OLD PIRATE
STORY I, UH, HEARD
ONCE...



...A
PIRATE
STORY
?!?



OH, YEAH,
I LOVE A GOOD
OLD YARN ABOUT
PIRACY ON THE
HIGH SEAS...

Y'SEE,
SOME BELIEVE
THAT MAN, BEFORE
HE WAS MAN,
CRAWLED FROM
THE SEA...



Some believe that Man,
before he WAS Man,
crawled from the Sea
to make his fortune
on Land...

...and he's spent
his days ever since
beggin' the Sea that She take him back.

Deep as Night, Wide as Tomorrow,
Alive with Light, Dead with Sorrow;
There be no force on Earth as Mysterious
as Bountiful, as alive as THE SEA...

Keeper of Secrets, Killer of Empires,
Maker of Men, The Sea is ever changing,
and She never tells the same tale twice...

But SOME tales linger longer
or rise higher than others.
Ye can hear them in the Lone Cry of a Gull,
the Lullaby of a Whale,
Waves of Sorrow,
Waves of TRUTH.

Of these, none are
so tragic...



...as the tale of The Stone Pirate
and the S.S. HIPPOGRIFF,
Scourge of all that be holy on
the Seven Seas above,
or even those Eleven
below.

No!

NO MAN
TELLS THE SEA
HOW TO FLOW,
SO NO MAN TELLS ME
WHAT TO DO OR
WHERE TO GO!

SHR211PPP

An **ANGRY** creature
who'd grown
from an **ANGRY** child,
STONEHEART
knew only
the ways of **WAR**.

So it was that he started
fighting as a boy...
And he kept fighting through manhood...
Fighting all the way to this day, which found him
locked in a rage against the peaceful ship

ANEMONE.

CAPTAIN STONEHEART

as he was known by tremblin' children and ol' sea dogs,
was a savage nightmare of a beast, feared not just for his sword
or his ship or his might, but most especially for his **TEMPER**.

When his sights were set on a task, woe betide the man
who dared to tell him "NO!" As it would be
the last gasp t'escape his lips.

No amount of fighting, or **WINNING**,
ever eased the grip of anger on the
Captain's heart... and today his
mood was **ESPECIALLY** vile...

The Anemone had not fired a shot, nor crossed his bow.

Stoneheart attacked the vessel for no other reason than that her captain had asked to let them pass first through a fickle bit of narrows.

When the last of the wounded fell silent and the Anemone's secrets lay bare, one of his men cried out...

CAP'N!
IN THE HOLD!
IT'S AMAZIN'!

Stoneheart coolly replied...

I'LL TELL YE
WHAT'S AMAZIN',
YE BILGE RAT...
ONLY THAT WHAT YE
CAN SELL, STEAL,
OR EAT!

Never did it cross his mind, that the fragile thing that lay below... would change his life **FOREVER...**

Seeing the Fairy, the Captain felt a fleeting connection to her, trapped and alone, and so very far from home.

But it did not hold.

Instead, he found himself planning the great **BADNESS** that could be done with the power of a fairy, for as we all know, the magics of fairies are **ESPECIALLY** strong, and strong magics make a stronger pirate.

In her beauty, the fairy in the bottle was without rival in the Heavens, or the Earth, or the stuff of men's dreams. A wee thing, like a star plucked from the sky and set behind glass.

LUMINESCENT. RADIANT. PERFECT.

After a hideous description of the enemies he'd slay and the villages he'd pillage — omitted here for the faint of heart — the Fairy simply smiled up at Stoneheart, and somehow looked through him, and said,

FOLLOW YOUR
HEART, AND
PARADISE
CAN BE YOURS.
THAT IS THE
TRUTH.

Laughing a little too hard, the Captain boasted,

SINCE MY
HEART HAS LONG
BEEN **DEAD**,
WE'LL FOLLOW SOME
OTHER PART O'ME
INSTEAD!

But he found with great surprise that he avoided her eyes as he covered her cage with his hat.

Alone with the Fairy in his quarters, Stoneheart's mind began to race. He imagined the kingdoms he could rule, the history he could write, all that could be accomplished with the power of that little beastie! However, where his heart was bound by anger, his mind was tethered by one thing only... GREED.

TREASURE. GOLD. LOOT. BOOTY.

Stoneheart unrolled a weathered map, a special map, and pointed to the place where even the greediest of pirates might find satisfaction...

MYSTERY ISLAND!

MYSTERY ISLAND, where GOLD rains from the clouds, the rivers all run with RUM, and a Pirate can pillage in STYLE! Mystery Island had haunted the dreams of countless pirates before Stoneheart, all of whom perished on their quest for the ultimate prize. For along with being the wealthiest spot in this green earth, Mystery Island was also by far the most dangerous. Unless...

CAN YE DO IT,
YE VILE WEE THING?
CAN YE GET ME
T' MYSTERY
ISLAND?

PAST THE
SLITHERIN' SEAS AN'
THE FOREST O' FIRE,
THE GREAT HAG
OF HARUMPF AN'
THE SKELETON
MIRE?

After one too many
a poke from the
stonehearted captain,
the Fairy nodded...
she could do what he
asked, but added, with a
look of deep sadness...

THE
TRUTH IS, SIR,
I DON'T WANT
TO HELP YOU.
I JUST WANT TO
GO HOME.

IF YOU
COULD HELP ME
GET HOME...

But Captain Stoneheart
heard only
what he WANTED to hear...
In the morning
they would sail for
MYSTERY ISLAND!
And TONIGHT...

Tonight they
would
CELEBRATE!

Stoneheart dropped anchor,
loaded his rowboats
with all the
mead & meat & mean
little scalawags
they could carry,
and set off for
his favorite
stretch of
sand...

DANCE,
YE RUM-ADDLED
CUTTHROATS!
DANCE!

There, the Cap'n sang songs
of glory and guts.
His men grooned along,
dancing like lunatics
in the bonfire light.

By any measure,
it was a night of
manic merriment
enjoyed by madmen,
until...

WATCH
YOUR FEET,
PLEASE,
SIR...

The Fairy
called to
Captain Stoneheart
from her
gilded cell.

YOU ARE
CLOSE TO A
FIELD OF
COCONUT
DAISIES.

COCONUT
DAISIES ARE VERY
PRECIOUS, CAPTAIN.
EVERY ONE THAT BLOOMS
IS GROWN FROM A GOOD
DEED, WHICH IS WHY
THEY RUN SO
WILD!

THE TRUTH IS
ONE GOOD DEED LEADS
TO MANY, MANY MORE!
IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND,
PLEASE JUST DANCE
SOMEWHERE ELSE,
THAT THE DAISIES
MIGHT LIVE.

It took Stoneheart a moment to
understand exactly what the wee lassie was saying,
as the mead was a potent brew. She pointed through
the glass at the patch of flowers growing out along the
edge of the beach. Seeing them, Captain Stoneheart swung the
fairy's jar around, straightened his cuffs and cock'd his hat...

And began a slow and steady process of
crushing each and every daisy beneath his heel.

The fairy fell silent
with fear &
surprise.

When his
stomping was
done, the Captain
turned to the fairy, who looked
smaller somehow and pale.
She asked in a voice hoarse
with sorrow how he could be so horrible.
To this, the captain simply smiled
and said...

NO ONE
TELLS THE WIND
HOW TO BLOW, AND
NO ONE TELLS ME
WHERE I CAN'T
GO!

The fairy
sobbed through the night long after the rest of
the pirates fell to sleep... her tears unheeded...
by all but ONE. Even though his head was still
clouded by drink, Stoneheart heard her. He was
surprised, not to mention irritated, that the cries bothered
him at all. He had made MANY people cry.
Women, children, grown men...
But not ONE had ever kept
him from going to sleep.

MUST BE
FAIRY MAGIC...
SHE'S TRYING... TO
TRICK ME INTO DOING
SOMETHING...
STUPID.

Satisfied that he was onto her,
the Captain stuffed his ears with
guncotton and finally fell into
a restless, dreamless sleep.

GOOD
DEEDS,
EH?

LOOK
HOW LONG
THOSE
LAST!

YOURS IS THE
LAUGH OF A MAN
WHO DOES NOT
LAUGH MUCH.

The
Fairy
said,

WHERE
I COME FROM,
PEOPLE LAUGH ALL
THE TIME.

THERE'S
NEVER ANY FIGHTING,
EVERYONE'S ALWAYS
DANCING... IT'S
PARADISE.

Stoneheart gasped...

NO FIGHTING? NO
SWORDS OR STONES?
NO GUNS OR GARROTTS?
THEN HOW DO YOU GET
ANYTHING DONE? HOW
DO THOSE IN CHARGE
STAY IN CHARGE?

TRUTH IS,
WHEN EVERYONE
WORKS TOGETHER AND
EVERYONE BELIEVES IN A
THING, NO ONE'S IN CHARGE,
BECAUSE EVERYONE
SIMPLY DOES WHAT'S
RIGHT.

The
CAPTAIN
pondered this.

How... NICE
the fairy's world
sounded,
if a little bit boring,
and for a moment,
he was lost in the
sound of Fairy
laughter.

Time passed. Nights fell and
days broke, and then...
in a particularly quiet portion
of THE DOLDRUMS,
one night fell particularly
hard on the crew of
the HIPPOGRIFF.

Sailing through inky waters, the ship
had disturbed the watery graves of
THE SLEEPLESS SAILORS,
poor wretches who loved nothing but the sea,
and had lost their very souls to the depths.

Drawn to the Hippogriff by the light cast by
the TRUTH FAIRY as moths to a flame,
the undead creatures clawed through dark waters,
strong wood and soft pirates, yearning
ever closer to her soothing glow.

Stoneheart
roared —

WHAT
DO THEY
WANT
?!?

TRUTH IS,
SIR, I THINK THEY
WANT ME. DARKNESS
ALWAYS
CRAVES THE
LIGHT...

AND IN
THIS PLACE
I FEAR I'M
TOO
BRIGHT.

The Captain pulled the Fairy up against
his chest like a glowing doll, yet
still the Sleepless Sailors moaned
at the sight of her, and
their cries drove the
captain mad.

Tearing
through
the
animated
corpses like a
typhoon,
Stoneheart
lost himself in
a haze of rage and blood, and cried out,

NEVER!
**SHE'S
MINE!**

SHE'S...
SHE'S MUCH TOO
BEAUTIFUL FOR
THE LIKES OF
MONSTERS
LIKE YOU!

TOO
BEAUTIFUL,
TOO... KIND. TOO
BRIGHT!

He hid her then, under his vest, next to his heart... and simply
STOPPED FIGHTING. And as the Sleepless Ones lost
sight of the Fairy... lost all hope of the warmth such cold things crave,
they dropped their arms, and fell back into the sea.

For a long while, the Captain did not move, silent,
lost in the warm glow against his cold body...

Then the Fairy spoke,

TELL THE
TRUTH, SIR,
PLEASE...

WHY
ARE YOU SO
ANGRY?

No ONE had ever dared ask him such a thing before, and he thought he'd just throw her overboard that instant...

But he Didn't. Instead... he spoke from the bottom of his stony heart.

"I WAS ALWAYS ANGRY... BORN TO AN ANGRY FATHER WHO WOULD KICK ME AROUND WITH HIS WOODEN LEG. IN HIS WORLD NO GOOD TURN WENT UNPUNISHED, AND NEVER WAS I ALLOWED A GOOD DAY... THOUGH 'T WAS ALL I'D EVER WANTED AS A CHILD...

"IN THAT WAY, MY FATHER TAUGHT ME THE WAYS OF THE WORLD, THE WAYS OF MEN. I LEARNED THAT DREAMING AND BEING GOOD AND NICE GOT YE NOTHING BUT DEAD. TO SURVIVE, YE HAD TO SHOW NO MERCY. ASK NO QUARTER. YE STAKE YER CLAIM AND YE FIGHT AND YE KILL AND YE HOWL UNTIL THAT WHICH YE WANTED WAS YOURS.

"'T WAS A LESSON I LEARNED WELL. NOW, NO MAN TELLS ME WHAT TO DO. I TAKE WHAT I WANT AND I SMASH ANY WHO SAY DIFFERENT."

As he finished his story, he looked down at the Fairy to see her CRYING.

WHAT ARE YE CRYIN' ABOUT?!

He asked, and she started to speak... but stopped, and climbed sadly into her cage.

Finally after a hundred heartbeats, she said...

TRUTH IS, SIR, EVEN IF YOUR HEART IS MADE OF STONE...

I THINK THERE'S STILL A LITTLE BOY IN THERE WHO WISHES THINGS WERE DIFFERENT.

AND THEY CAN BE, YOU KNOW... IF YOU LET THEM.

The Captain looked at the little wisp of a thing and said,

TRUTH IS... NO ONE TELLS THE WIND HOW TO BLOW... AND NO ONE TELLS ME WHERE TO GO. 'TIS THE ONLY WAY I KNOW.

Stoneheart watched as she covered herself with Daisy leaves, and wept herself to sleep.

Two days off from MYSTERY ISLAND, the Hippogriff was set upon by the vilest thing crawling through the world's waters.
THE GREAT HAG OF HARUMPF!

A horrendous old thing that dined on the dark souls of evil pirates, the Hag's wickedness was fed by the bad deeds of others, and when the Hippogriff sailed her way, she sensed a satisfying meal!

She tore at the Hippogriff with her HAIR OF BROKEN DREAMS, and lashed at the crew with her foul stench of confusion.

No cannons could harm her. No blades could cut her. As she lifted the ship from the water with a cackle that would chill an iceberg...

Even CAPTAIN STONEHEART felt for the first time, in a life filled with pain, that his end was near...

So he reached for his greatest weapon, that wee bit of magic fluff, but with a start, Stoneheart realized that the Fairy's cage had toppled from its perch, and its golden clasp had broken.

The Truth Fairy stood at the port side porthole... a wing flap away from freedom, and he, powerless to stop her, for as you know, while the Great Hag of the Sea could eat the skin off an old pirate's bones, she had no power over Fairies!

As the cold grip of death tightened, Stoneheart looked into the Fairy's eyes, waiting for her to fly off and leave him to die with his crew... And she should, he thought, for he knew he deserved no better...



But she did
not flee.

The Truth Fairy
flew madly
around the Hag
in an attempt to
scare her away.

The crew of
the ship
was shocked, and
no one more so
than the CAPTAIN,
who thought
for sure that
the Fairy must
have suffered a
concussion
during her fall.

But the Hag was neither distracted
nor persuaded to leave by the
Truth Fairy's antics, so with a wink
and a flash, the Fairy dove for
the Captain faster than
the Hag's lightning strike...

And from his stony
heart, she pulled
the one thing that she
knew would scare away
an old sea hag who
dined on Dark
Thoughts...

... A GOOD DREAM.

Down, down, deep inside the dark recesses of the Captain's twisted heart,
the Truth Fairy found a Good Dream that sparkled with happiness.
A dream buried so far down inside him, the Captain
hardly remembered dreaming it at all...

But there it was...

Captain Stoneheart and the Truth Fairy,

DANCING. PLAYING. HAPPY.

Even the Great Hag of Harumpf could
not withstand the power of such
idyllic imaginings, and she fled, back
to the depths for another
thousand years of solitude,
anger, and regret.

Meanwhile,
above...

The Crew hailed Captain Stoneheart
as their hero, for finding a way to
outsmart the Hag. But he did not
share in their revelry. He knew he'd
done nothing but dream... it was the Fairy...
The Fairy who COULD have left them
all to perish, but instead had saved
his dirty band of fools.

The crew's revelry continued
long into the night, but
Stoneheart did not dance,
or drink, or sing
pirate songs...

Instead,
he looked
at maps...

...made notes,
and, as his
crew slept...

Stoneheart
changed
course.

The next morning, at dawn's break,
Stoneheart woke the Truth Fairy,
with a strange sound
in his voice.

GET UP,
GIRL! THERE'S
WORK T'BE DONE!
HARD, HARD
WORK!

By the time
she'd wiped the
fairy dust from her
eyes, she realized
what lay within the
voice of the grizzled
old Captain...

'Twas the
sound of
a smile.

The vicious Stone
Pirate, Scourge o'
the Seven Seas
above and the
Eleven below...

...had brought her
HOME.

The air was heavy with music and laughter, the smell of jasmine, clover, and spun candy.
The dew on the leaves was perfume, and the sand on the beach was powdered sugar.
Fairies of all shapes and sizes flitted in and about the glorious village, at peace,
in love, and at one with all that was good about the world.

For the first time since he could remember,
Captain Stoneheart felt JOY.

Even his crew, a vile and scurvy lot,
could not maintain dark thoughts in their minds.
The greed and passionate pursuit of Mystery Island all seemed...
SILLY now, for what treasure, what baubles,
what streets of gold could compare to this...

PARADISE.

The Truth Fairy turned to him with questions obvious,
but he stopped her with one of his own.

WHY DIDN'T
YOU LEAVE US
WHEN THE HAG
ATTACKED
US?

Through tears of joy,
the Fairy Maid replied,

TRUTH IS,
I THOUGHT THAT
MAYBE IF SOMEONE DID
SOMETHING KIND FOR YOU,
YOU MIGHT REMEMBER
KINDNESS IN YOUR OWN
HEART... AND I WAS
RIGHT.

Stoneheart
looked at her,
long and deep,
and said,

I'M NOT
SURE IF THAT BE
TRUE... NOT SURE IF I'VE
GONE MAD, OR I'M JUST
PAYING DOWN A DEBT...
BUT IT DOES FEEL
NICE.

COME...

She
said,

LET ME
SHOW YOU
HOW NICE IT
CAN BE.

And she did.

The Festival to Celebrate the Truth Fairy's Return lasted for an entire week. It was glorious. Pirates who were once thieves and brigands took a sudden interest in smiling and play, tea parties and feng shui, and laughter... So much laughter.

The Captain, seeing his men at peace and the Truth Fairy radiant with joy, had decided to forego the quest for Mystery Island, and he felt proud about his choice. HE had chosen to reward the Truth Fairy's kindness. HE was in control of his destiny...

...and he wanted to lift a glass to celebrate. The Fairies who were partial to drinking drinks that were a little stronger than Daisy Tea seemed to enjoy an Apple Wine, enchanted to be sure.

I THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO TRY THAT APPLE WINE OF YOURS, FAIRY. IT LOOKS LIKE GOOD FUN!

The fairy looked at the Apple Keg sadly, then flew to the Captain and fixed him with a gaze of such intensity he felt her stare brush up against his soul.

DO YOU LIKE IT HERE, GOOD CAPTAIN?

OF COURSE I DO! THIS IS PARADISE!

He said, a bit confused that she hadn't poured him a glass yet.

DO YOU WANT TO STAY?

FOREVER, IF YOU'LL HAVE ME!

He laughed, getting thirstier as he spoke.

THEN, THE TRUTH IS, YOU CANNOT DRINK THE APPLE WINE. IT IS A POWERFUL, MYSTICAL BREW, MEANT FOR FAIRIES ALONE. IT WOULD BE HARMFUL TO A MORTAL, SIR...

EVEN ONE AS STRONG AS YOU.

At this, the Captain snorted. He'd drunk everything from sea water to Kraken's blood, and had nary a hangover.

GOOD CAPTAIN THE TRUTH IS, IF YOU HEED THIS ONE REQUEST, AND STAY FAR FROM THE APPLE BREW, YOU AND I WILL LIVE HERE TOGETHER IN BLISS FOREVER...

BUT IF YOU DRINK THE WINE, ALL WILL BE LOST.

She touched his cheek with her tiny hand.

CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME? FOR US?

Stoneheart pulled his eyes away from the cask, with a sigh...

AYE, FOR YE... FOR US, I CAN.

Yet even as she hugged him tight, the scent of apples and yeast tickled at his nose, and a black spot in his heart began to fester.

As you know, Stoneheart was just not accustomed to having his requests refused, ESPECIALLY not when all those around him were living their every wish. He tried, he did, to take the Truth Fairy's words to heart, he tried to enjoy the paradise he'd found. In this place, all sins had been forgiven, all hate had been washed away. He could laugh, he could dance, he could SOAR...

BUT THE FAIRY HAD TOLD HIM THERE WAS SOMETHING HE COULD NOT DO. Even if she WAS the most honest and caring being he'd ever met... Even if it was true, that drinking the Apple Brew would somehow break her heart...

YOU DID NOT TELL CAPTAIN STONEHEART WHAT TO DO.

'Twas the one constant rule by which he lived his life. Still the Fairy's words rang in his ears...

'TIS SUCH A LITTLE THING, SUCH A SMALL REQUEST. WE HAVE TEN THOUSAND OTHER WINES HERE, ALL OF THEM THE BEST. JUST LET IT GO, DEAR STONEHEART, THAT'S ALL I'LL EVER ASK. DON'T TASTE THE APPLE WINE, AND IN LOVE'S GLOW YOU'LL FOREVER BASK.

But as time passed, the fairy's sweet words of reason were drowned by the whispering voices of treason...



What is she keeping from you...?

What's so special about that wine that YOU CAN'T HAVE IT...?

How can she say she's your friend, if she won't share EVERYTHING...?

Perhaps she doesn't TRUST you...?

Perhaps she thinks you're WEAK...?

WEAK? WEAKNESS WAS SOMETHING THE CAPTAIN COULD NEVER ABIDE.



So late one night, after the
dancing and the plate
spinning and the nightshade lighting...
He crept, while all slept,
to the Apple cask

NO ONE TELLS
THE SEA HOW TO ROIL,
OR THE POT WHEN TO BOIL.
NO ONE TELLS THE WINDS
HOW TO BLOW, OR THE
SUN WHERE TO GO.

I SHALL TASTE
THIS BREW, AND SHOW
THEM ALL THAT NO ONE
TELLS ME WHAT TO DO.
JUST A SIP WILL BE ENOUGH
TO SHOW THEM ALL THAT
I'M STILL TOUGH.

The Sip became a Slurp.
The Slurp became a Gulp.
The Gulp became
a Guzzle.

By the time
the Guzzle
became a
bona fide Chug,
Stoneheart was
lost in
the wine's
enchantments.

Apple Wine,
as the Truth Fairy
warned, was simply not
meant for mortals.
For instead of making them
feel good and light,
it finds their dark thoughts and
gives them form.

And Stoneheart, despite the love he'd received from the Fairy and her kin,
still had demons plaguing his mind...

The night screamed through him in waves of fear and
memories and dreams of vanquished enemies and all
that he'd ever done wrong and all the bad he'd ever felt...
and the dark and the monstrosity and anger anger anger
and he that was the Scourge of the Seven Seas above
and the Eleven below lived it all, in One Night...

UNTIL HE FELL, SPENT.

A state like sleep, but closer to death enveloped him for the next ten hours. When he finally woke, his head pounded like cannon fire, and his heart felt cold as ice...

But this was nothing to the horror he felt when his eyes agreed to focus again... and he saw what his foolish arrogance had wrought.

The fairy village, destroyed by his mad dancing and screams and dreams. His newfound family gone without a trace.

Even his own men gone.

And the Truth Fairy... The best friend he'd ever had, crumpled in a heap, weeping.

It was the saddest sound he'd ever heard and ever would.

Even as he found the strength to claw his way to her, apologies from deep inside flew from his mouth...

I'M SORRY, FAIRY! I'M SORRY! IT-IT WAS JUST A SIP! JUST A LITTLE WINE!

TELL ME HOW TO MAKE IT BETTER!

TELL ME HOW TO FIX THIS!

With a heart weary stare she turned to him. With eyes burned by tears and sand and the scene behind her, she looked at him, through him, and said...

THE TRUTH IS... YE CANNOT FIX THIS, CAPTAIN. THE TRUTH IS, I ASKED YE BUT ONE FAVOR, ONE KINDNESS IN RETURN FOR PARADISE, AND MY UNDYING LOVE....

I ASKED YE TO TRUST IN ME AND LET GO... AND YE COULD NOT DO IT.

IN BREAKING THAT TRUST, YE BROKE MY FAITH... YE BROKE MY HOME...

And, as her eyes fluttered closed for the last time, she whispered...

YE BROKE MY HEART.

A sound erupted from the Captain then. A sound never heard before or since... The mighty Scourge o' the Seven Seas above and the Eleven below... Crying. His tears were torn from the bottom of his heart, where all stone had finally cracked away, leaving naught but sorrow.

The Captain's Stone Heart was BROKEN.

For hours he begged her to come back. Even after her body turned back into the Daisy from which she was born. Even after day turned to night and back again, no forgiveness came, no laughter was heard.

The Captain could not find another soul on the beach after that, neither fairy nor pirate. Some say they all turned back into daisies. Others say they rebuilt their homes in a land far away from pirates and mortals...

Captain Stoneheart would never know the truth.

He burned what was left of the village then silently turned and set off for the only home he'd ever know... The Sea.

Returning to the Hippogriff, alone and crewless, he somehow managed to turn the ship around and sailed off into the mists of legend.

Aye, but though he lurched that once proud battleship out to the bosom of the sea, his thoughts and his heart remained on the beach that day...

...burning with the fruits of his folly.

There are a thousand tales of the sea, but none so tragic as that of

Captain Stoneheart

and the Truth Fairy

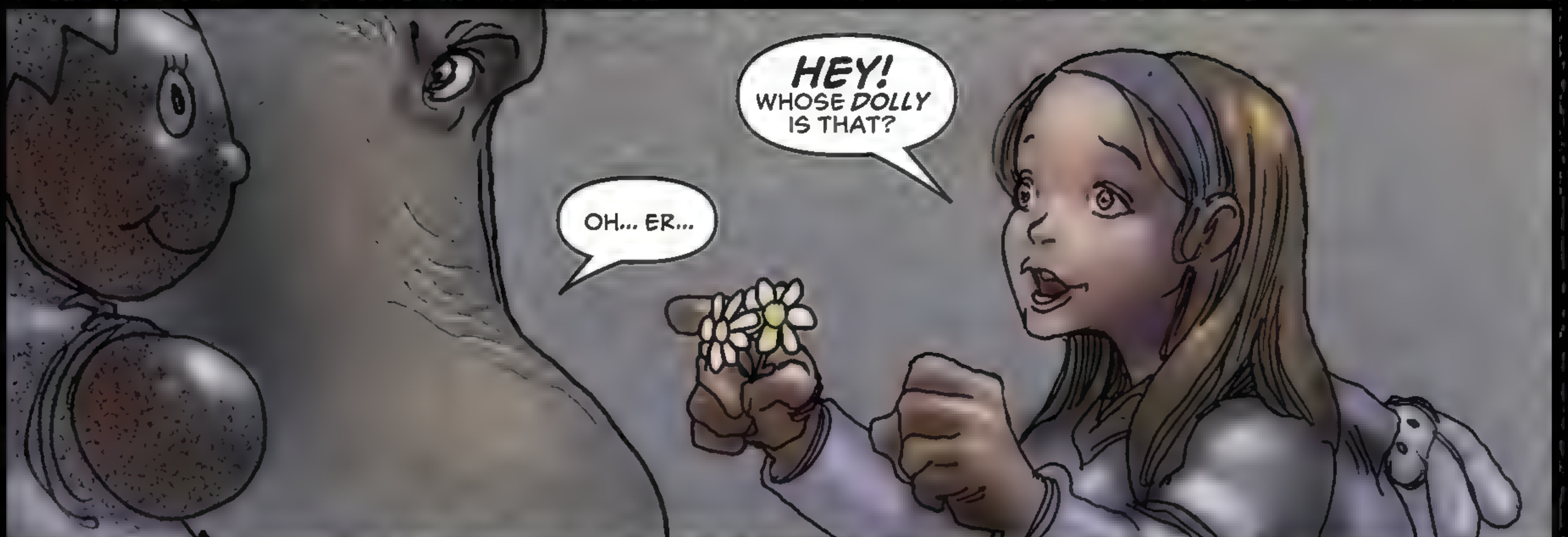
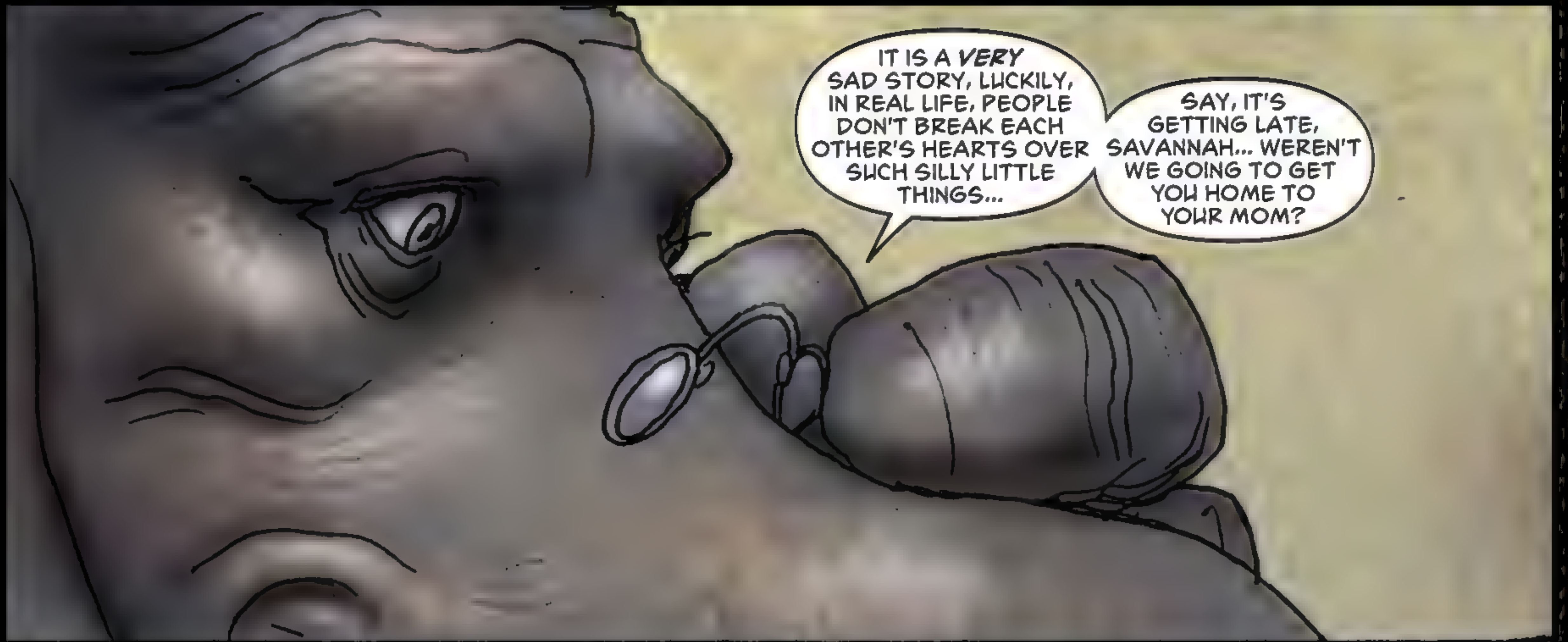
The tale of a creature who, after a lifetime of fighting, held paradise in his hand, but lost it... because he would not let go of the anger inside his stony heart.

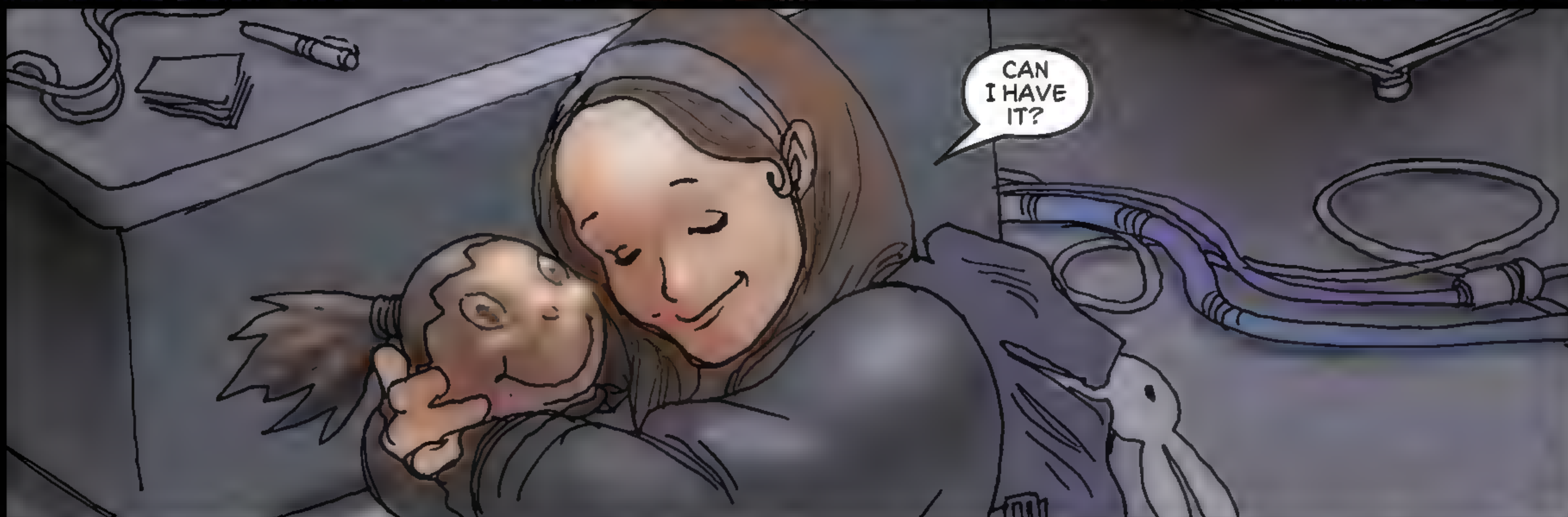
That day marked the last voyage of the Hippogriff and the Stone Pirate. For that was the day he left the Island of Dreams...

...and took to the sad cold ocean, never to be heard from again.

JOE KELLY CHRIS BACHALO ARON LUSEN RICHARD STARKINGS





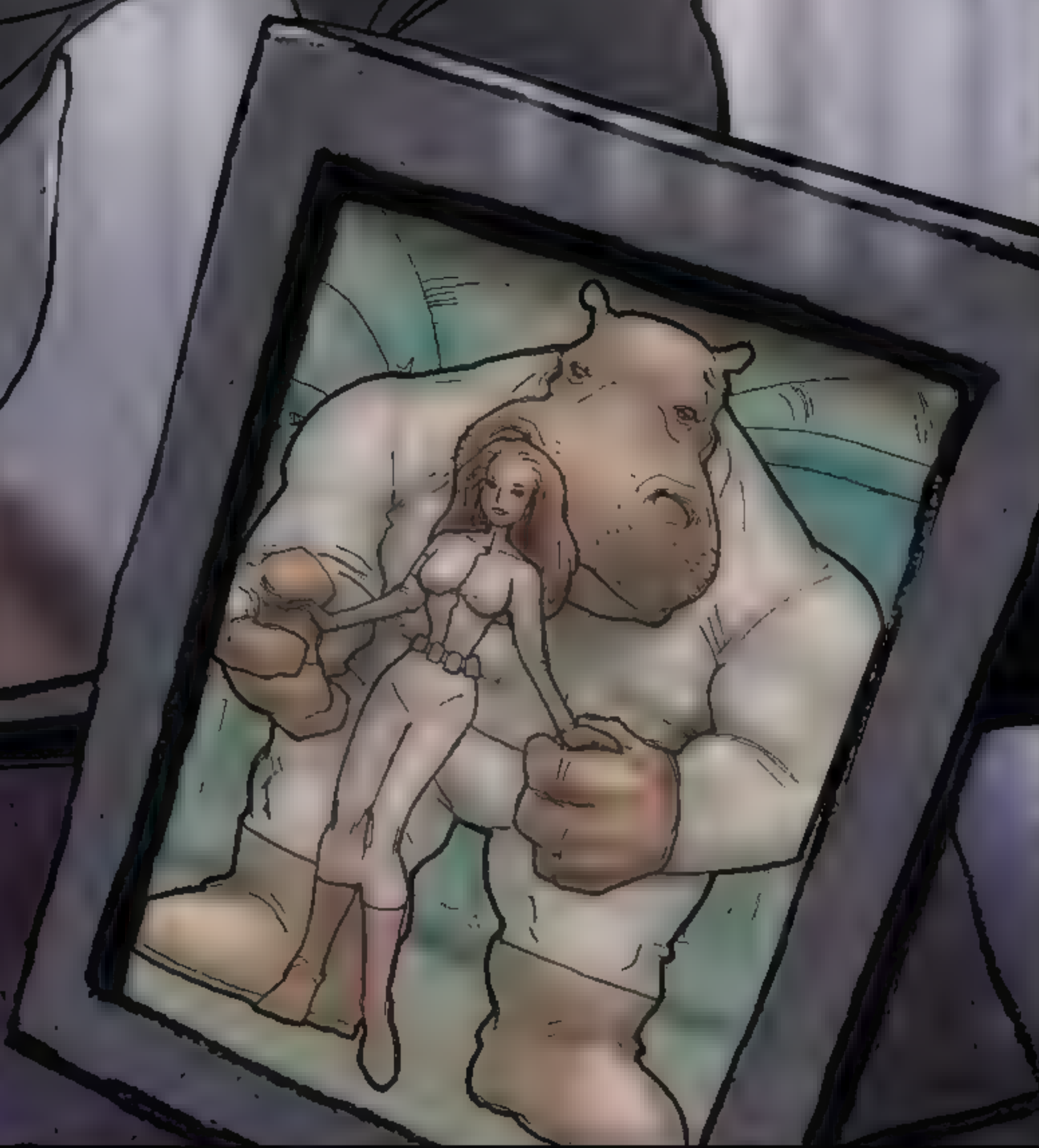




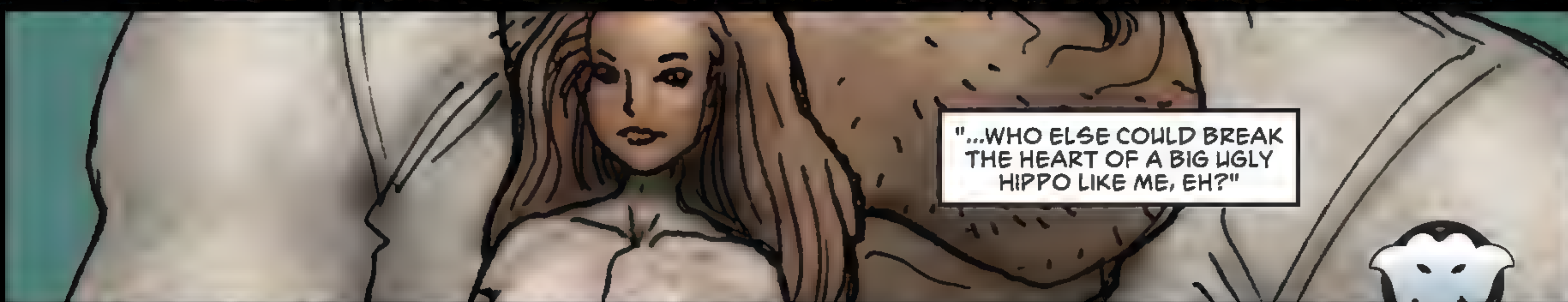
DID ANYONE
EVER BREAK YOUR
HEART, CAP'N?

...

WELL, I
THINK YOU JUST DID,
SWEETHEART...



"...AFTER ALL..."



"...WHO ELSE COULD BREAK
THE HEART OF A BIG UGLY
HIPPO LIKE ME, EH?"





ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN

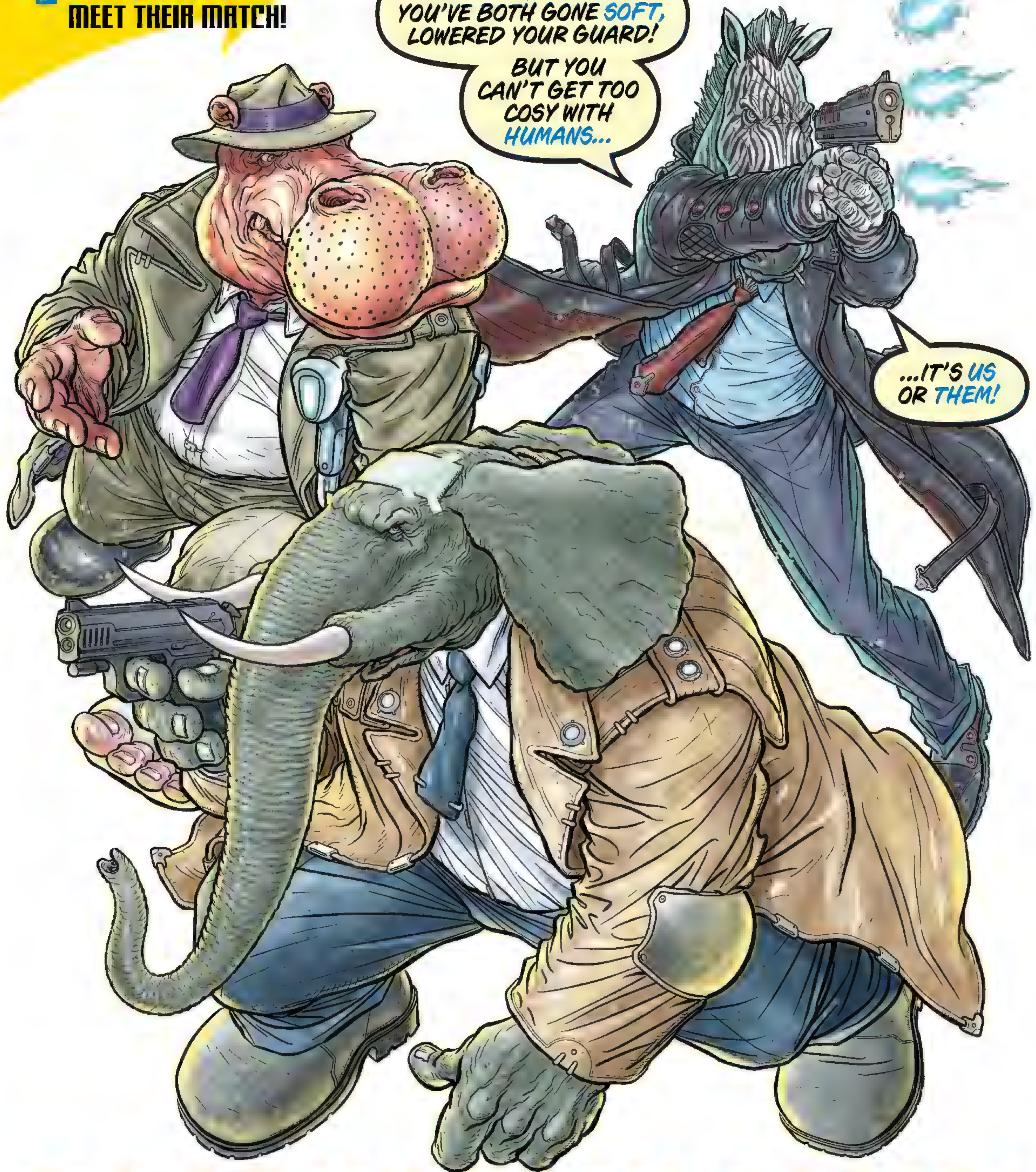
ELEPHANTMEN

HIP FLASK AND
EBONY HIDE
MEET THEIR MATCH!

LIEUTENANT TRENCH!

FACE IT, FLASK!
YOU'VE BOTH GONE SOFT,
LOWERED YOUR GUARD!
BUT YOU
CAN'T GET TOO
COSY WITH
HUMANS...

...IT'S US
OR THEM!



BROTHERS IN ARMS!

2218: THE MAPPO CORPORATION SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES HUMAN AND ANIMAL DNA TO CREATE NEW KINDS OF TERRIFYING CREATURES THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE

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2259

NOW: THE ELEPHANTMEN WALK AMONG US STILL; HATED AND FEARED, THEIR PAST ALWAYS PRESENT.



ELEPHANTMEN REMASTERED
RICHARD STARKINGS | JOHN ROSHELL
PRESIDENT & FIRST TIGER | SECRET WEAPON

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TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART

TRENCH WARFARE!

BY STARKINGS & MORITAT

BLAM

IT'S ALL
YOURS, PAL...
ALL YOURS...

COME
AND GET
IT!

**BLAM
BLAM**

LONG BEACH DOCKS • 2259

HUNNH?!

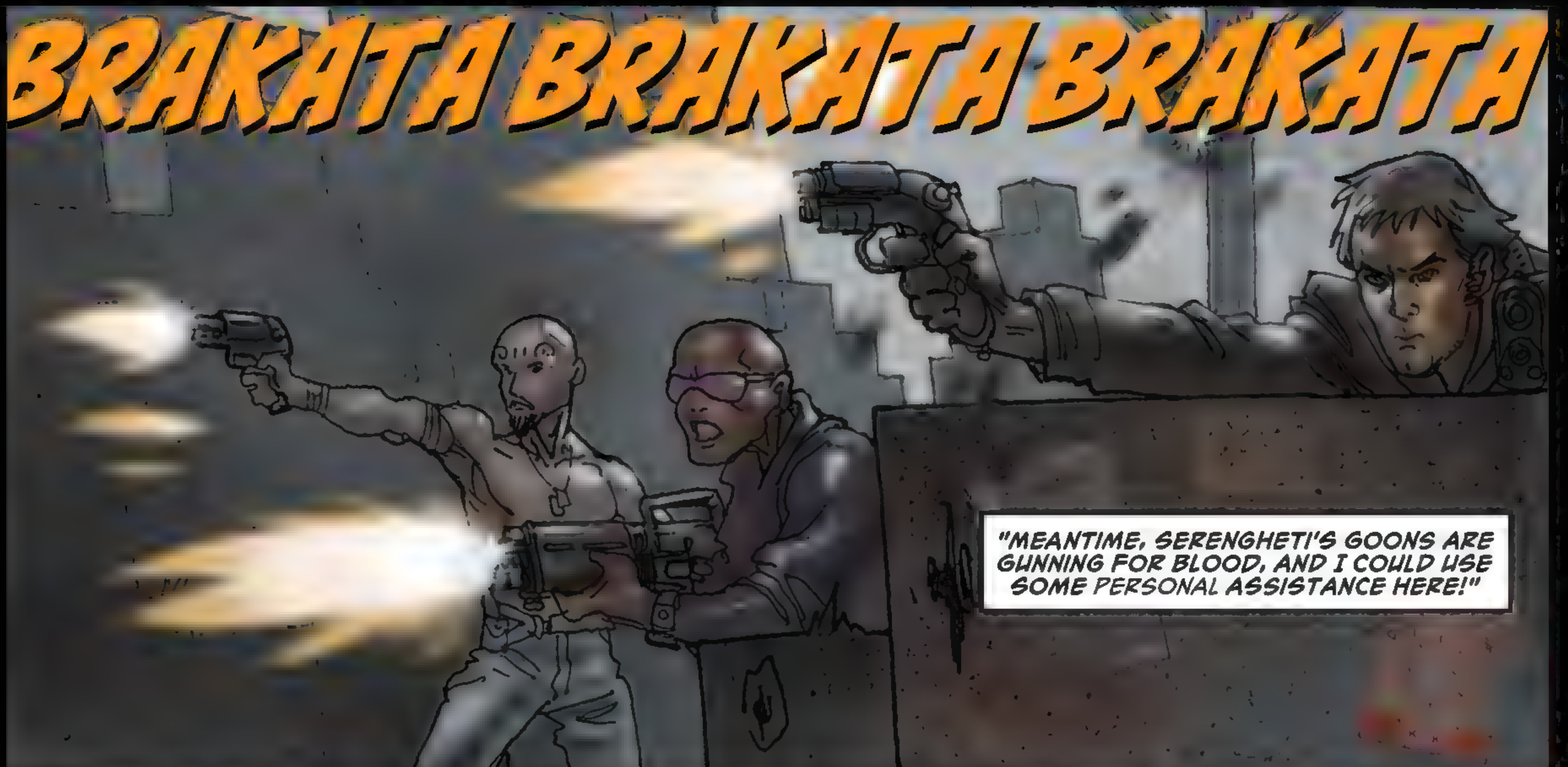
THAT'S RIGHT, JOE,
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN...

**KRTSSH
KRTSSH
KRTSSH**

BRAKAT

DON'T LOOK UP, DON'T LET
ANYONE CATCH YOUR EYE.





BLAM
BLAM

BRAKATA BRAKATA

HIDE,
YOU CAN
STAND--

HERE--

YOU'RE
DEPHTIZED.

BRAKATA BRAKATA

START
SHOOTING.

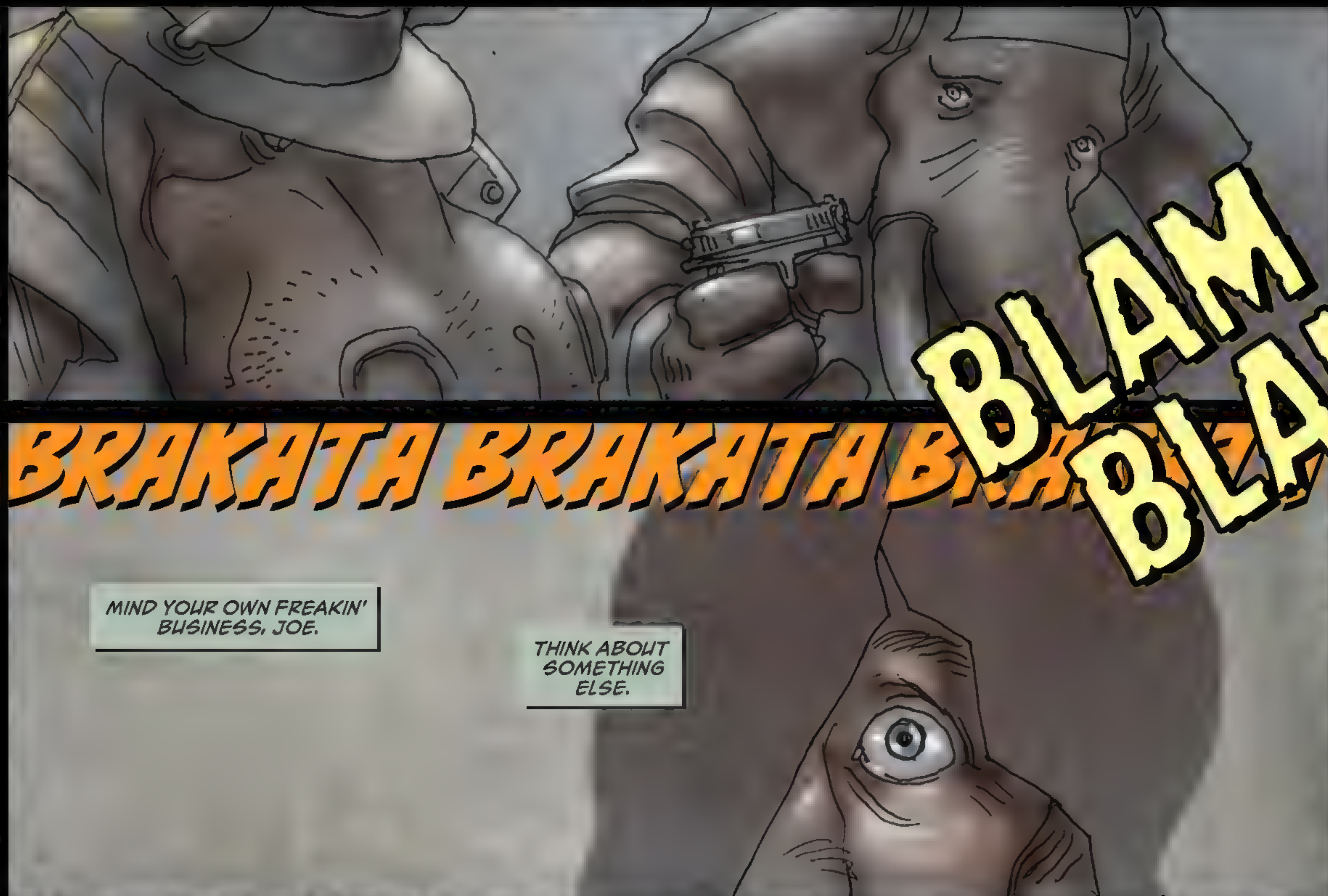
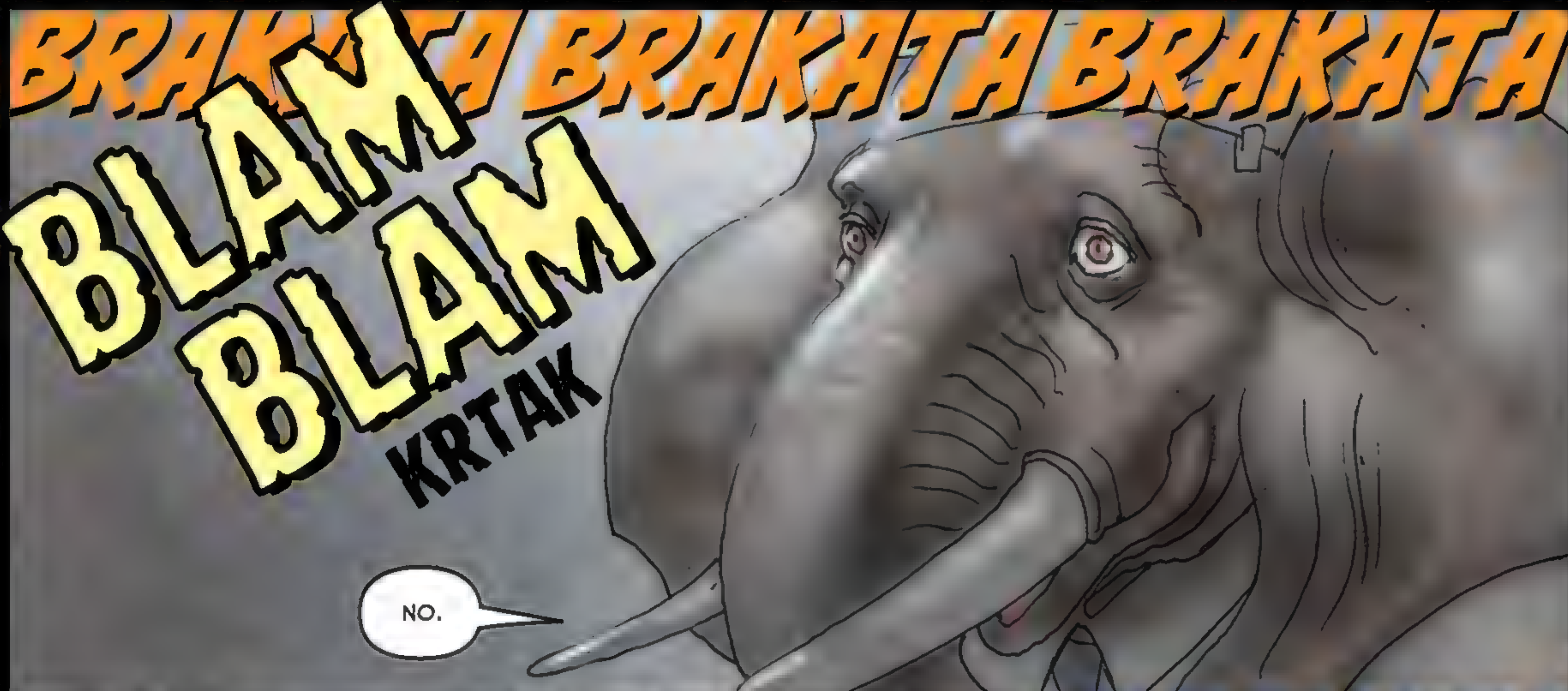
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

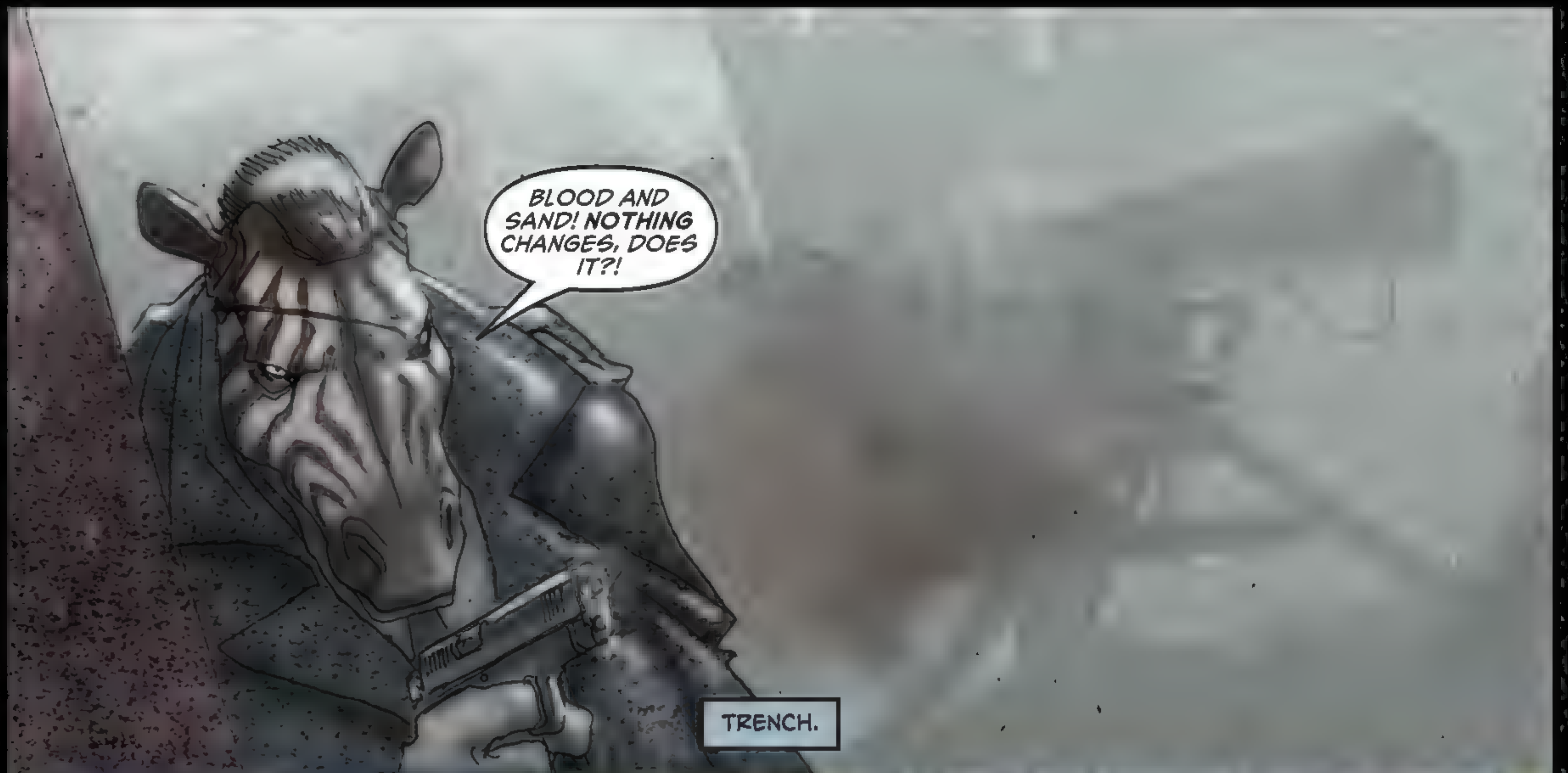
HURRH...?

DON'T.

DON'T THINK
ABOUT IT.

BRAKATA BRAKATA BRAKATA





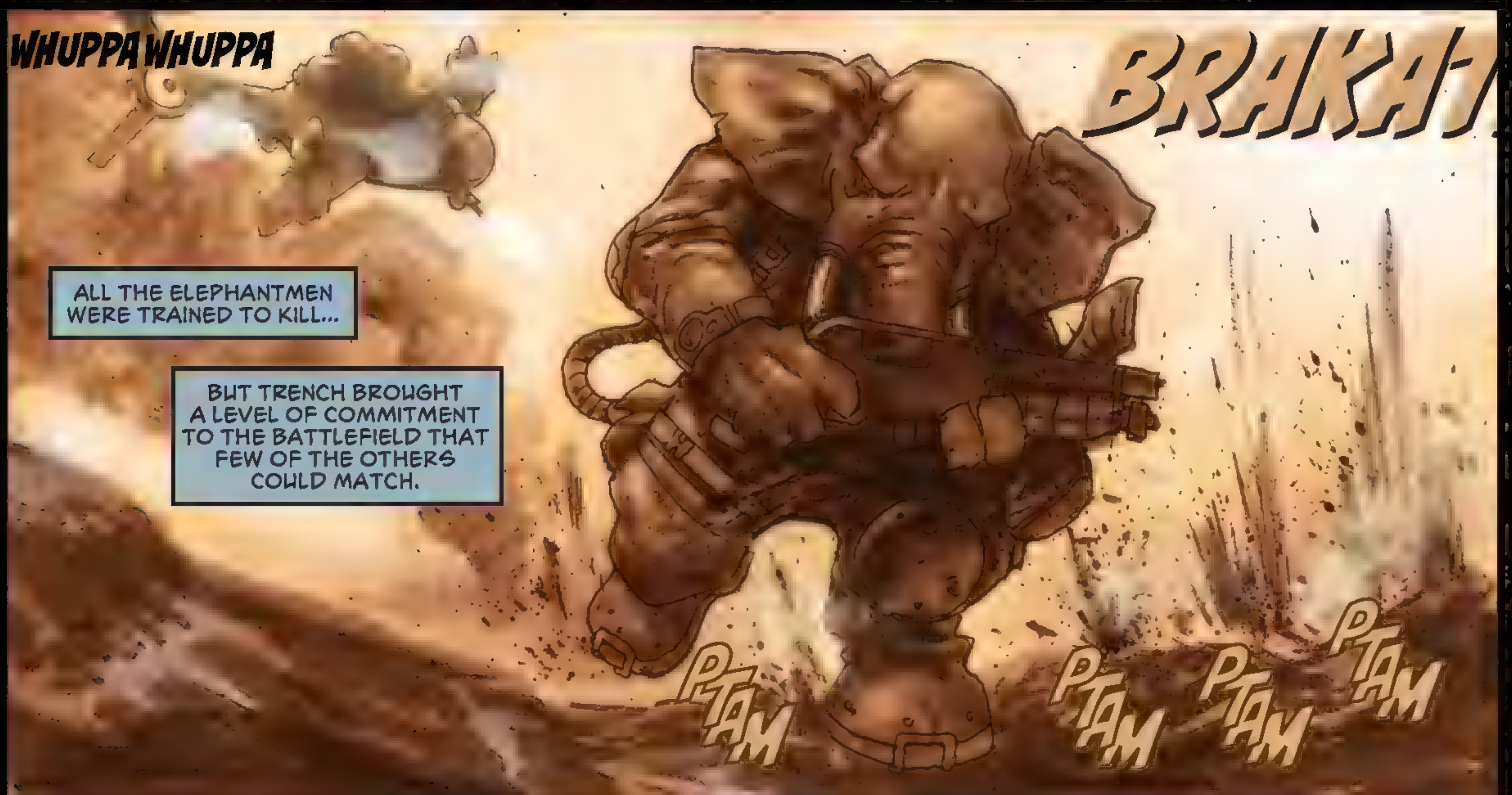
BLOOD AND
SAND! NOTHING
CHANGES, DOES
IT?!

TRENCH.



THEY CALLED HIM THAT BECAUSE
HE WAS ALWAYS THE
FIRST TO DIG IN DEEP.

HE WAS ONE OF
MAPPO'S BEST.



WHUPPA WHUPPA

BRAKAT

ALL THE ELEPHANTMEN
WERE TRAINED TO KILL...

BUT TRENCH BROUGHT
A LEVEL OF COMMITMENT
TO THE BATTLEFIELD THAT
FEW OF THE OTHERS
COULD MATCH.

PAM

PAM

PAM

PAM

A WARHORSE.

WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA

IT'S ALL YOURS, PAL... ALL YOURS...

COME AND GET IT!

BRAKA RAKATA

TIRELESS.

INTENSE.

IT WAS AS IF HE HAD NO FEAR...



WORD OF HIS RESILIENCE
GOT AROUND.

THE OTHER ELEPHANTMEN
TREATED TRENCH WITH RESPECT.

THEY LISTENED TO HIM.

THEY FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS.



PICK
UP THE GUN
AND START
SHOOTING.



AND BECAUSE THEY DID...

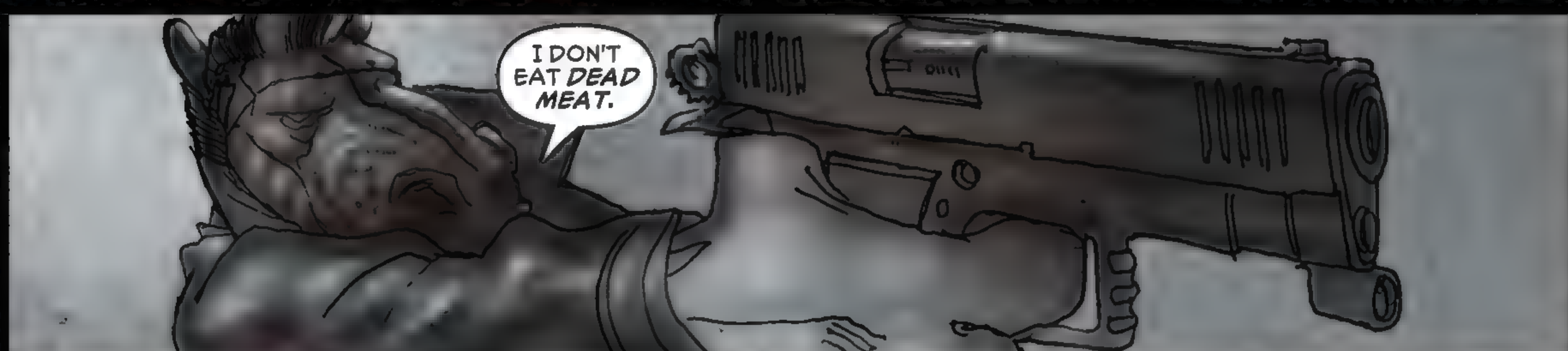
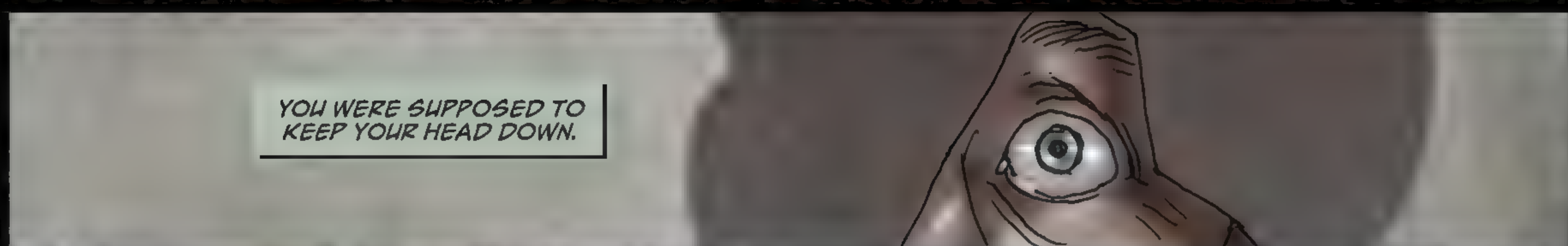


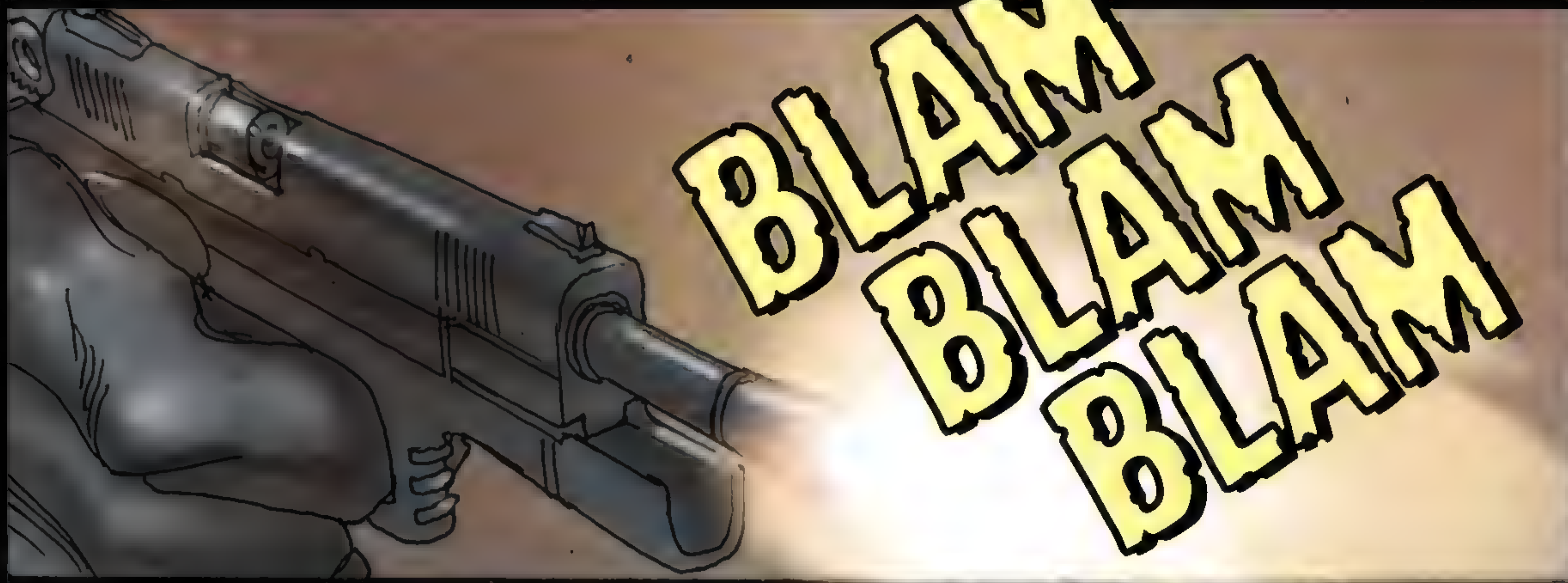
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

BATTLES GOT WON.

BLAM
BLAM













LATER...

NO WONDER
SERENGHETI
SUCKERED YOU OUT
HERE SO EASILY,
HIDE.*

REHAB
TOOK AWAY
YOUR NERVE.

THE AGENCY
TOOK AWAY
YOUR TEETH.

*See ELEPHANTMEN #3

YOU'VE
GONE *SOFT*,
LOWERED YOUR
GUARD.

BUT YOU
CAN'T GET TOO
COSY WITH THE
HUMANS,
TRUST ME.

NO ONE'S
EVER GONNA
GIVE YOU A
BREAK.

IT'S US
OR THEM.

YOU GOTTA
START SEEING
THE WORLD
AS I DO.

IN
BLACK AND
WHITE.





ORIGINAL COVER ART • LADRÖNN



ORIGINAL COVER ART • DAVID LLOYD

*Story Richard Starkings, Art Chris Burnham
Colors Gregory Wright*

SILENT RUNNING

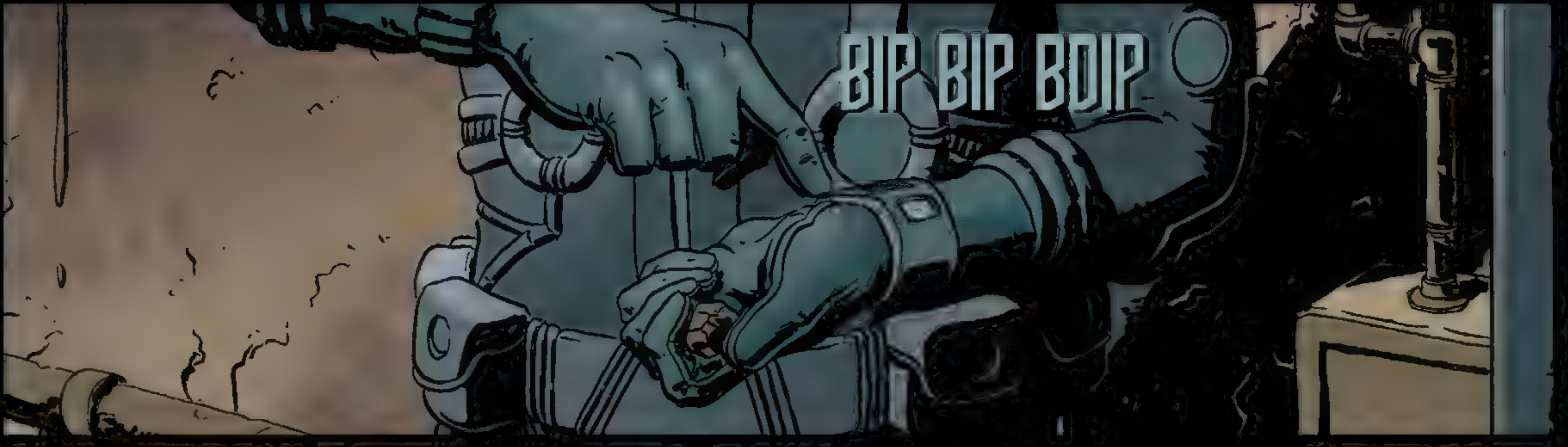
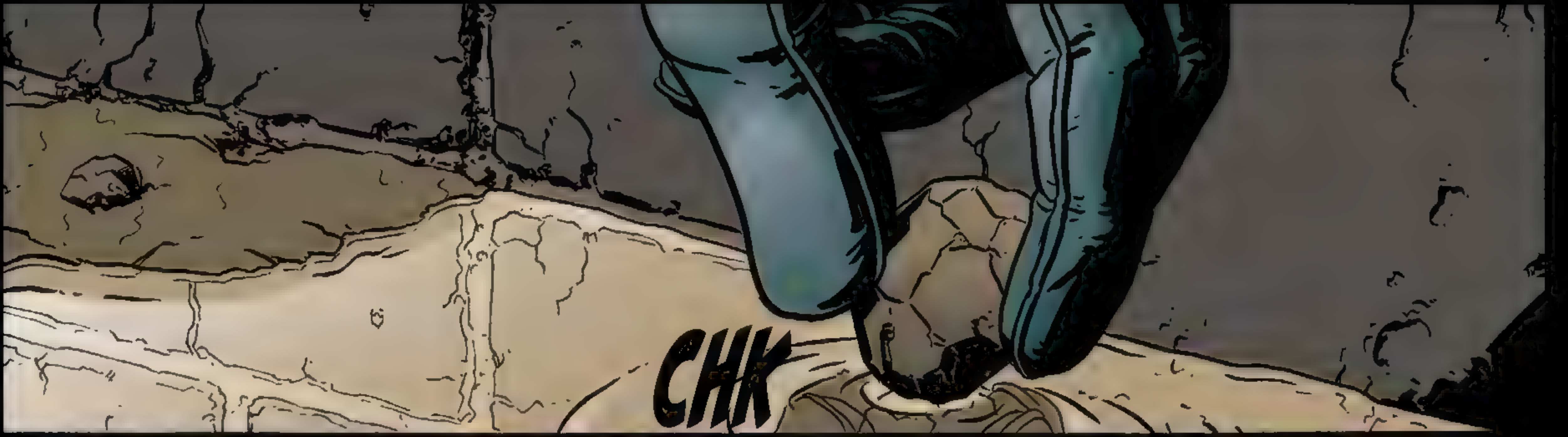


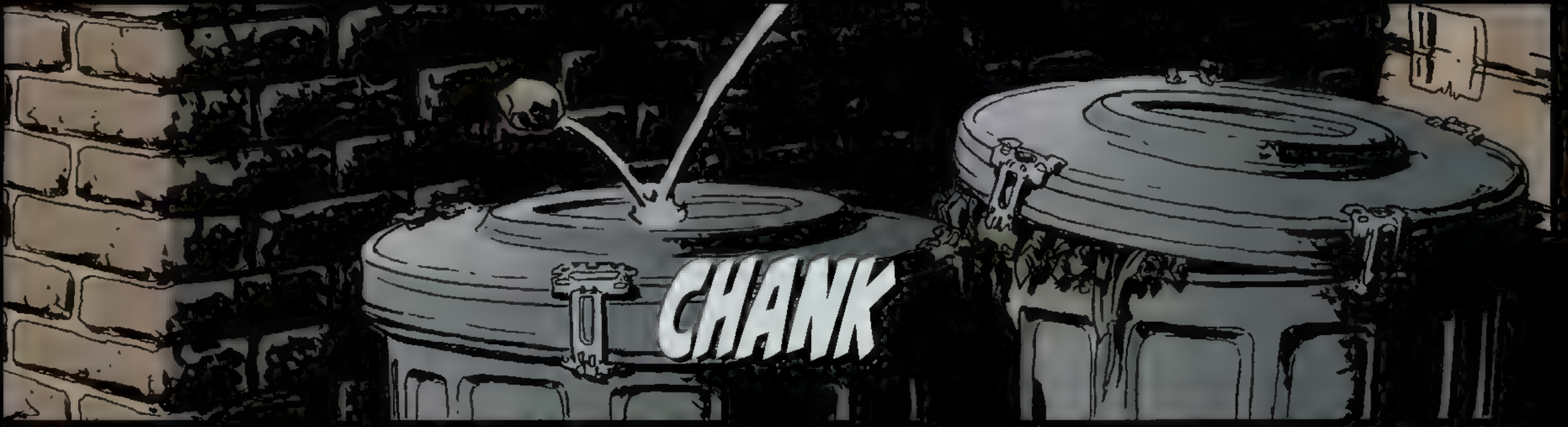


THEY CALL ME THE SILENCER.

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

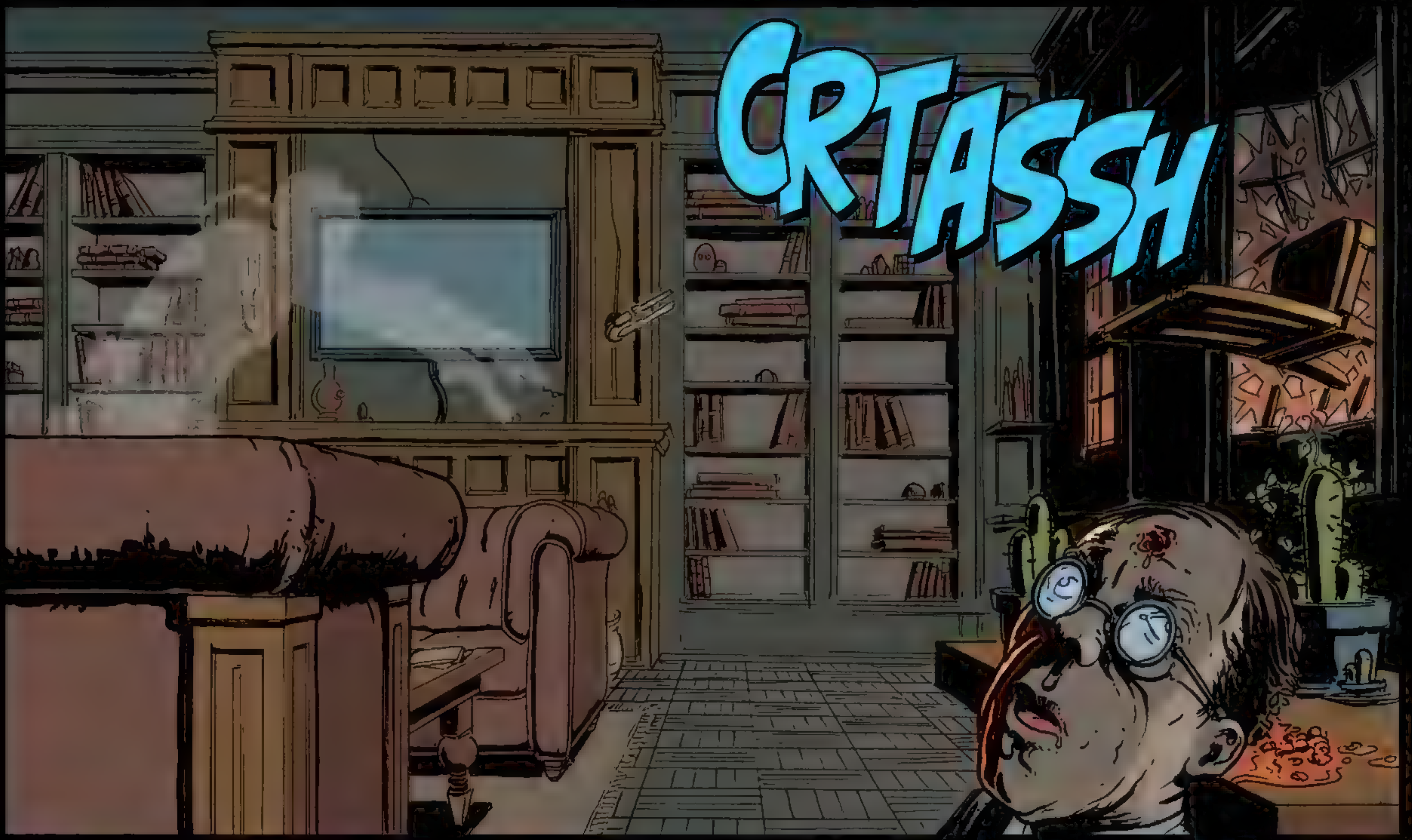


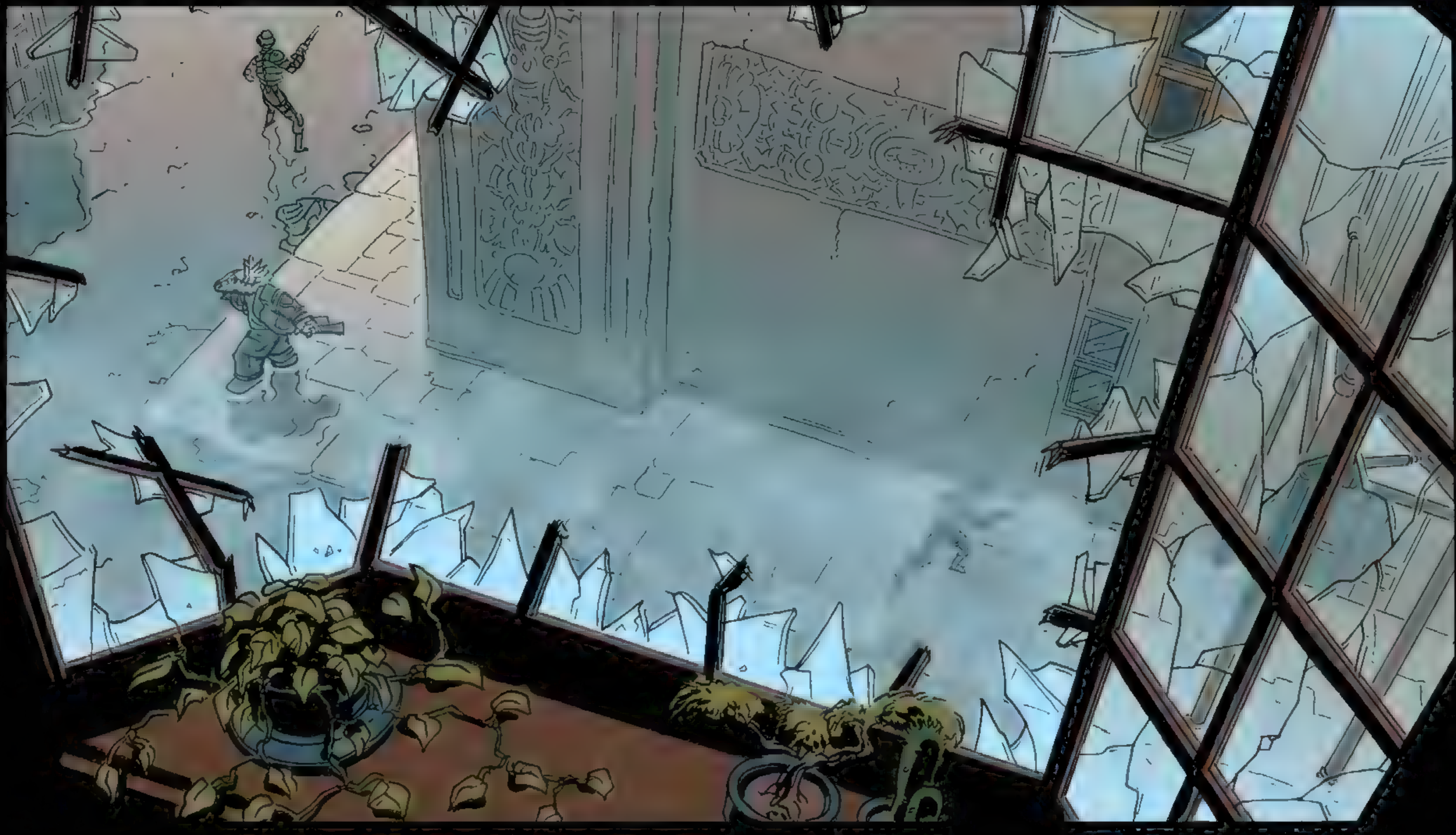












NIGHTTIME. MYSTERY CITY





RICHARD
STARKINGS
MORITAT
IAN
CHURCHILL

SIMPLE TRUTHS · PART 4 OF 6

ELEPHANTMEN

22556

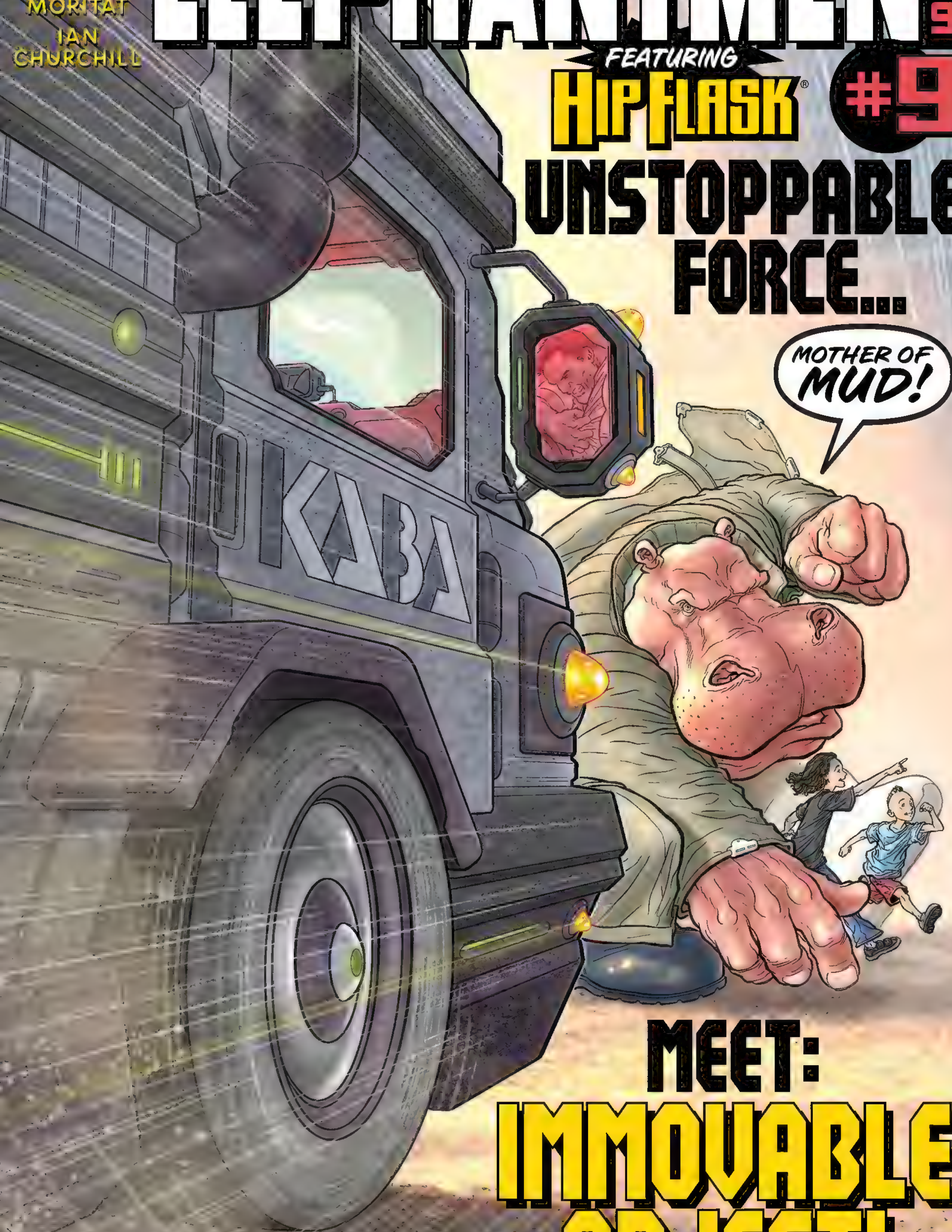
FEATURING

HIPFLASK®

#9

**UNSTOPPABLE
FORCE...**

MOTHER OF
MUD!



**MEET:
IMMOVABLE
OBJECT!**

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2259

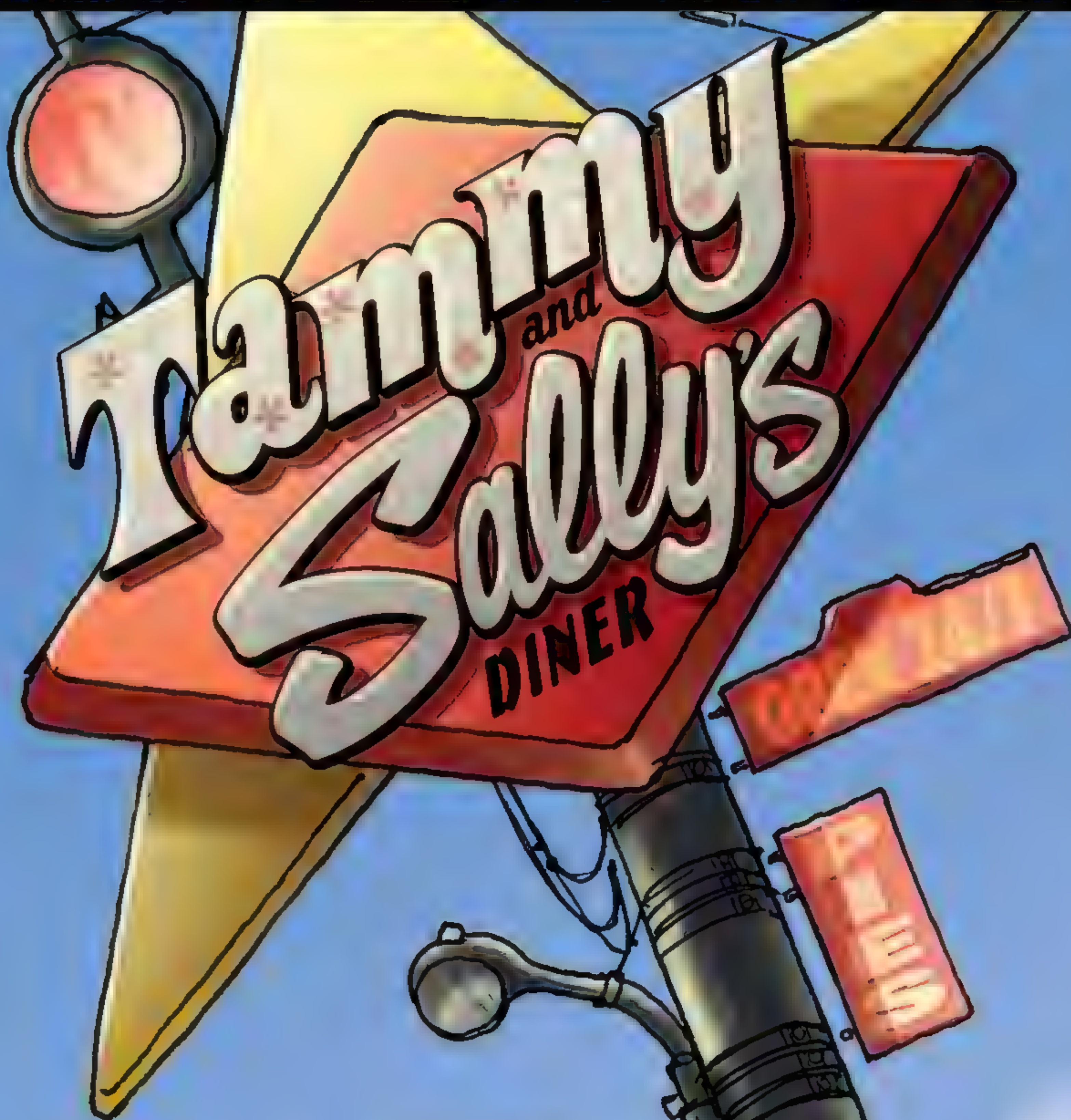
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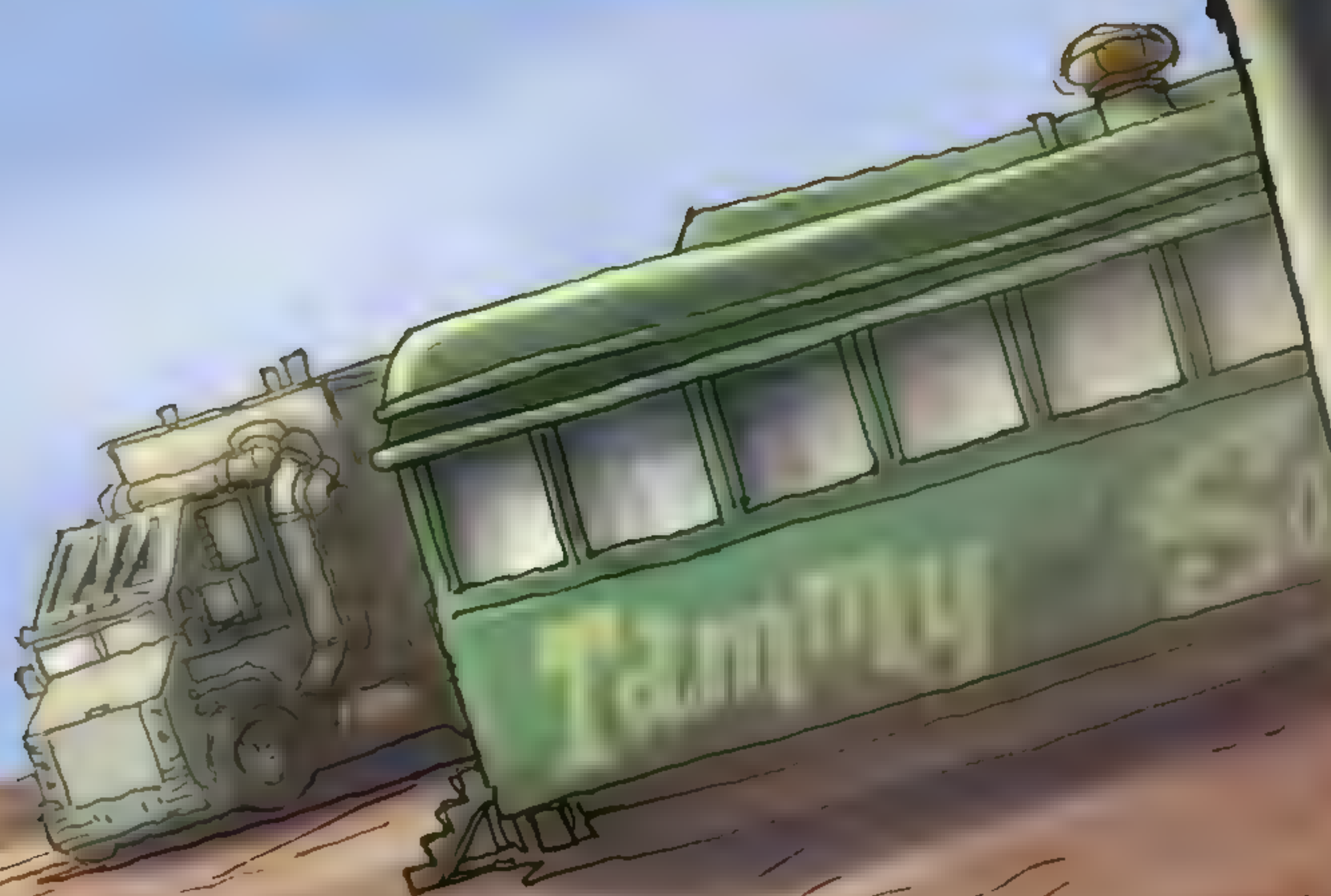
TYLER SMITH PRODUCTION - IAN CHURCHILL COVER ART



EVERETT DIXON IS A GOOD MAN.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD,
HE HAS NEVER MISSED
A DAY'S WORK IN HIS LIFE.

FOR FOURTEEN YEARS,
HE HAS EATEN HIS BREAKFAST
AT THE LOCAL ROADSIDE DINER
PRETTY MUCH EVERY MORNING.





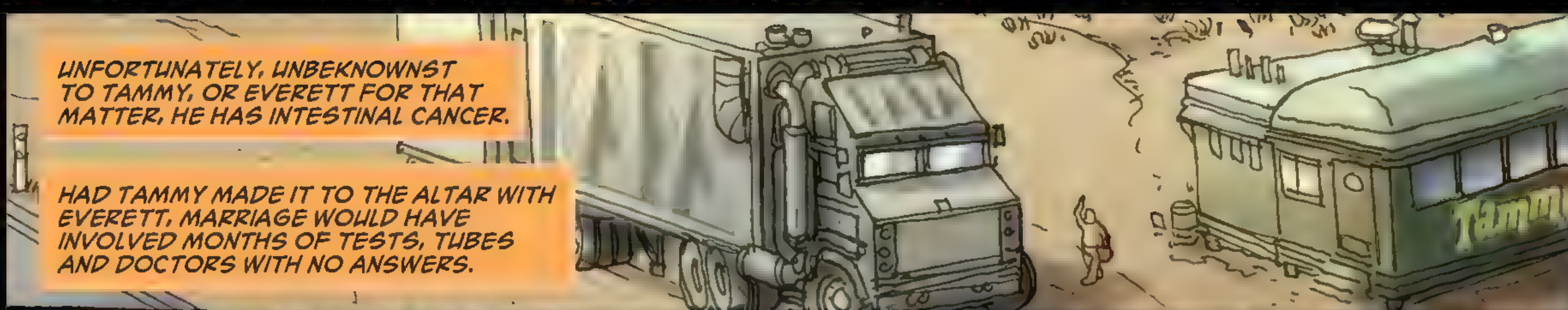
TWO EGGS OVER EASY, BACON,
A SHORTSTACK OF HOTCAKES
WITH MAPLE SYRUP AND A TEPID
CUP OF BLACK COFFEE WITH
THREE SPOONS OF SUGAR.



TAMMY LAFFETER HAS HAD HER EYES
ON EVERETT FOR A YEAR NOW.

A STRING OF MESSY
BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS
HAVE ENCOURAGED HER
TO LOOK FOR SOMEONE
SHE CAN REALLY RELY ON.

EVERETT'S NEVER BEEN
MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT
HE'S HELD THE SAME
JOB FOR TWENTY YEARS,
LAUGHS AT ALL HER BAD
JOKES AND ALWAYS HOLDS
THE DOOR OPEN FOR A
GAL -- AND FOR CHILDREN
AND SENIORS.



UNFORTUNATELY, UNBEKNOWNST
TO TAMMY, OR EVERETT FOR THAT
MATTER, HE HAS INTESTINAL CANCER.

HAD TAMMY MADE IT TO THE ALTAR WITH
EVERETT, MARRIAGE WOULD HAVE
INVOLVED MONTHS OF TESTS, TUBES
AND DOCTORS WITH NO ANSWERS.



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A MISERABLE
LIFE FOR BOTH OF THEM.

BUT NONE OF THAT MATTERS. THE CANCER
WON'T ACTUALLY GET TO KILL EVERETT.
LATER TODAY A CONGENITAL DEFECT IN
HIS AORTA WILL CAUSE HIS HEART TO STOP
SUDDENLY AS HE DRIVES HIS RIG FROM
BAKERSFIELD DOWN TO SANTA MONICA.

TAMMY WILL NEVER FORGET EVERETT, AND WILL ALWAYS
DREAM OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, NEVER KNOWING
THE GREATER SUFFERING THEY WERE BOTH SPARED.

SANTA MONICA

HIERONYMOUS "HIP" FLASK
WILL LIVE A LONG LIFE.

HIP AND HIS KIND, KNOWN TO
THE WORLD AS ELEPHANTMEN,
ARE MASTERPIECES OF
GENETIC ENGINEERING.

THEIR CREATOR, DOCTOR KAZUSHI NIKKEN,
ENSURED THAT THEIR CONSTITUTION WOULD
PROVE TO BE FORMIDABLE EVEN UNDER
THE MOST EXTREME ADVERSE CONDITIONS.

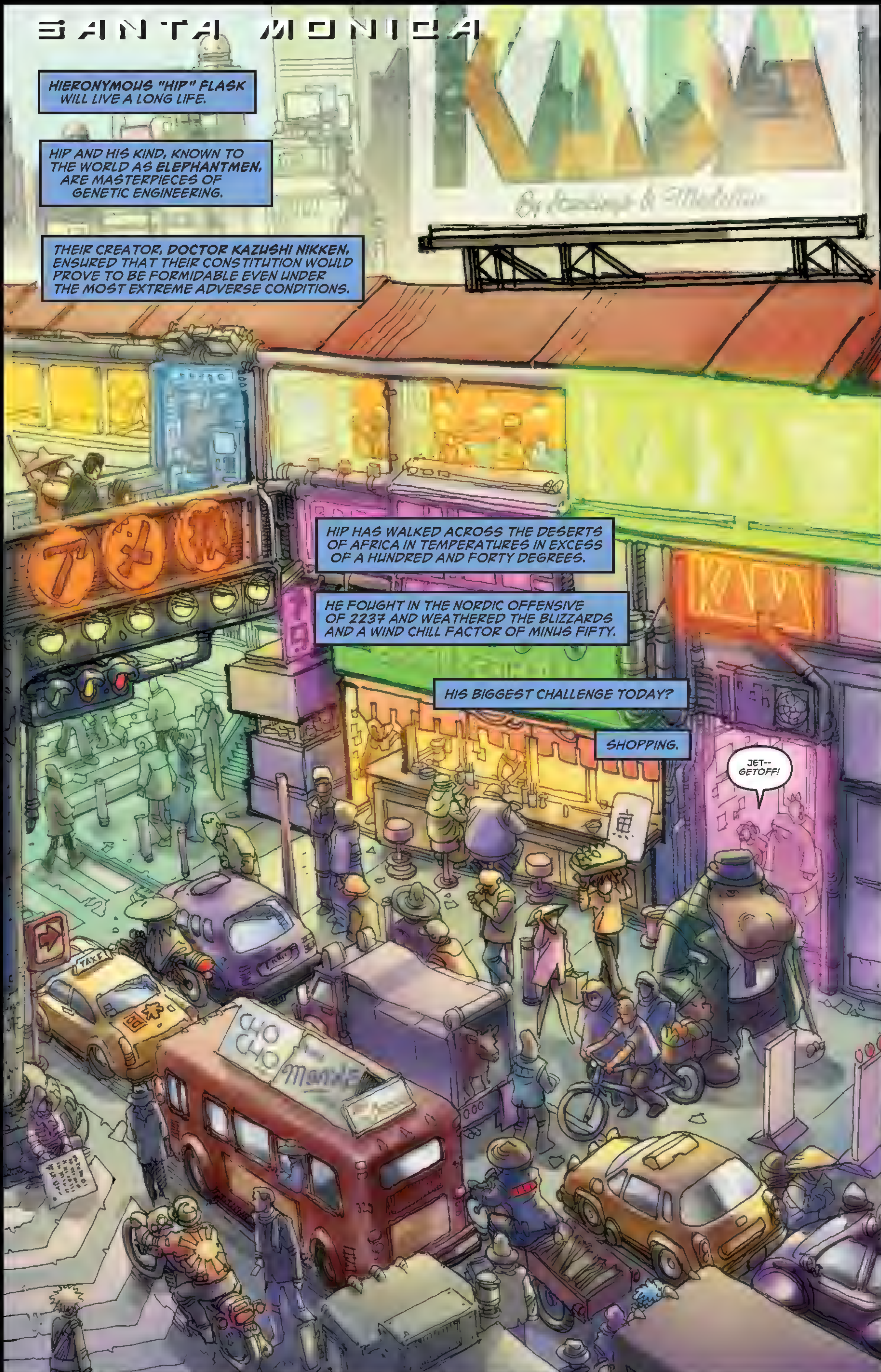
HIP HAS WALKED ACROSS THE DESERTS
OF AFRICA IN TEMPERATURES IN EXCESS
OF A HUNDRED AND FORTY DEGREES.

HE FOUGHT IN THE NORDIC OFFENSIVE
OF 2237 AND WEATHERED THE BLIZZARDS
AND A WIND CHILL FACTOR OF MINUS FIFTY.

HIS BIGGEST CHALLENGE TODAY?

SHOPPING.

JET--
GETOFF!



THE AGENCY REFUSED TO PAY FOR A GROCERY DELIVERY SERVICE. GRUENWALD CLAIMED IT WOULD HELP HIP "BUILD CHARACTER."

HIS PHYSIOTHERAPIST CLAIMED IT WOULD HELP HIM BUILD HIS MUSCLES BACK UP...

NEVER MIND THAT HIS METABOLISM WAS DESIGNED TO REGENERATE MUSCLE TISSUE FIVE TIMES FASTER THAN WOULD BE NORMAL FOR ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS.

NEVER MIND THAT THE UNITED NATIONS SUBJECTED FLASK, AND ALL THE ELEPHANTMEN, TO FIVE YEARS OF VIGOROUS REHABILITATION.

NEVER MIND THAT HE HAS TO STOCK UP ON FRUIT AND VEGETABLES EVERY DAY...

IF GRUENWALD SAYS HIP HAS TO GO SHOPPING...

HIP GOES SHOPPING.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I BITE OFF A CROCODILE'S TAIL...

THE ABSOLUTE LAST TIME...

UNLESS HE'S REALLY ASKING FOR IT...

CUT IT OUT, JET!

EVEN SO, A BROKEN LEG IS A BROKEN LEG, AND BONES TAKE TIME TO HEAL.

... AND YOU HAVE TO TAKE WHATEVER HELP YOU CAN GET.

YOU PUSHED THE CART IN THE STORE. YOU CAN'T DO BOTH!

YES I CAN!

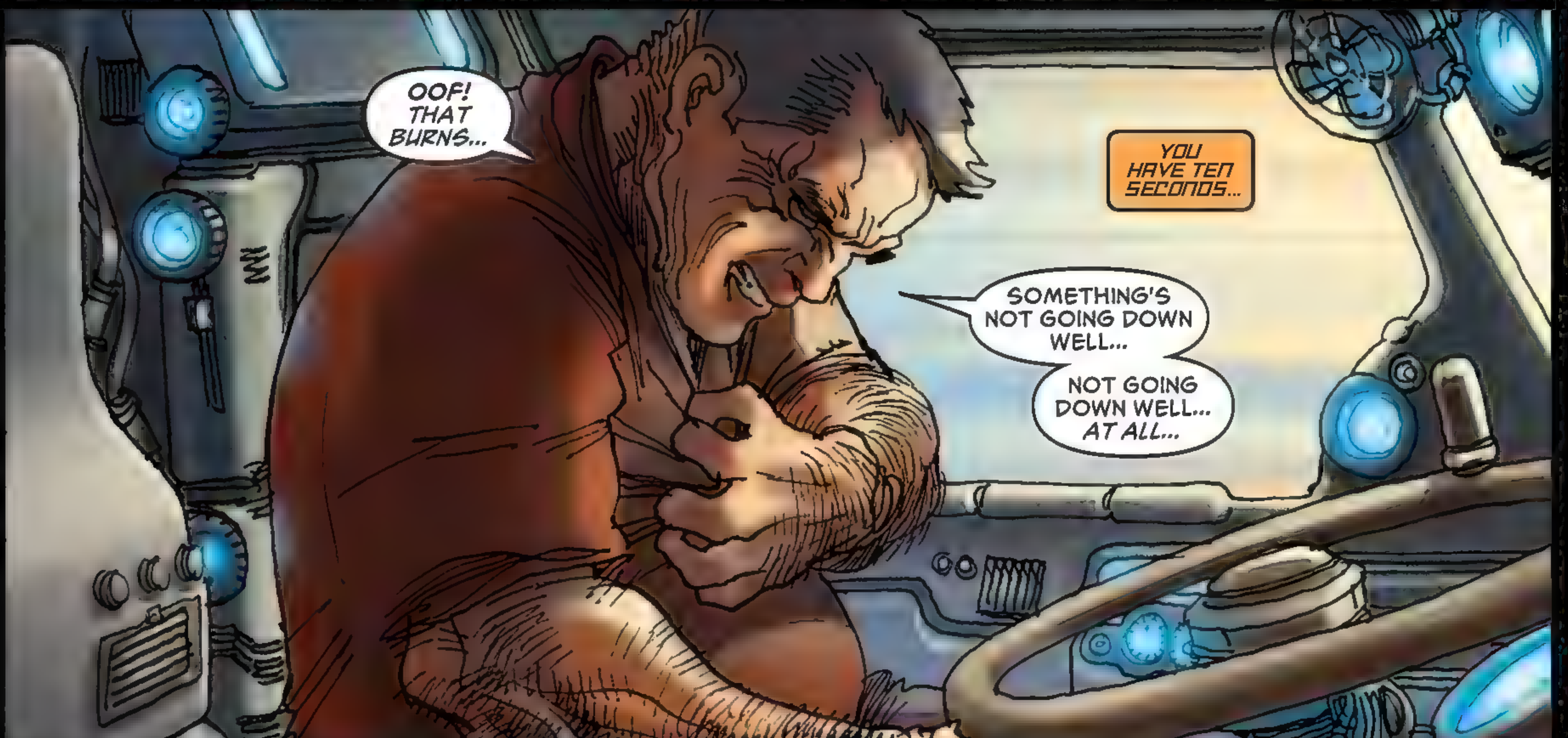
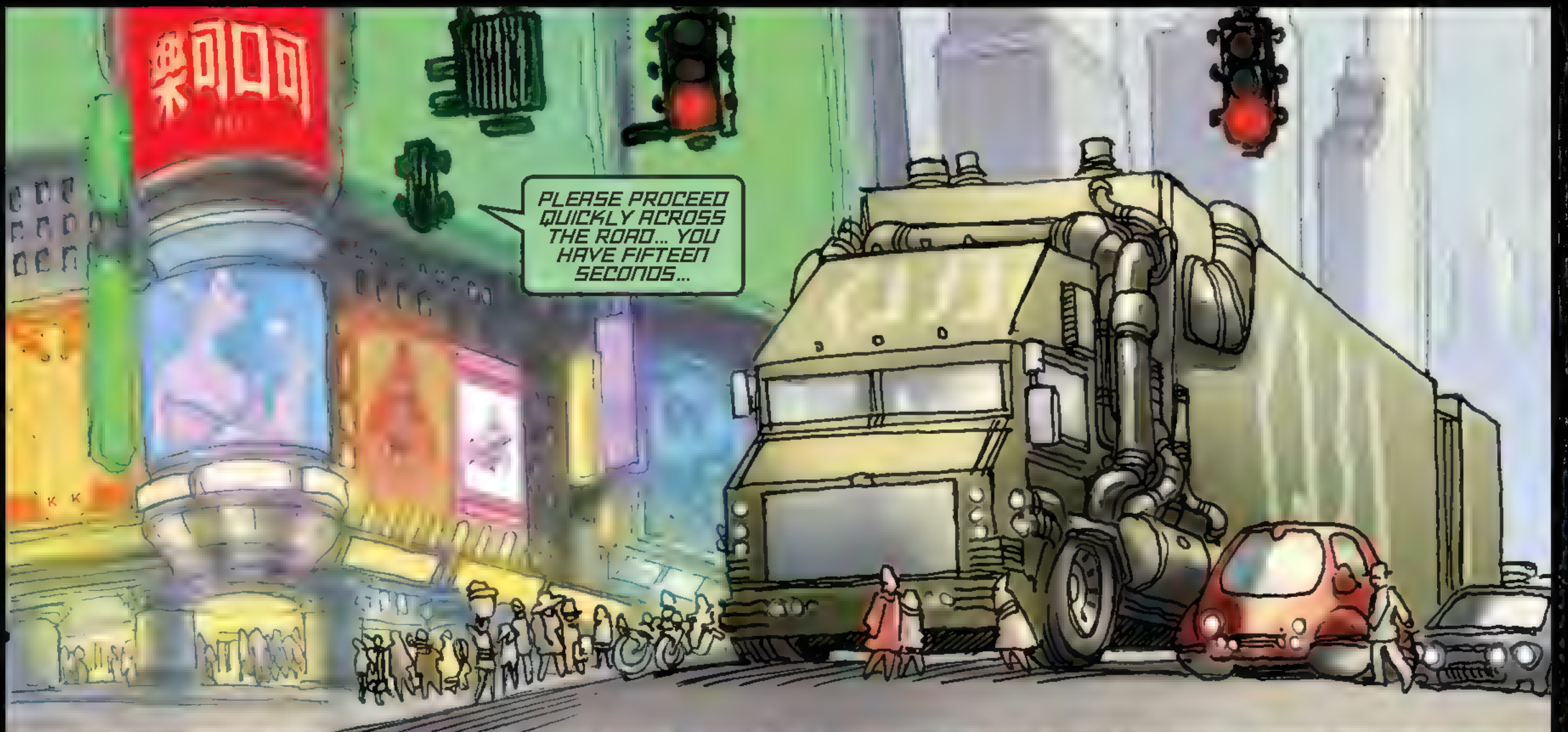
NO YOU CAN'T!





CHARACTER BUILDING.

BABYSITTING MORE LIKE.





SHOPPING.

BABYSITTING.

HOLD UP
A SECOND,
BOYS...



COMMUNITY SERVICE.

I'D BETTER
SNAP THIS OFF
BEFORE IT
FALLS ON--



ANIMAL RESCUE.

YEEK!
YEEK!
YEEK!
YEEK!
YEEK!

HUH?!

IT'S A BABY
SQUIRREL!

WH-OH!

OH YEAH, THE LIST OF SKILL'S FLASK HAS ACQUIRED AT THE INFORMATION AGENCY IS JUST ENDLESS.

YEEK!
YEEK!
YEEK!
YEEK!

HEY, LITTLE FELLA...

LEMME SEE! LEMME SEE!

YEEK!

SOMETIMES YOU MIGHT FORGET THAT FLASK WAS TRAINED TO KILL A MAN WITH NO MORE THAN A FINGER AND A THUMB.

COOL!

YEEK!

AWE SOME!

CAN WE KEEP HIM?

CHIKKITACHIKKITA

AH -- OKAY, MAMA, I HEAR YA, I HEAR YA...



SOMETIMES YOU MIGHT FORGET THAT HE WAS TRAINED NOT TO SAVE LIVES...

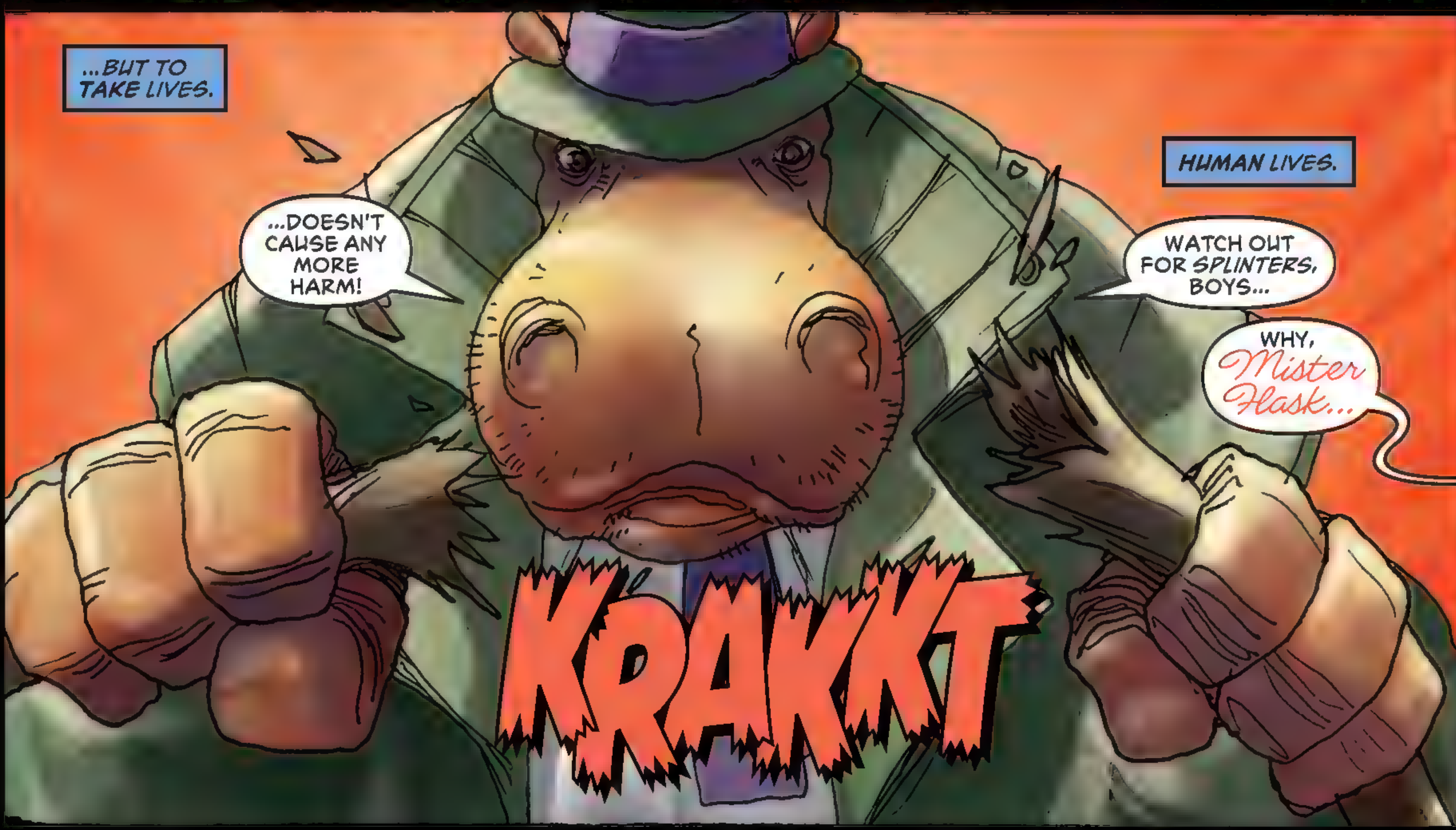
THERE YOU GO...

YOU CAN'T KEEP A SQUIRREL AS A PET -- THEY'RE PART OF NATURE.

RIGHT, HIP?

YEP -- NOW LET'S MAKE SURE *THIS* PART OF NATURE...

SNAP



...BUT TO TAKE LIVES.

HUMAN LIVES.

...DOESN'T CAUSE ANY MORE HARM!

WATCH OUT FOR SPLINTERS, BOYS...

WHY, *Mister Alaska...*

KRAKKT



MEN.

WOMEN.

CHILDREN.

...YOU ARE
Such A
SWEETIE!

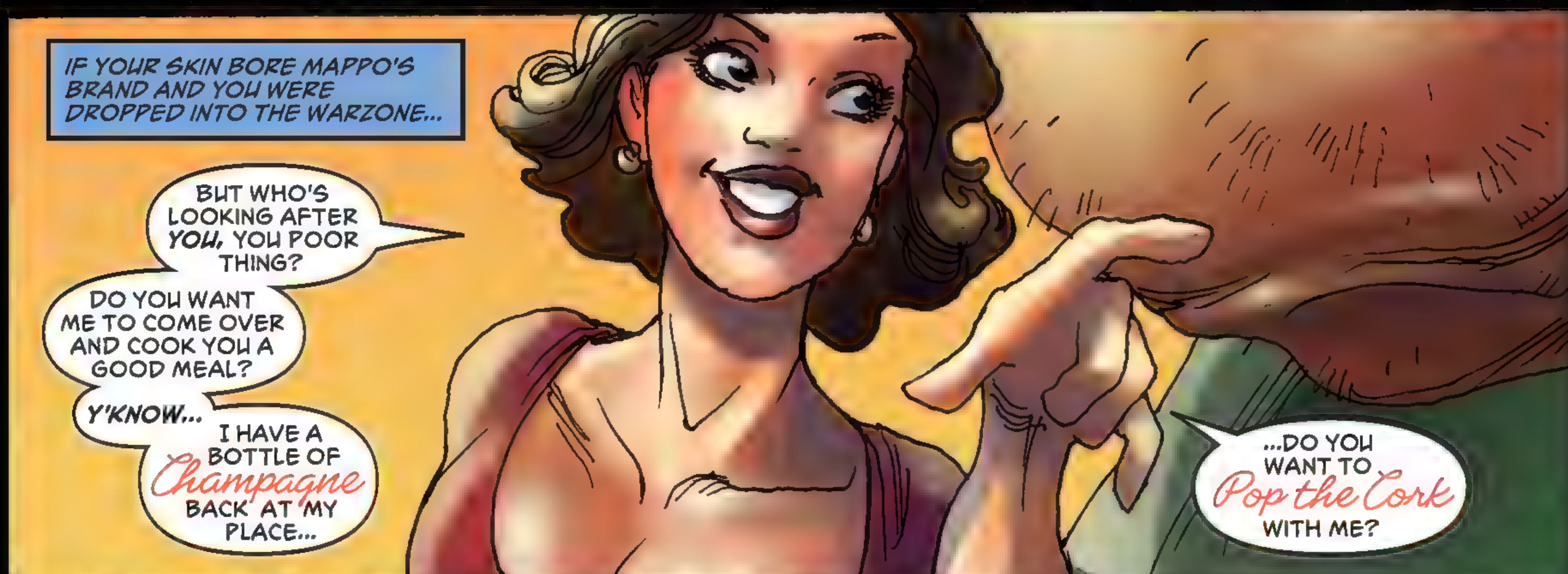
OH, ER,
KATHY... UM,
NICE TO SEE
YOU.

AFRICA WAS AT
WAR WITH CHINA.

THE NEW WAR TO
END ALL WARS...

THE BATTLEFIELD:
EUROPE.

THE ELEPHANTMEN
WERE MAPPO'S
SOLDIERS.



IF YOUR SKIN BORE MAPPO'S
BRAND AND YOU WERE
DROPPED INTO THE WARZONE...

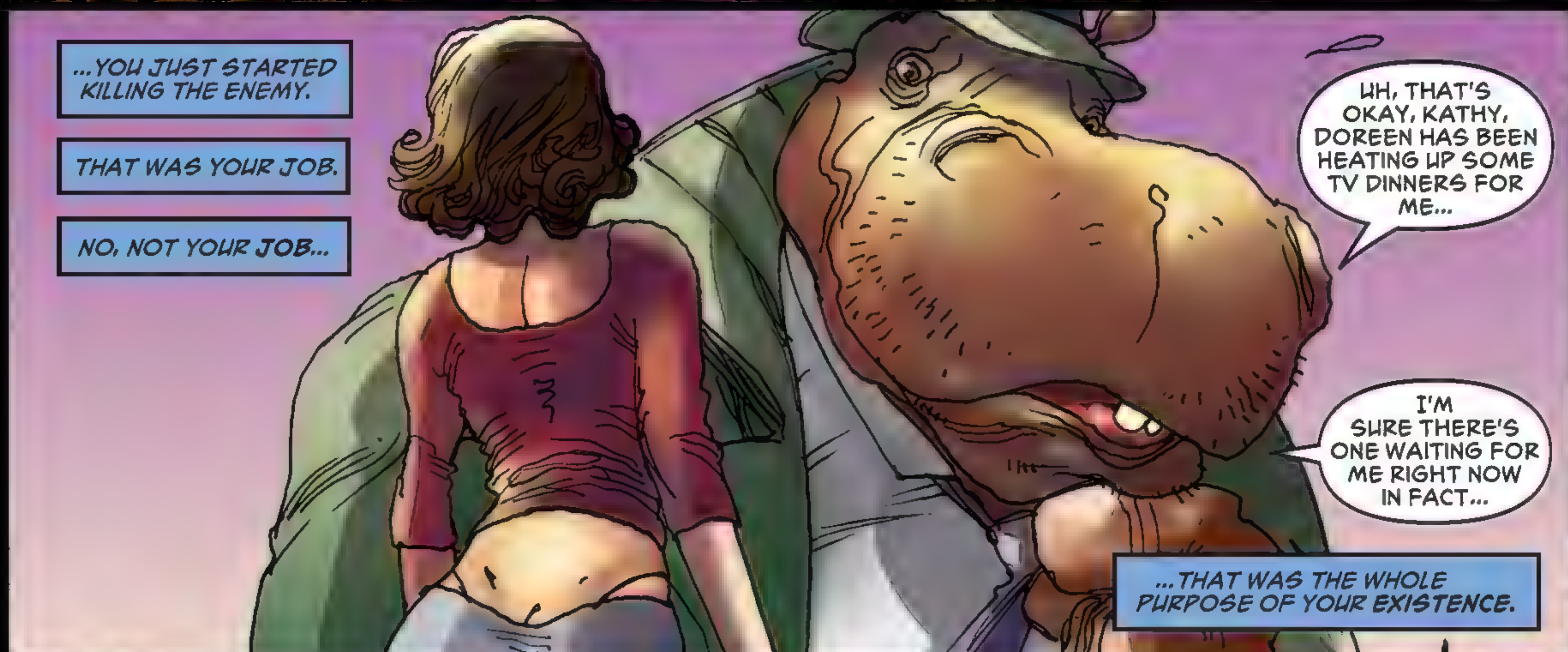
BUT WHO'S
LOOKING AFTER
YOU, YOU POOR
THING?

DO YOU WANT
ME TO COME OVER
AND COOK YOU A
GOOD MEAL?

Y'KNOW...

I HAVE A
BOTTLE OF
Champagne
BACK AT MY
PLACE...

...DO YOU
WANT TO
Pop the Cork
WITH ME?



...YOU JUST STARTED
KILLING THE ENEMY.

THAT WAS YOUR JOB.

NO, NOT YOUR JOB...

UH, THAT'S
OKAY, KATHY,
DOREEN HAS BEEN
HEATING UP SOME
TV DINNERS FOR
ME...

I'M
SURE THERE'S
ONE WAITING FOR
ME RIGHT NOW
IN FACT...

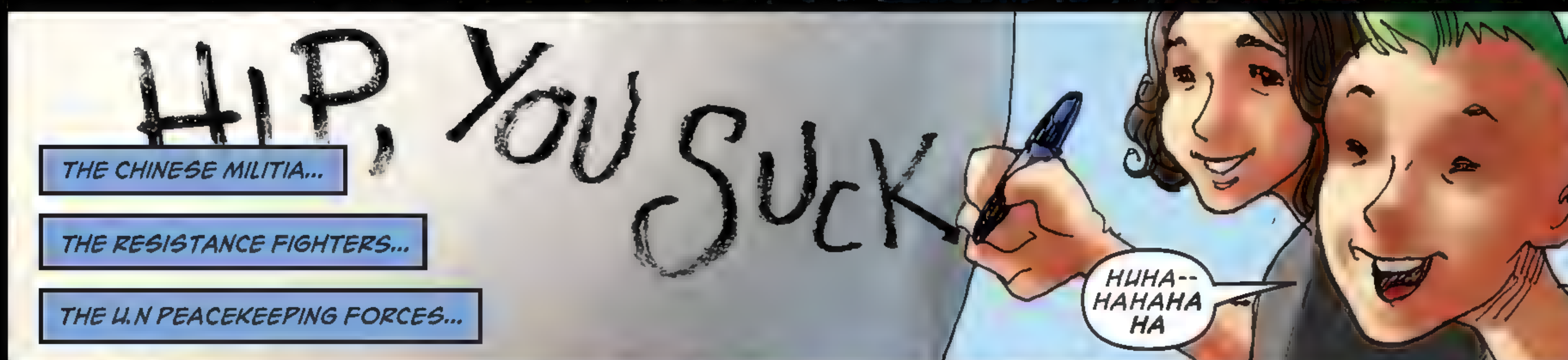
...THAT WAS THE WHOLE
PURPOSE OF YOUR EXISTENCE.



WELL,
IF YOU'RE EVER
STUCK, JUST
GIVE ME A CALL,
BIG GUY.

HEY, JET,
WHAT'S THE
EASIEST WAY TO
ADD INSULT TO
INJURY...?

I DUNNO....



THE CHINESE MILITIA...

THE RESISTANCE FIGHTERS...

THE U.N PEACEKEEPING FORCES...

HUHA--
HAHAHA
HA



THEY WERE ALL
THE ENEMY.

I GIVE
GREAT BACK
RUBS, TOO
Y'KNOW...

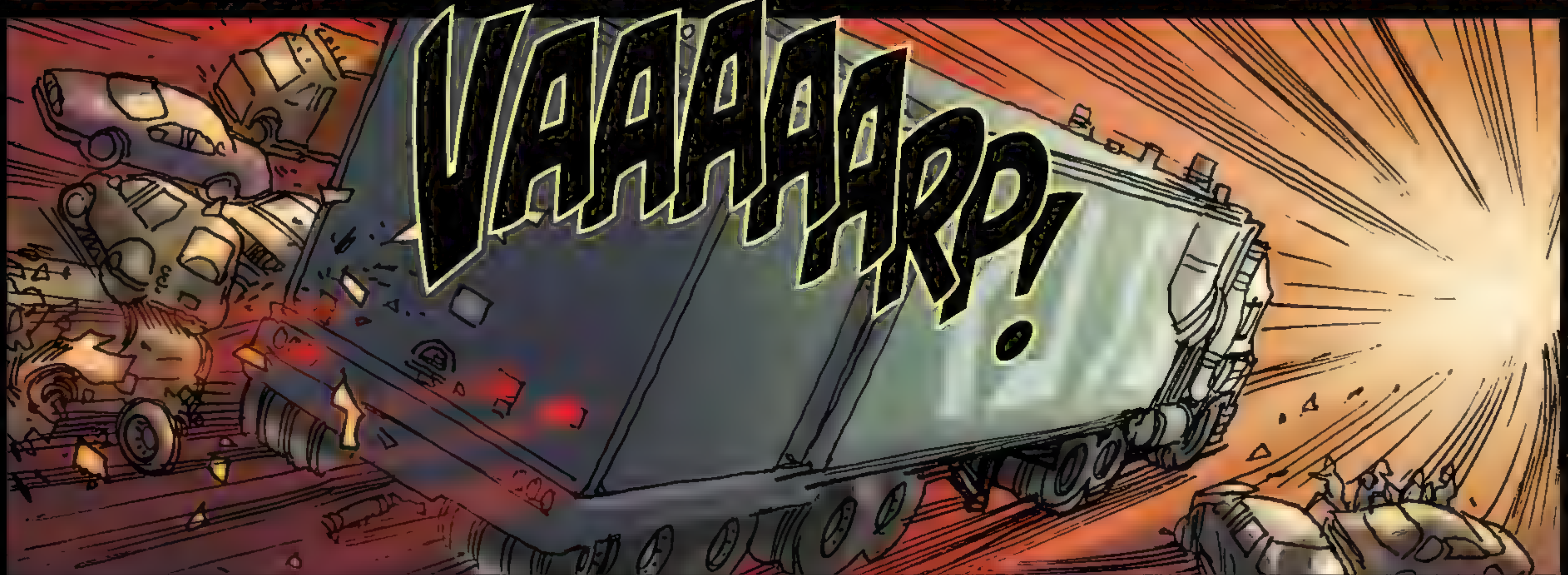
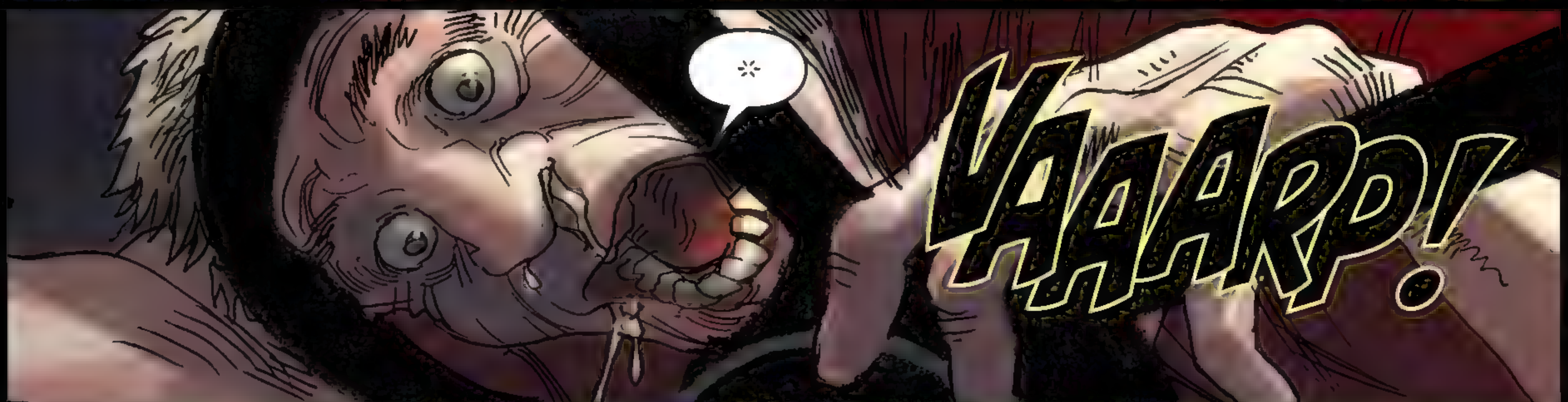
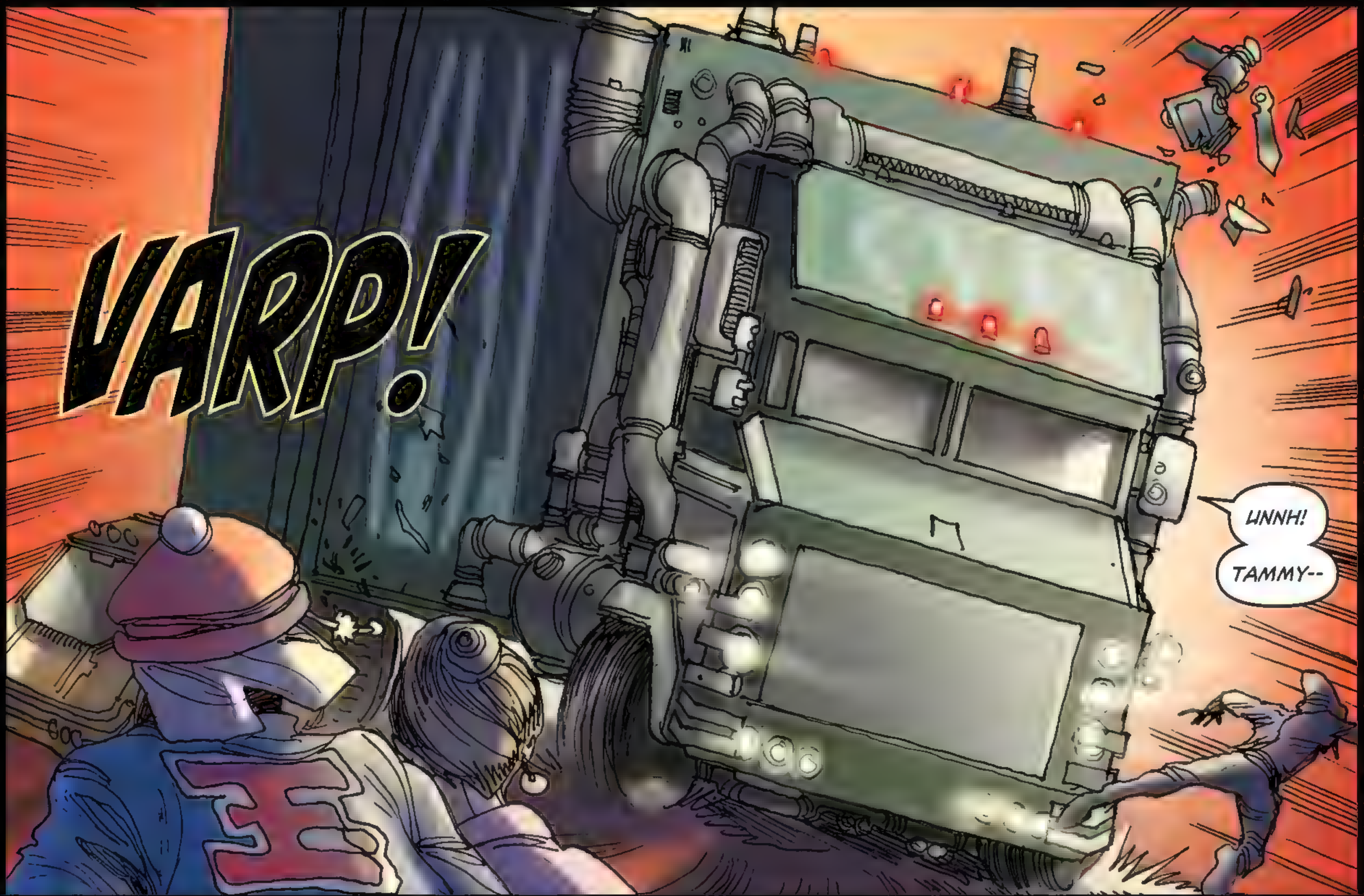
AMERICA WAS
THE ENEMY.

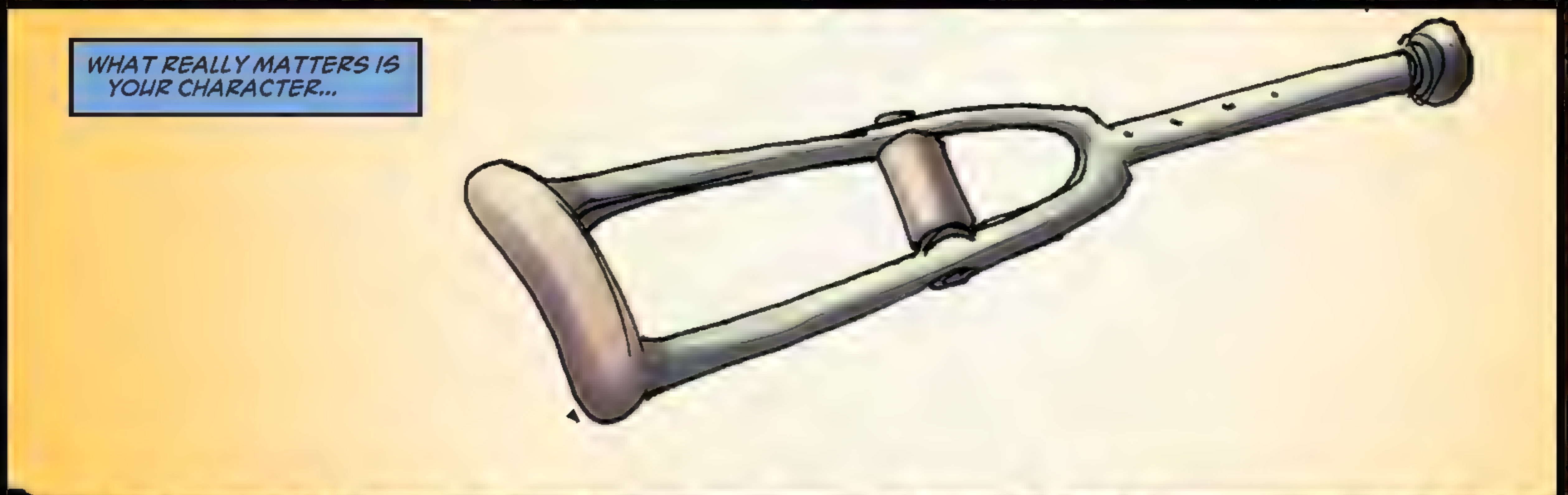
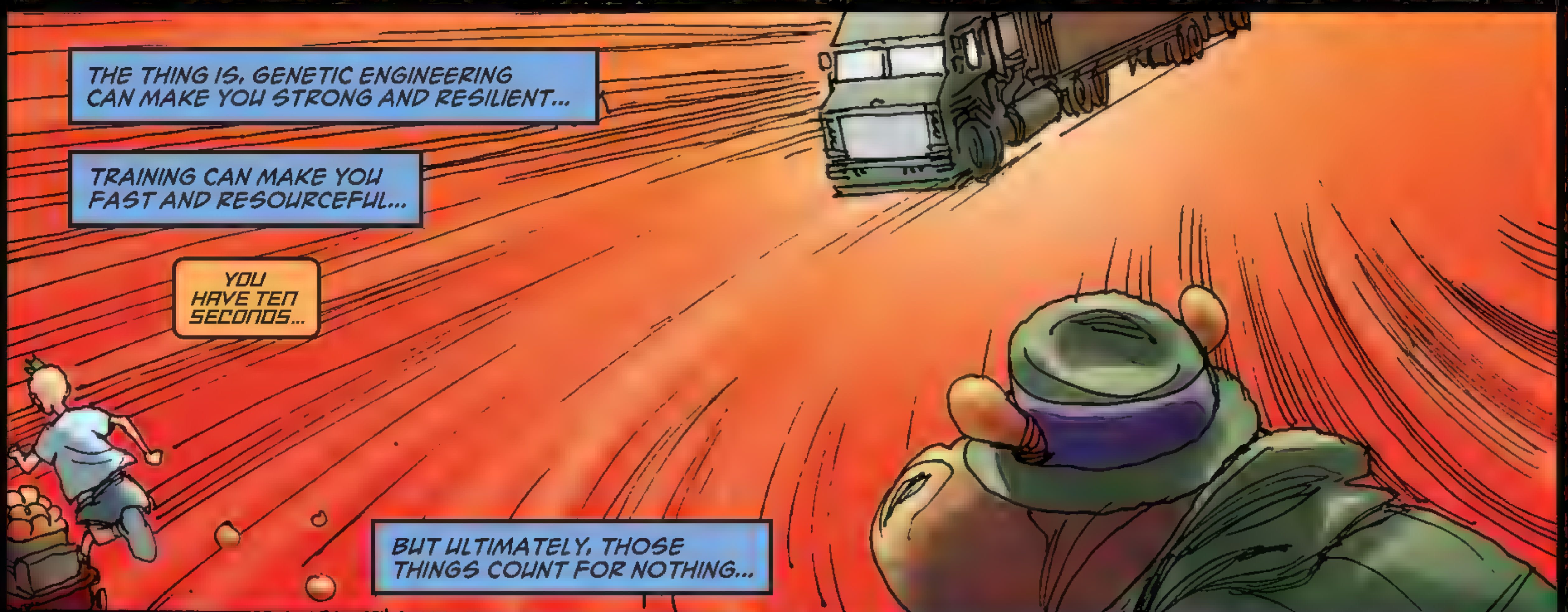
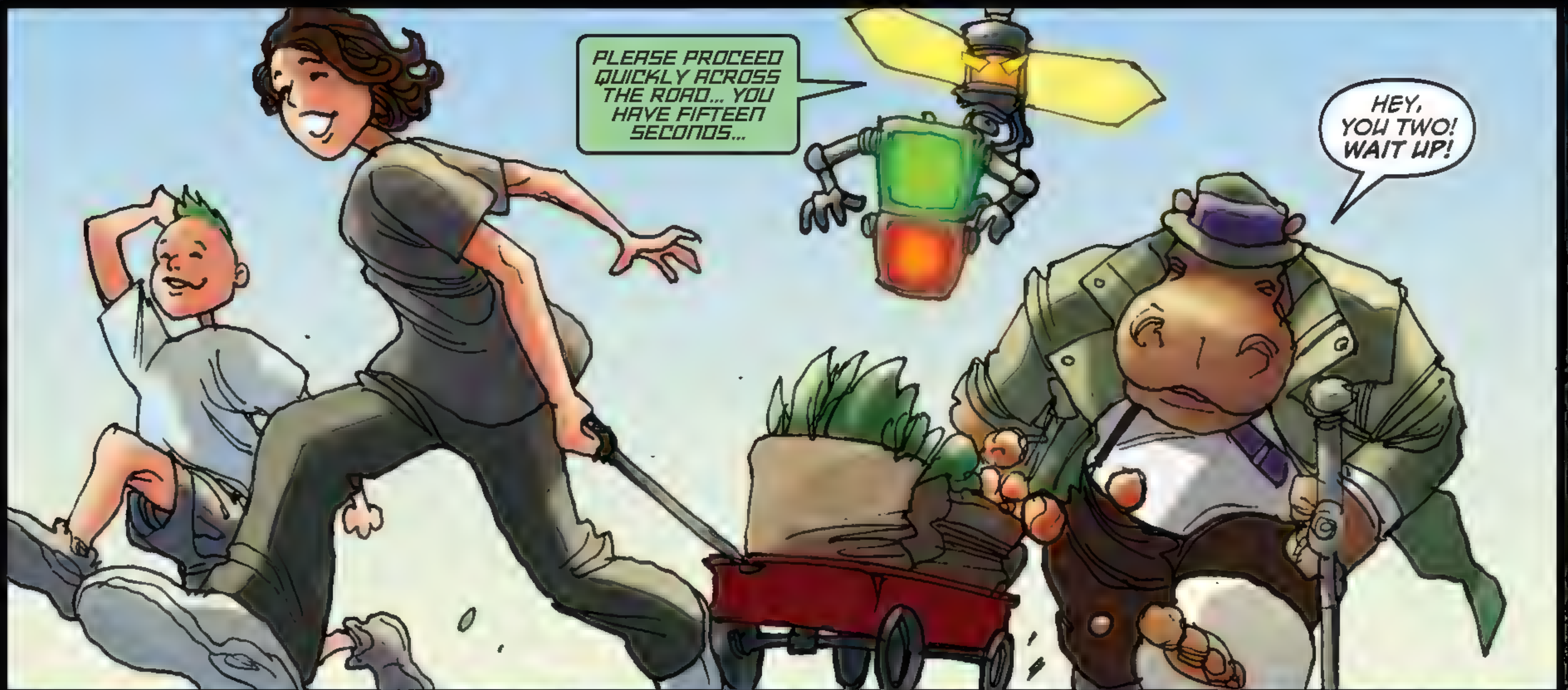
HEY--



NOW IT IS HIS HOME.

KATHY,
YOU'LL, ER, HAVE
TO EXCUSE
ME...





EVERETT DIXON WAS A GOOD MAN.

HE WOULD HAVE LIKED HIP.

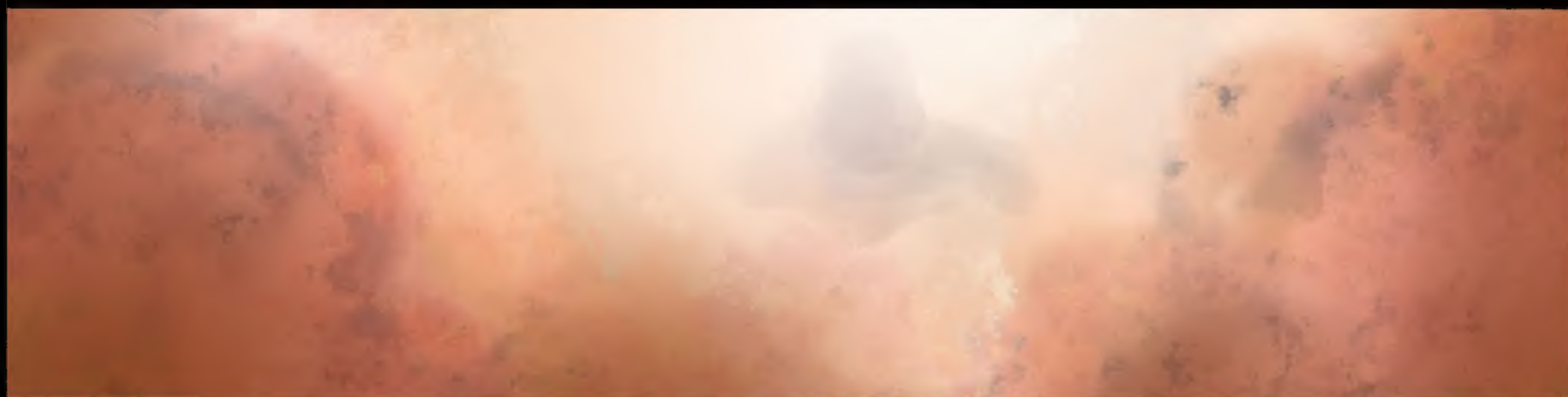
...IT IS
CURRENTLY
NOT SAFE TO
CROSS...

...OH MY...

GRAR!

KR
TA
NCH







No Be Continued!

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